THE

HISTORY OF TEN YEARS,

1830—1840.

BY LOUIS BLANC.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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PREFACE.

I AM about to write the history of my own day, a delicate and perilous task!

The result of a rigid self-examination, instituted before I took up my pen, having been to acquit me alike of interested affections and of implacable animosities, I have ventured to infer that I am competent to pass judgment on men and things, without wronging justice, and without betraying truth.

The cause of the noble, the rich, and the prosperous, is not the cause I serve. I belong by conviction to a party that has committed blunders, and sorely has it atoned for them: but I did not enter that party till the morrow after its last defeat; consequently, I have not had either to share in all its hopes or to suffer personally in its disasters. It has, therefore, been possible for me to keep my heart free both from the rancour of disappointed pride, and from the venom that lurks even in feelings of legitimate resentment.

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INTRODUCTION.

A SUMMARY REVIEW OF THE RESTORATION.

THE reminiscence of a catastrophe is the starting-point from which we shall enter upon our theme: for such is the obscurity involving the principle of things, that their commencement is always associated in our minds with the idea of decay and downfal. To enter upon the field of history we must make our way over ruins.

Napoleon, Alexander, Charles X.:—what names now correspond to these three? Saint Helena, Taganrog, Holy Rood. So then, when Alexander had achieved the overthrow of Napoleon, he had but prepared another fall; he had thrust himself in between two great disasters. And for this it had been needful to set the world astir!

In that uninterrupted succession of calamities which is called history, what are all these famous triumphers, what are all these haughty distributers of empires? Their prosperous fortunes manifest, still better than their reverses, how little is their intrinsic weight. The nineteenth century exhibits to us a monarch more unfortunate, more humiliated than Charles X.: and that monarch is the Emperor Alexander, but for whom Charles X. would never have reigned.

The power of that emperor was great, assuredly, and formidable. He had led the march of peace from capital to capital; he had ruled the congresses supremely, and presided in the assemblies of kings; it was even granted him to see the fortunes of a greater man than Cæsar grow pale before his own. What then, it seemed as though he had been lifted up so high only to make his weakness the more conspicuous. A prey to devouring melancholy, he visited distant lands without being able to escape from himself, and he plunged into all the agitations of his time, to stifle his vague sense of suffering. At Paris, whither he had been carried by the chances of war, men saw him surprised and almost appalled at the greatness of his destiny, and he retraced his steps to his own dominions, loaded with the sadness of his triumphs. Why had this sadness become so poignant towards the close of his life? What drove him to kneel at evening in the grave-yards? What thoughts were those that pursued him in the lonely walks of Tsarskoë Selo? Had the tragic end of Paul I. left in his troubled soul some image that would not be effaced? It was thought so. Perhaps he but sank under disgust of life, that moral malady, which God inflicts on the mighty, to avenge

the weak and the little for their physical sufferings! He had been gone some time from his country, which he shunned, when one day, as his mother was praying for him in the cathedral of St. Petersburg, it was announced that a courier had arrived, dressed in black. The metropolitan patriarch entered the church, carrying a crucifix covered with crape, and the chant for the dead was raised. The founder of the Holy Alliance, the armed pacificator of Europe, the man by whom had been prostrated in Napoleon the twofold genius of war and of France, the Emperor Alexander was no more!

A wholesome theme for meditation! Of the two men who had parcelled out the world between them at Tilsit, one died far from his native land, in a savage region whither he had fled for refuge, weary of mankind, of nature, and of himself. The other, overwhelmed by his omnipotence, wasted slowly away in the midst of the ocean. They take upon them to dispose of nations, and in the end cannot dispose of themselves. This is a religious lesson of equality.

After all, events succeed each other in a much more logical manner than one would be prone to suppose, considering how unstable are governments, and how frail are men.

Thus, since the day when the Constituent Assembly registered the conquests of the bourgeoisie in France, what variations in politics! what changes! what shocks and perturbations! what unexpected modifications violently introduced into the government! And yet the bourgeoisie reappears on the scene in 1815, ready to continue the scarcely interrupted work of '89!

I have described the manner in which the bourgeoisie unfolded itself in France, in a work which will have a bearing on the subject of that I now publish, and which will serve to explain it. I have there represented the bourgeoisie arriving at civil liberty through the communes, at religious independence through the parliament, at wealth through the trade corporations, at political power through the States General. It is this last phase of its development that bears upon the affairs of the Restoration, during which were prepared the elements of a new dynasty.

I shall therefore limit myself to demonstrating,

1st. That the downfal of the Empire, and the accession of Louis XVIII. accorded with the interests of the bourgeoisie, and were accomplished by that body:

2dly. That all the political movements of the Restoration arose out of the efforts essayed by the bourgeoisie to inthral the royal authority without destroying it.*

---

* By *bourgeoisie* I mean the whole body of citizens, who, possessing implements of labour or capital, work with means of their own, and are not dependent on others, except to a certain extent. The *people* is the whole body of citizens, who, not possessing capital, depend completely on others, and that in what regards the prime necessaries of life.

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I.

In the magic history of Napoleon and of the armed people, the part played by the bourgeoisie seems reduced to nothing: nevertheless, if we look narrowly into it, we shall see that with regard to commerce, manufactures, and finance, Napoleon continued the work of the Constituent Assembly. The tyranny that lurked in the *let alone* principle (*laissez faire*), he maintained and favoured: his Code he extracted from old books of common law and from the folios of Pothier: he ratified the principle of the division of property: he did nothing to substitute the commercial operation of the state's credit for that of private credit. In a word, he strengthened all that at this day constitutes the basis of bourgeois domination.

This was what destroyed him.

For whilst his economic system was giving shape and consistency to the domination of the bourgeoisie, he was endeavouring in his political system to re-establish the aristocracy. Strange and fatal contradiction! What ailed that man, what lacked he, that he could not tread his path singly and without retinue? His genius had endowed him with immense force; the personal ascendancy he exercised approached the miraculous. His victories had encompassed him with a prestige, the like of which had never been possessed by Charlemagne or by Charles V. He had made France one soldier, and himself the god of that soldier. Could he not have dispensed with chamberlains and pages? But no. It was not granted to Napoleon himself to be emperor after his own way. He needed mousquetaires under the name of aides-de-camp, heralds and their blazonry, carriages with coats of arms, an etiquette right puerile, general-dukes, hero-barons, great-men-princes. So much afraid was he lest his genius should appear too low-lived, that he granted letters patent of nobility upon the occasion of each of his victories. The battle of Wagram gave him for consort the daughter of a monarch whom he had been able to keep waiting in his antechamber; and he, the sous-lieutenant that had been, and brother-in-law of a ci-devant stable groom, was lifted up in spirit with the proud thought of being the husband of an archduchess, picked up, so to speak, in the baggage of a routed army. But when a son was born to this man, who had sprung from the ranks of the people, Oh that was quite another affair truly! Behold you, the bantling is created King of Rome; a household of the *children of France* is appointed, and a countess, a real countess no less, is appointed governess of that *child of France*. And now beware how you look disdainfully on that throne which was not sufficiently honoured, I suppose, by the genius of a parvenu: around that throne are ranged, to cover it with their historic lustre, the de Croïs, the Just de Noailles, the Albert de Brancas, the de Montmorencys; all those, in short, who boast the immaculate possession of old parchments undevoured by the worms. Furthermore in the Tuileries, overrun by this horde

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of nobles assigned as patrons of the leader's plebeian condition, etiquette shall be more degrading, the forms and usages prescribed more servile than ever they were under the successors of Hugh Capet. There every movement shall be regulated in conformity with the monarchical ritual; the number of obeisances due to each of their majesties shall be rigidly determined. How petty and paltry is all this! And yet who would venture to deny that Napoleon possessed the sense of true greatness? How often has he evinced it in some sort by the majesty of his manners, of his thoughts, of his language, in the loftiest regions of the epos? But, as emperor, he was overborne and inthralled by the principle by virtue of which he was seated on a throne. Now he should either have destroyed the power of the bourgeoisie, or have abstained from irritating its antipathies.

Moreover, in order to play out his historical part, it was necessary for Napoleon that he should be at once the despot and the warrior: whereas the bourgeoisie could only develop its growth on the twofold condition of enjoying peace and of being free.

Peace! Napoleon would have welcomed it, provided it were a glorious and a strong peace. When M. de Saint Aignan put before him, in November 1813, the bases of a pacification, such as they had been laid down by the allies at Frankfort, did he refuse to silence the voice of his pride? Yet hard were the conditions prescribed to him! To give up Spain, Italy, and Germany, was to leave Republican France no doubt intact, but it was to destroy Imperial France. No matter: the emperor submits to the sacrifice; and to give the stronger pledge of his sincerity he removes the Duc de Bassano from the ministry of foreign affairs to make room for the Duc de Vicence, the friend of the czar. And when this sacrifice has been accomplished, when the Duc de Vicence has written to the allies that Napoleon consents to purchase peace at the cost of so many conquests thrown away, the allies retract their own proposals, and march three great armies against France! That was a time, forsooth, to accuse Napoleon of tyranny, when the national territory was overrun in every direction! But what avail the suggestions of honour against the headlong impulses of interest? MM. Flaugergues, Raynouard, Gallois, Maine de Biran, and Lainé resuscitate against the amazed emperor the old opposition of the parliaments. He retorts against these attacks by the establishment of the dictatorship. Then, confiding in his genius, and in the fortunes of France, he prepares once more to confront the hazards of war. It was a solemn night, that of the 23d of January, 1814, on which Napoleon, after burning his secret papers, embraced his wife and his son. He was never to see them again!

The bourgeoisie had reason assuredly to apprehend that this departure would be the signal for a new kindling of the elements of strife throughout the world, and to dread the result; but no one

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can with justice cast on Napoleon's head the responsibility of these last conflicts. The conferences of Châtillon sur Seine must not be forgotten; they testified the steadfast pursuit of peace amidst all the rage of war. No doubt Napoleon refused to suffer France to be reduced to her *ancient limits;* no doubt he deemed it his duty to defend the heritage of the republic, as long as a sword remained in his grasp. "What!" he exclaimed, when he received the proposal of the 7th from Châtillon, "what! they expect me to sign such a treaty as this! that I should trample under foot my oath to maintain the integrity of the republic's territory! Unheard of reverses may have wrung from me the promise to renounce the conquests I have made; but that I should abandon those too that were made before me, that I should violate the deposit so trustingly committed to my keeping, that in recompence for so many efforts, so much blood, so many victories, I should leave France less than I found her:—never!"* Was there inordinate pride in words like these? Who would dare to say so after having read the bulletins of the prodigious campaign of 1814? For never had this inevitable soldier shown himself more terrible. The allies overthrown at Champaubert, at Montmirail, at Montereau, at Craonne,—here was cause enough to justify Napoleon in saying of the invaders of the country, "I am nearer to Munich than they are to Paris." But in that city, the women of which, like those of Sparta, had not seen the smoke of a hostile camp for centuries, there was a bourgeoisie eager for peace: there were bankers dreaming of loans amid the din of victories! Manufacturers, traders, all those who suffered from the duel to the death pending between Napoleon and England,—such were the real leaders of the defection that opened the gates of Paris to the forces of the stranger.

Was Paris capable of defending itself in 1814, though it were but for two days longer? This question has been answered in the negative by most of those who have written on this gloomy period of our history. Let us see what was the state of things in a military point of view.†

The barracks of Paris and its environs are capable of containing twenty thousand men, reckoning two to each bed. Well then, in March, 1814, the soldiers lay three in a bed, and the garrets of the several buildings were crammed with men lying on straw as close as they could find room side by side. Hence the number of soldiers then quartered in Paris may be set down at the lowest estimate at thirty thousand men.

Use might have been made of—

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* Manuscrit de mil huit cent quatorze, page 110, by Baron Fain.

† The facts set forth in the text are derived from a note that has been communicated to us, and which is in the actual handwriting of one of the superior officers intrusted with the defence of Paris in 1814. That superior officer is now a peer of France.

1. More than two thousand unemployed officers who had come to solicit service of the ministry.

2. Several thousand men very slightly invalided or convalescent.

3. All those brave inhabitants of the faubourgs, who were afterwards the *fédérés* of 1815, and who now offered their services to work the numerous artillery collected in Paris (500 pieces provided with 800 thousand weight of powder).

4. Well disposed men forming part of the national guard.

5. The national guard itself, of which reserves might have been formed for show, and which, in any case, would have performed the necessary duty in the interior of the city.

All these living resources were paralyzed.

Paris had been threatened for several months; consequently there had been all needful time to organize the *personnel* of the defence. Whence comes it then that when the enemy was at our gates nothing was found in readiness for his reception?

The armed mass that occupied Paris, numerous as it was already, was to be further increased at the moment of the struggle, by the bodies of troops that would fall back upon it.

The number of mounted men of all arms who were then in Versailles or its environs has been estimated as high as twelve thousand. The amount is exaggerated; but certain it is that when King Joseph passed through Versailles on his flight from Paris, many dismounted cavalry soldiers in their jackets and foraging caps, thronged his way and saluted him with cries of loyal attachment, mistaking him for the Emperor; certain it is, that at Maintenon a regiment of gardes d'honneur was drawn up in battle array in the most brilliant uniform, and that lancers and chasseurs, assembling from their cantonments, rallied at Chartres. These troops were brave and devotedly faithful. What mysterious hand kept them motionless round Paris, listening idly to the sound of the cannons that were deciding the fate of France? Alas! so well were they kept aloof from the fight, that the number of the possible defenders of the capital could only be surmised from the flood of fugitives, that for several days inundated the roads to Blois and Vendôme!

As for the material means of defence, they were more potent still.

St. Denis might have been secured from attack by means of inundations, effected merely by closing the flood-gates of mills, and rendered more efficacious by cutting a few trenches.

The canal of St. Denis, 20 metres wide and 2 deep, shut in the plain of St. Denis; and the heaps of matter collected in the process of clearing its channel, and thrown out on its bank on the side next Paris, formed breastworks capable of being extensively converted into batteries, which could have played on the enemy in perfect safety.

The canal d'Ourcq, from 6 to 8 metres wide, forms a ditch, which flanked by the batteries of St. Denis, secured and covered the

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village of Panton. By taking advantage of the houses and of some military obstacles capable of being rapidly effected, it would have been easy to hold good the space enclosed between the canal and the scarpments of Romainville, a space protected by the batteries securely situated behind and below Romainville.

This village is elevated and favourably situated for defence. Its salient point towards the enemy is occupied by a large and handsome *château*, by the church and the cemetery which command and rake the slopes in front and all the roads by which the enemy could approach. Three hundred *chevaux-de-frise* had been prepared for the defence of the streets.

Between Romainville and Montreuil there is a space of three quarters of a league, open indeed to attack, but behind which lie the villages of Belleville, Bagnolet, and Charonne, and the wood of Romainville. The enemy, checked by the fire of the artillery in the lastnamed village, would have been obliged to get possession of it before advancing farther.

Montreuil, an immense assemblage of houses and walls, presents a labyrinth of obstacles which might have been rendered inaccessible by means of loopholes and barricades. It is moreover protected by the vicinity of Vincennes.

Lastly, between the château of Vincennes, and la Marne, the wood strewed with falls of timber and other obstacles capable of being quickly turned to account, might have been kept possession of without great effort by intrepid soldiers.

Thus then, with an army such as that possessed by Paris in 1814, and with the aid of those measures we have just enumerated, the defence of Paris was simplified in point of fact to the maintenance of Romainville.

This plan of proceedings was formally proposed. It was rejected, and that upon the pretext that to occupy all this range of ground *thirty thousand men were requisite.* In vain was it replied and proved that it was easy to muster and dispose of *thirty thousand men ;* all proposals to investigate the truth of this assertion were obstinately refused; and all that was done was to display in front of the different barriers a ludicrous make-believe parade of defensive measures.

This is not all. On the eve of the battle a superior officer of engineers was sent to King Joseph by the minister of war. It was six o'clock in the evening: the enemy were beginning to show themselves at Noisy, at the foot of the heights of Romainville. It was of importance that they should be anticipated in the occupation of that village, the key to the whole position; and word was sent by the minister of war to Joseph to that effect. Labour in vain! The messenger could not obtain admission, in spite of his remonstrances, his entreaties, and his urgent demands.

The next day it was too late to repair the mischief. The enemy had taken possession of Romainville during the night without en-

countering any resistance, and on the next morning cannon-shots discharged from its heights showed the defenders of the capital that they had but one means of safety left: they had no alternative but to recapture Romainville at any cost. Jerôme proposed this energetic act: he earnestly demanded leave to put himself at the head of the imperial guard, in order to carry a position on which depended the success of the battle of Paris: his demands were made in vain.

What followed is well known; and where is the French soul from which such a recollection could ever be effaced? It is notorious that the 6th corps, amounting barely to 5000 men, defended Paris with amazing heroism,— Paris, the heart and brain of the world. It is notorious that Marmont had his hat and his clothes pierced with balls in leading the bayonet charge against the enemy who had already invaded the high street of Belleville. But King Joseph had already authorized Marshals Mortier and Marmont to capitulate; and that same evening, towards five o'clock, the programme of the funeral of the empire was drawn up in a paltry village inn of La Vallette.

A fact less known is, that on returning to his hotel, and before the ratification of the fatal convention of which the basis had just been laid down, the Duc de Raguse remained for some time in a state of torturing hesitation. Now, who was it that put an end to that hesitation? Representatives of the banking and high commercial interests. I make no accusation here against M. Jacques Laffitte. History owes him the justice of declaring that on the very morrow after the restoration he mounted the breach on which he remained for fifteen years; but, after all, M. Laffitte had the misfortune on the evening of the 30th of March, 1814, to accompany M. Perregaux to the Duc de Raguse's—he had the misfortune to appear in that greenroom where the heart of Marmont opened to the exhortations of a panic-stricken bourgeoisie.

Thus it was that the foreigners entered Paris. That the capital would have been capable of holding out against a long siege is, I admit, exceedingly doubtful; but what was requisite to save the fortunes of France? To resist two days longer: for on the evening of the battle, the enemy, separated from his parks, had exhausted his ammunition, and the emperor was approaching.

Unfortunately — and I insist on this point — the downfal of Napoleon had been prepared in Paris long beforehand. The people of the faubourgs had vainly cried "To arms!" the men who then occupied the political stage had muskets without cartridges distributed at the Hôtel de Ville, and cartridges without muskets at the Place de la Révolution. Napoleon who was so fond of the people in uniform, abhorred the people in smockfrocks: and for this he was cruelly punished. He had against him in 1814 the bourgeoisie which was all-powerful, and for him the population of

the faubourgs which was powerless. He fell because he had not chosen to be the right arm of the democracy.

The French troops had received orders on the evening of the 30th of March to fall back on the Château d'Eau; thence they were directed to the Barrière d'Enfer. When the roll was called at midnight, the number present amounted to 1800 men! How should it have been possible for this handful of soldiers, left to themselves, to hold in check the innumerable multitude of the assailants? The civilians of Paris should then have armed for the defence of their homes? Nothing of the sort was done. Men in their shirt-sleeves, men in rags, these were they who showed themselves ready to fight, to die: and these men had nothing to defend! But the bankers, the manufacturers, the shopkeepers, the notaries, the proprietors of houses, these were the men that applauded the entry of the allies. Yes—and my face burns as I write this, for after all it is of my country I am speaking,—yes, small was the number of those among the bourgeoisie who thought then only of grasping the sword. Subsequently, I am aware, the bravery of the national guard in 1814 has been extolled in pompous terms. The hill of Montmartre has been made the theatre of immortal deeds; the barrier of Clichy has furnished a moving theme for the painter. But history, which soars above the lies of party, and judges nations consigned to eternal sleep; history will tell that in 1814 Paris would not defend itself; that the national guard, with the exception of some brave hearts, did not do its duty; that the bourgeoisie lastly, all but a small number of gallant schoolboys, and of citizens devoted to their country although wealthy, welcomed the invaders with open arms.

So, when Colonel Fabvier, who had taken post at the barriers by order of Marshal Marmont to see the army of the enemy defile, and to estimate its strength, went on the following day, the 31st of March, to report what he had seen to Napoleon, his indignation was so great that he could not find words to give it utterance. Napoleon was then behind Essonne. Colonel Fabvier stood before him with tears in his eyes: he had to tell the emperor that the army of the enemy was in possession of Paris; that that army was formidable; that it had been received with exultation in the capital; and he might have added that he, a soldier, had been in danger of being massacred as such by members of the national guard, and that he had owed his life only to the protection of a Russian officer! "What do they say of me?" the emperor inquired of the colonel.—"Sire, I dare not repeat it to you."—"Come, what is it?"—"They vilify you on all hands."—"Well, well," said Napoleon calmly, "they are unhappy, and the unhappy are unjust." And not one harsh expression escaped his lips.

The fall of Napoleon was then a natural and necessary result of the growth of the bourgeoisie. Can a nation be at the same time essentially commercial and essentially martial? Napoleon should have taken one or other of two courses; either to renounce his military

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career, or break at once with the bourgeois and the trading system. To aim at one and the same time at reigning by the sword, and at continuing the work of the Constituent Assembly was madness. France could not have at once the destinies of Rome and those of Carthage. Napoleon sank, and sank inevitably, under the efforts of the Carthaginian portion of the French people.

But if the natural development of the bourgeoisie brought with it the overthrow of the empire, it likewise brought with it the accession of the Bourbons. To prove this we must restore in all the instructive plain truth of its details, the history of this accession, which so many historians have distorted.

Let us go back to the period when the diplomatists of the coalition were assembled at Châtillon sur Marne. What were they about to do with the destinies of France? France was too indispensable to the world to allow of their thinking seriously of cutting it up and dividing its fragments among them. Besides the country had still in its disasters its emperor and its despair. But independently of this fear, there was something more alarming to the nations in France dead, than in France too full of life.

There are nations whose existence is necessary.

The foreign kings felt this: accordingly they had taken care when setting foot on our soil, to affirm in face of the nations, that they were come to make war, not on France, but on the emperor. To overthrow Napoleon, and to weaken France were all they dared, if not all they desired to do.

And so fully impressed were they with the necessity of dealing respectfully with such a prey, that they all agreed in saying, that the wishes of France should be consulted in the very first place, as regarded the choice of a new government.

This disposition of mind was particularly that of the Emperor Alexander. Amidst the loud din of arms and horses with which he had filled Europe, he had sunk into melancholy reveries, and solitude had spread round his heart whilst he was marching his countless soldiers over the distracted world, from the banks of the Neva to those of the Seine. Fortune soon granted him so much, that became desire and hope alike impossible for him: he was mighty and wretched. Ashamed then of having vanquished in Napoleon a mortal whom he knew to be his own superior, he felt a bitter enjoyment in inwardly denying his own greatness. Moderation in victory was therefore easy and grateful to him; he was humbled by that victory, and the excess of his good fortune had saddened him for ever.

It was Alexander's earnest purpose, more than that of any of the sovereigns his allies, to enter subjected France in the character of a liberator; but who could tell what were the wishes of France? She had remained mute under the hand of Napoleon: how were her aspirations to be guessed at?

Furthermore, if there was uncertainty in the minds of the allies,

there was no less in the minds of their accomplices in the interior. M. de Talleyrand, whatever the historians of the Restoration have said to the contrary, notwithstanding, knew nothing, plotted nothing, foresaw nothing: only he desired the ruin of Bonaparte, because he had ceased to be employed by him. Bonaparte would have always counted him in the number of his partisans, if he had always stopped short at despising him.

M. de Talleyrand also carried with him no passion to bear upon the changes in preparation. As the government of an ignorant and weak woman opened a fine prospect to the selfishness of a soul incapable of loving or hating, his desires pointed to the regency of Marie Louise. As for the Bourbons, he hardly thought of them; for shortly before the 31st of March, he said to the Duchess de Vicence, "I would rather have any thing, *even the Bourbons*, than the emperor." Be this as it may, he did not commit himself; and contriving to pass off his reserve for profundity, he lived and throve meanwhile on the stupidity of mankind. This was the whole sum of his genius.

There was then in Paris a man as yet unvisited by fame or fortune, but for whom was reserved a tempestuous notoriety. Full of shrewdness and daring, skilled, above all, in disguising under the manners of the *grand seigneur* a cast of mind naturally aggressive, the Baron de Vitrolles was aiming at the restoration of the Bourbons. He disclosed his views to the Duc d'Alberg, with whom he was intimate, and whose excitable imagination he won over by a sort of revolutionary petulance.

M. de Talleyrand's salon was void of news: what the allies thought, or what they proposed, were matters utterly unknown to M. de Talleyrand.

Things were in this position, when the name of the Baron de Vitrolles was mentioned to him. The Duc d'Alberg depicted the baron as a man of intelligence and resolution. It was suggested that he should be employed about the allies, not to dispose them in favour of the Bourbons, but to sound their feelings. This passive and servile part was the only one played on this occasion by M. de Talleyrand. He had promised, it is true, to accredit M. de Vitrolles by some lines under his hand; but when he was applied to for them, he refused them, being fearful of the future.

The Duc d'Alberg had been intimately acquainted at Munich with the Count von Stadion, representative of Austria at the Congress. Now these two personages had been on certain terms with two girls, whose names the Duc d'Alberg remembered, and these he wrote down in a pocket-book, which served the adventurous ambassador by way of letter of credence. The Baron de Vitrolles set off without having seen M. de Talleyrand; without having received from him any commission; without having even obtained from him his avowal. He disguised himself, took the name of St. Vincent

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at Auxerre, and made himself known to the Count von Stadion by means of the two names, which recalled to his mind passages of his student days and of his amours. Such is the way in which Heaven is pleased to dispose of the lot of nations!

The Emperor Alexander being at Troyes, M. de Vitrolles quitted Châtillon and set out thither. He found Alexander possessed with a strong repugnance against the Bourbons. "To re-establish that dynasty on the throne would be," he said, "to open the door to terrible acts of vengeance."—Ney and Labedoyère but too fully proved the truth of this foreboding.—"And then," he added, "what voices are raised in France for the Bourbons? Are a few emigrants, who come and whisper in our ears that their country is royalist, to be deemed representatives of public opinion?" M. de Vitrolles, who spoke in his own name, and not in that of M. de Talleyrand, contended very ably against Alexander's objections. In a final interview between them, M. de Vitrolles exclaimed, "Believe me, sire, you would not have lost so many soldiers in this country, had you made the question of occupation a French question." "The very thing I have myself said a hundred times," was Alexander's animated reply. The interview lasted three hours, and when it was ended, Alexander had been gained over to the cause of Louis XVIII.

The allies entered Paris on the 31st of March. M. de Talleyrand had prepared his saloons for the reception of the czar. "Well," said Alexander, encountering his host, "it appears that France invokes the Bourbons." These words struck M. de Talleyrand with extreme surprise; but, practised in the art of governing his features, he preserved an apparent composure, and took good care not to contradict what he imagined to be the expression of a personal desire on the emperor's part. From that moment he was a convert to a cause which he believed to be the cause of victory.

In the assembly in which the political lot of the French was to be discussed, M. de Pradt was one of the first whose zeal was kindled on behalf of the Bourbons. The Duc d'Alberg, who could not yet be in the secret of his model, M. de Talleyrand's, so recent conversion to royalism, harangued in favour of the regency of Marie Louise. All at once, observing a sort of cloud upon Alexander's countenance, he grew confused, hesitated, and cast his eyes on M. de Talleyrand, to take counsel from his attitude. M. de Talleyrand remained motionless, inscrutable, with his eyes bent on the ground. The duke was afraid he had gone too far, and every one present made haste to perform an overt act of royalism, to avoid compromising his chances of the morrow.

Meanwhile some royalists had assembled out of doors; and what was lacking to them in numbers was to be made up by bustling activity. The mendacious show of public enthusiasm was complete: the highest personages of the realm planted themselves under Alexander's eyes in the Place Louis XV., to enact a scene of schoolboy

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rejoicings in the holidays. Alexander beheld the nation in a few men who shouted: he formed his opinion of France from the windows of an hôtel in the Rue St. Florentin. M. de Montmorency waving a white handkerchief at the end of a cane, prompted the embarrassed coalition to a denouement of the drama. What shall I say more? M. Michaud was in waiting in the Emperor Alexander's antechamber, and held in his hand a proclamation drawn up beforehand: thanks to the zeal of some royalists, it soon covered all the walls of Paris. The people became apprized, to their great amazement, that they ardently longed for the return of the Bourbons.

Thus this return took place contrary to the will of the people, to whom the Bourbons were unknown in 1814; contrary to the sympathies of Alexander, whose mind misgave him as to the perils of a reaction; and lastly, contrary to the opinion of M. de Talleyrand, who had thought nothing possible, and who desired nothing, but the regency of Marie Louise.

And now the new royalty once proclaimed, all those who had the disposal of fortune and of honours crowded round it. Napoleon had twice debased the peerage; by his prosperity, which rendered it servile, and by his misfortunes, which rendered it ungrateful. But when its master was down, it felt itself so weak that it did not even venture to take the lead in evincing its ingratitude: it cast itself into the hands of the first knave that offered; and the senate became, in the hands of M. de Talleyrand, a workshop of treachery. By an ever memorable chastisement of pride, Napoleon owed his downfal in part to that very baseness which he had created and fostered. He had reckoned for the strength and duration of his reign on the levelling down of all individual prominence of character; and his first defeat left him alone upon the wreck of his fortunes.

This is what was done in 1814. They called this the re-establishment of legitimate royalty. What a melancholy buffoonery! And how strong were the temptation, in witnessing such spectacles, to own in history nothing save the imbecile empire of chance! But it is the contingencies and the instruments that are petty; the causes are grand. Would an empty show played off before a leader of Tartars, have sufficed to bring back the successors of Louis XVI. to that palace which he had quitted to pass through a prison to the scaffold, if the reason of this apparently extraordinary fact had not existed in the very essence of things? The truth is, that the dynasty of Louis XVI. was continued in 1814, because his death had been but the signal of a halt in the history of the bourgeoisie. To enble the bourgeoisie in 1814, to resume that ascendancy which had been interrupted by the reign of terror and by the empire, it wanted a government that should have need of it, that could not dispense with its aid and even its patronage, that is to say, a government without intrinsic energy, without éclat, without nationality, without root.—What tended inevitably to make the Bourbon monarchy desirable to the bourgeois class, was the very weakness of such a monarchy, and

above all its novelty; for, Capetian as it was, it dated only from the 21st of January.

The bulk of the bourgeoisie was far, assuredly, from making all these calculations in 1814; my purport, therefore, is but to prove one thing,—namely, that Providence made these calculations for it. And the more I consider the pettiness of the incidents that make up the epos of the vanquished Empire, the more convinced I am that those who have written its history have mistaken opportunities for causes, and have explained by pompous nothings what admitted of no other legitimate explanation than the necessary tendencies of the victorious march in history of the burgeoisie, from the period when the feudal régime was abolished.

And, by the by, has it not been written, and has not a pretended credence been given to the assertion, that but for the defection of the Duc de Raguse at Essonne, the destinies of France might have taken another course? Now, first of all, has the truth been told respecting this defection? Let us be allowed to disentangle the logic of history from some facts with which it has in this instance been unhappily obscured.*

Napoleon was at Fontainebleau still pondering on the means of evading a last stroke of illfortune, when the Prince de Tarente showed him a letter he had just received unsealed: it was from General Beurnonville, member of the provisional government, and had been delivered in the first place to the Duc de Raguse, who had read it: it contained pointed inducements to defection. On reading this letter, Napoleon's despondency redoubled. They talked to him of abdicating in favour of his son, and his pride did not seem very deeply mortified by the proposal. The immensity of his illfortune had bewildered him,—him, whom his fabulous elevation had not even astonished. He drew up that conditional act of abdication which has remained imprinted on every memory; and he nominated Marshal Ney, Caulaincourt, and the Duke of Raguse, to discuss the interests of his son and to negotiate a half-forfeiture of the crown. Then suddenly changing his mind, "Marmont," said he, "is more in his place at Essonne as a soldier than in Paris as a negotiator. He knows the locality; let him remain with the advanced guard." And Macdonald was nominated instead of Marmont.

The Duc de Raguse, meanwhile, had received a fatal message from Paris. Walking in a garden with Colonel Fabvier, he asked him what he thought of the overtures made to him. "I think," said the colonel, pointing to a tree in the garden, "that in times of ordinary routine the messenger should be strung up yonder." But these were not the sentiments that actuated the minds of leading men.

The three negotiators named by Napoleon passed through Essonne on their way to Paris, and calling on the Duc de Raguse they told him the purport of their mission. Marmont was touched to the

* What follows is founded on information furnished by Marshal Macdonald, and put into my hands by M. Arago.

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heart; the confidence reposed in him by the emperor wrung him like a remorse of conscience. He owned that he had lent an ear to Schwartzenberg's propositions; that he had assembled his generals; that he had consulted them on the overtures of the allies; and that in pursuance of their advice he had resolved to order a movement on Versailles. "But," he added in impassioned accents, "since you are charged with the interests of the King of Rome I will join you, and I will stop the movement on Versailles." Accordingly he issued counterorders, and entered the carriage in which the commissioners proceeded to Paris.

After a brief halt at the château de Petit Bourg, where the Prince of Wurtemberg who commanded the advanced guard of the enemy had taken up his abode, they arrived in the gilded saloons of the Rue Saint-Florentin, the scene of so many acts of baseness. The official negotiators pleaded the cause of Napoleon's son: but M. de Talleyrand had already committed himself in favour of Louis XVIII., and he put all the resources of intrigue in operation to frustrate the negotiation.

The hour of doom was about to strike for the empire: Alexander at last resolved to pronounce those fatal words from which were to begin Napoleon's slow agony and his own. He had scarcely finished speaking, when the door of the apartment opened; a Russian officer made his appearance and said, accompanying the word with an expressive gesture, *Totum*. But too soon was the meaning of that mysterious word to be known; for what passed at Essonne after Marmont's departure was as follows.

General Gourgaud had been sent for from Fontainebleau to Essonne: he arrives: is made acquainted with the departure of the Duc de Raguse, gives way to a violent burst of vexation, and returns to Fontainebleau. Upon this the generals hold a meeting. Shall they order a movement on Versailles? Is Napoleon the man to pardon his generals for having lacked faith in his destiny? General Souham formally declared in favour of defection. Already compromised in a conspiracy which Napoleon had discovered, he had a special motive for dreading his anger. General Compans begged that nothing might be done precipitately, and that at least the return of Marmont should be awaited. "Beware," exclaimed General Bordesoulle, speaking of the emperor, "you do not know the tiger: he loves blood: he will have us shot." The order was given the troops to march.

Colonel Fabvier had received from the Duc de Raguse the command of the advanced posts on the heights towards Paris. Unable to comprehend the movement that was taking place round him he crossed the bridge of Essonne, making his way through the disordered troops of infantry, and he perceived Generals Souham and Bordesoulle*

* There exists a letter of General Bordesoulle's, in which he declares, that in concert with all the generals present at Essonne, with the single exception of General Lucotte, he directed the movement on Versailles contrary to the order of the Duc de Raguse.

beside a fire lighted near a *cabaret* to the left of the bridge. Going up to them and addressing himself respectfully to Souham, he asked the meaning of the movement given to the troops. "I am not in the habit of accounting for my acts to my inferiors," was the reply; and when the colonel still pressed the question, Souham added these characteristic words: "Marmont has placed himself in safety. For my part I am a tall man, and I have no desire to be made a head shorter." Colonel Fabvier kept his temper; he requested permission to go before the provisional government, and begged that nothing might be done till his return. This was readily assented to, and he set off instantly for Paris.

The three negotiators were at M. de Talleyrand's; the Duc de Raguse at Marshal Ney's. Marmont turned ghastly pale on seeing Fabvier enter, and without waiting for the colonel to open his mouth he cried out, "I am undone!" "Yes, you are undone," replied Fabvier; "your troops are passing over to the enemy." The Duc de Raguse tottered to the chimneypiece on which he leaned, faintly ejaculating that no alternative remained to him but to blow out his brains. "There is another," said Fabvier; "and that is to set out immediately and put a stop to the movement." The duke caught eagerly at this proposal; but immediately afterwards he declared that he owed it to his colleagues to confer on the subject with them, and he ran, accompanied by the colonel, to Prince Talleyrand's, where he entered alone. Colonel Fabvier waited outside for Marmont, and in a few minutes he saw him come out with a troubled countenance, but striving to master his perturbation. He was now determined not to join his troops; he took upon him the responsibility of a defection that was not of his own making! That fearful responsibility has never since ceased to rest upon his head: why has he not had the courage to cast off the burden? To leave it to be believed that one is guilty, while one derives profit from the public mistake, is to be doubly guilty.

It results from this statement that the catastrophe which befel the King of Rome, amid the very ruins of his father's fortunes, is not to be accounted for by a few accidental facts, but by a combination of irresistible causes.

And first in the list of these causes is to be placed the supineness of the generals who had no longer any lofty hopes in prospect. Napoleon had committed an irreparable mistake in granting his great officers such high favours that they had nothing further to desire. When they had been loaded with honours and gorged with wealth, weariness seized upon them. And assuredly Napoleon had not spared their powers. His victories were relays; his armies were post-horses that fell beneath him with exhaustion. How many souls could have been capable of holding out like his in this panting gallop towards the unknown? Those of his generals, the horizon of whose desires could no longer recede to farther distance, ended therefore by becoming dispirited; the love of rest had taken

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hold upon them. Country-houses, sumptuous hotels, brilliant equipages, women, pleasures, the easy honours of peace, these were the delights from which they were torn by every new design of the indefatigable warrior; and they now followed him but with discontented murmurs across that Europe which his genius perturbed.

For a long while, moreover, the military tone and habits of the republic had become extinct in the army. Already at the period of the formation of Bonaparte's camp, the army had seen admitted into its ranks titled soldiers, young men hatched in the corruption of the Directory, and who adopted the corruption of the Empire,—soldiers without vigour, who carried with them to the camp the protection of women of gallantry. France, nevertheless, had not ceased to prove herself invincible, but she had ceased to vanquish by the active and intelligent concurrence of her generals, her officers, and her soldiers. To this concurrence, of which the republican victories were but a glorious manifestation, had succeeded the genius of a single man: the army had become, as it were, a colossal living machine of war, put in motion and controlled by one all-powerful arm. The schemes of a mathematician, and the confidence with which he inspired a million of thoroughly disciplined men, were the sources whence flowed all our triumphs since the rise of the empire. Napoleon had destroyed the personality of the French armies.

So then, abandoned by his generals, he felt himself all alone, though adored by the soldiers. He could not descend the steps of the military scale in search of support. He believed himself lost, when he saw round him at Fontainebleau, none but marshals with scared faces, and heard from their lips nothing but this ultimatum pronounced by ingratitude: "Abdicate!" Abdicate? And why? Had he not still an army? Could he not still count on the devotedness of the secondary generals, of those whom opulence had not unnerved, whom intrigue had not entangled in its toils, and who had not breathed the corrupting air of the saloons of the capital? Were Soult's and Suchet's divisions combined, was the loss of the game indeed inevitable in the hands of a player like Napoleon?

These reasonings were not beyond the scope of a corporal's speculations, yet hardly, perhaps, did they suggest themselves to Napoleon. I cannot but admire how the weakness of men shows itself most glaringly in those very things that most attest their power. Napoleon had always exercised so marvellous an ascendancy over all around him, that on the day when a doubt of his future fortunes seemed to cross the minds of others, he became himself a doubter like the rest. Unused to resistance, the first resistance he encountered struck him with such amazement as to disconcert and prostrate his energies. He became irresolute to excess, in expiation for the abuse he had made of his will for fifteen years.

Behold him at Fontainebleau. His hesitation is piteous: he can neither live nor die emperor! After having abdicated in his own name, evermore retreating, he abdicates in the name of his race. But

no sooner has he handed to the Duc de Vicence the fatal paper containing the condemnation of his race, than his mind suffers a revulsion, he repents the act, and away he runs after his surrendered empire, like a child after its lost toy. Then, when he finds that all thoughts of retracing his steps are hopeless, that the sacrifice is irrevocable, he labours painfully to replace by a factitious greatness the real greatness departed from him; he will be a philosopher; he will find enjoyment forsooth in his reminiscences; he converses aloud with the illustrious dead, and comments on the suicides of glorious memory. A comedy played by a great man for his own illusion!

The last night he is to pass in Fontainebleau is come. The mysteries of that night have been unveiled. Candles are lighted; doctor Yvan is summoned; word is sent to Marshal Bertrand; loud sobs are heard all along the gallery on which the emperor's apartment opens. He is suffering horrible anguish, they say; and subsequently it has been related, that he had made an attempt to poison himself.* It is possible that he had wished to bury himself in his pride: in that sublime and profound soul exaltation was blended with artifice, and calculation did not engross it to the exclusion of poetry.

At any rate, suicide would have saved Napoleon from lingering agony; for in 1814 his career was ended. By rising again, he could only render his fall more utter and signal.

In fact, it must appear evident on reflection, that of all the political arrangements possible in 1814, none so completely accorded with the real interests of the bourgeoisie as the accession of the Bourbons. The King of Rome and the regency of Marie Louise, would have been virtually the formidable shade of the emperor seated on the throne, or rather the emperor still governing France from his place of exile. As for the Duc d'Orleans, he was not yet sufficiently known, and it needed some years to enable the bourgeoisie to appreciate him, and to become accustomed to hail him as their natural leader. Louis XVIII. was the only individual at hand to resume the constitutional monarchy at the point where Louis XVI. had left it; he alone could exercise the royal authority under superior orders, just as was suitable to the bourgeoisie.

The return of the Bourbons under the patronage of our enemies no doubt necessarily placed France on a footing of inferiority and dependence with regard to Europe: but what mattered to the upper bourgeoisie this subaltern position of the country if its results were to be a durable peace, the opening of the ports, the extension or the strengthening of commercial relations,—in a word, the reign of trade? In the estimation of the money-getters, the humiliation was amply balanced by the profit.

Was there not besides a pledge of stability, well suited to allure the selfishness of a mercantile society, in the restoration of that

* See the Manuscript de 1814, by le Baron Fain.

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dogma of legitimacy, the temporary rejection of which had led to the convulsions of 1793, and to the devouring wars of the empire?

But Louis XVIII. brought back the emigration in his train. Would he not have to pay the debts of his exile? Would not the representatives of the noblesse vanquished in 1789 strive to reconquer their lost power, and to avenge the wounds inflicted on their pride? Would not the court be revived with all that was most offensive to plebeians in its ceremonials? And, what was a still graver consideration, would not the purchasers of national estates be subjected to spoliation? I will discuss the extent and the value of these apprehensions by and by; but whatever be the degree of importance allowed to them, we may positively assert that, taking an elevated view of the question, the Restoration was essentially a bourgeois transaction; it accorded, I repeat, with the most cherished interests, and the most potent instincts of the bourgeoisie.

Accordingly it forthwith proclaimed the principles of that class. Did not liberalism ascend the throne with Louis XVIII.? Was it not the head of this restored dynasty who, by creating the charter, organized the political power of the bourgeoisie?

A series of events of which it is important to study well the character here opens upon us.

The reign of Louis XVIII. began in vanity: all reigns begin so; and this is quite natural. Kings could never deceive any one on the score of their greatness, if they did not, first of all, deceive themselves by the factitious éclat with which they encompass their persons.

Louis XVIII. had certainly received harsh lessons from destiny. The crown which the hand of a barbarian conqueror placed on the head of the successor of Louis XIV., was stained with royal blood. It was not unknown to Louis XVIII. how the lustre of his name had been tarnished. His family, insultingly proscribed, had been seen wandering through the world, and begging a contemptuous hospitality from capital to capital. He himself had worn out his strength in treading the path of the exile:—so much so, that one day, when passing as a fugitive through Germany, he had been obliged to rest opposite a post on which this inscription had been placed by order of a king: "*Beggars and proscribed persons must not stop here more than a quarter of an hour.*" And yet the first care of this man, so roughly tried, was to puff up his triumph, and to give himself demonstrative assurance of his power. The very first thing he took in hand was the task of forming his household with all possible pomp. The old etiquette was re-established in that palace, the walls on which looked down on the spot where the executioner had laid his hand on Louis XVI.; and the most illustrious, the most ancient names seemed scarcely ancient or illustrious enough to furnish to the new court a grand master, a grand

almoner, a grand master of the robes, a grand master of the ceremonies, and a grand harbinger.

The higher bourgeoisie were deeply mortified by this commencement: they were wrong. I am aware that command should be modest: the difference between the greatest and the least of men, is not such that the will of the one can of right swallow up the will of the other. Pride is allowable only in him who obeys; as for him who commands, he can never expect to be pardoned for that excess of insolence, except by dint of humility. But truths like these are too lofty for an ignorant and corrupt society. In the impure medium in which the bourgeoisie moved in 1814, to demand a modest royalty, was to demand an impossibility.

Be this as it may, if this first essay of royalty was unlucky, if Napoleon was able to bring back from Elba his momentarily humbled eagles, this came of the fact that royalty had not shown itself sufficiently humble and lowly in its first displays. No pardon was dealt it in the saloons of the bankers and the high commercialists for having held out its hand to the remnants of gentle blood (*la gentilhommerie*). Above all, it found no forgiveness for having chosen for its ministers and counsellors such men as MM. de Montesquiou, D'Ambray, and Ferrand, pale and decayed personifications of the vanquished ideas. Suspicious, like all new powers, the bourgeoisie was implacable in its resentments, absolute in its will.

Good proof of all this was given in the opening of the chambers in June. The speech from the throne was favourably received, because it was moderate, submissive, and even somewhat sad. But when the garde-des-sceaux began to sound out the old monarchical phrases of usage from the tribune, there was a terrible commotion throughout the whole assembly. M. d'Ambray ventured, in speaking of the charter, to use the words *ordonnance de réformation*—and his voice was drowned in the murmurs they excited. Prophetic murmurs! murmurs that were to be transformed into an appalling tempest, when called up fifteen years afterwards by the same word! Thus, by a singular fatality, the four syllables that began the struggle in 1814 were those that terminated it in 1830! The fact is, that the question between the bourgeoisie and royalty was in 1814 identically what it is at this day, and the problem to be solved was this, which of the two principles should obtain the lead, the elective or the hereditary, the principle of the sovereignty of assemblies or that of crowns, of the law or of the royal ordinances.

Whilst the formidable problem of governmental unity was being thus enunciated on the surface of society, Paris was the theatre of the most multiform agitations. The imperialists were conspiring, preparing heaven knows what tortuous and obscure ways for the return of the man, who had but to stamp with his foot to make an army start up out of the ground. Fouché was in constant intercourse with these petty-plot journeymen, not for the purpose of seconding them, as has been supposed, but that he might be the better enabled to be-

tray them. His selfish shrewdness was not at fault: he felt that the strength was on the side of the bourgeois interests and the liberalist ideas. To introduce these interests and these ideas to power, after having constituted himself their representative; to offer his services to the Restoration in that capacity, and to rule it while he served it, such was the mark he aimed at. M. de Talleyrand was then in Vienna negotiating his country's shame: Fouché, therefore, remained master of the field of battle. He set to work, and made such good speed, that one day M. de Montesquiou called a meeting of several influential men of the royalist party, to ask them, Would it not be advantageous to the monarchy that the reins should be committed to the hands of a liberal ministry? Now the ministry in question was one of Fouché's concocting. And who, think you, were the men of whom he had intended to form it? MM. Lainé, Lally Tolendal, and even Voyer d'Argenson. Even down such a sheer descent were things sliding, to find at the bottom the triumph of liberalism, in point of principles, of the bourgeoisie in point of interests.

Suddenly strange news is spread. The exile has set foot on the soil of that land where he once was emperor; the towns are rising at his approach; the battalions run to meet him with shouts of affection; all France comes forth in arms, and escorts him. Now, then, we shall see proof of the degree of power at which the bourgeoisie had arrived. For, after all, fame had not lied; Napoleon was actually advancing, carried on the arms of an army delirious with delight; advancing with the speed of the eagle, whose image surmounted the imperial standard. Twenty days, the time occupied in hastening from the Mediterranean to the Seine, were enough, and more than enough, to place the empire again in his grasp. He entered his capital by one gate, whilst the other royalty, haggard and trembling, was hurrying away by the opposite gate, to a second and more humiliating exile. The next day, reviewing his faithful legions, he caused himself to be hailed anew as Cæsar; and some days after, as if to testify the man's power over the world, the sovereigns assembled in Vienna sent orders to their retiring armies to wheel round, and turn their faces towards France. Could destiny do more for the glory of a mortal? Vain éclat! triumph of a day! There was in France a power which Napoleon had not taken into his calculations, and one with which he was speedily to come into fatal collision. The burgeoisie, overcome for a moment by surprise, recovered its self-possession. Liberalism applied itself, for the second time, to the task of sapping the imperial throne. Napoleon must consent to the *acte additionnel*; he must submit to receive Fouché as minister and as supervisor of his proceedings; he must lend an ear to that parliamentary babbling, that filled him with weariness and indignation of soul. But concessions were as impotent as dictatorship against the universal league of the mercantile interests, taking its stand upon an hypocritical respect for liberty and for the

rights of the people. All Europe puts forth its strength against Napoleon: he falls! And by whom, I ask, had the consequences of Waterloo been prepared? Was it by the aristocracy? Why they were hiding then in Gand or in Vienna: such of the nobles as had not quitted the country desired nothing better than to be overlooked and forgotten; the Baron de Vitrolles was languishing in the dungeons of Vincennes; and as for the Marquis de Lafayette, he had long been fighting against being perforce a *grand seigneur*. Was it the soldiers, the artisans, the workmen of the faubourgs of Paris, or the proletaries? No one surely can have forgotten that it was the sons of the people, men in jackets and caps, or in plain uniform, who posted themselves every day after the battle of Waterloo under the windows of the Elysée Bourbon, to raise the accustomed cry of *Vive l'Empereur!* And what was passing at those very hours in the legislative assembly, where the interests and the passions of the bourgeoisie found utterance? "Let him abdicate! let him abdicate!" This was the thought of every breast in that assembly, and it was soon the language of every tongue. They would not even hear of Napoleon II., so impatient were they to break with all that was imperial in the past, and to resume the traditions of 1789!

I know not why it is that illustrious misfortunes move men's minds so deeply. For my own part, I confess that vulgar woes are what most affect my feelings. I lament for those whom the tempest has overwhelmed, without their having had the satisfaction of breathing in it freely, and braving its fury; I lament for those who, gifted with strong souls, have yet died without having lived; for those whose dust, mingled with the dust of the highway, is trodden underfoot by every unconscious passenger. Surely there are certain defeats that intoxicate as much as victories. Human pride is gratified by great disasters as well as by great successes. To fall from a lofty eminence is one of the modes in which fortune confers distinction. That Napoleon toppled down from his pedestal in the course of a few hours; that he saw foreign princes take up their abode in the palace prepared for his son; that they gave him for his last country a rock lost in the immensity of the ocean; and that he slowly wasted away there under the eye of his most cruel enemies,—this is not what demands our sorrow. But that the promised and longed-for abolition of the *droits réunis* became one of the causes of his downfal; that he, the warrior without compare, was beaten by some insurgent shopkeepers; that he could make no impression on an assembly of attorneys and stock-jobbers; he, of whom it had been said with truth, that his presence produced on innumerable armies the same effect as the lion's does on the most intrepid hunters;—ay, this is what must render him the object of everlasting compassion. The hours that passed over him in the Elysée Bourbon, when he kept his last vigil there, were hours of humiliation and bitterness, such perhaps as never mortal man endured. In this, and in this only, I find a true and sufficient expiation of his pride.

The bourgeoisie completed then, in 1815, the work begun in 1814. But its leaders, enlightened by experience, on this occasion took their precautions and made their reservations. In order that Louis XVIII., on recovering his crown, might never cease for one instant to be a bourgeois monarch, it was important to place beside him as minister a man devoted to the dominant interests, and sufficiently able to govern under the king's name. Fouché was marvellously adapted to play this part; he became accordingly an indispensable man. It will be recollected that the chambers nominated a committee of government after the disaster of Waterloo. Carnot was a member of it, but its president was the Duc d'Otrante. It is true that Carnot loved the people!

Fouché's first care, on becoming master of public affairs, was to liberate the Baron de Vitrolles from prison. They had an interview. M. de Vitrolles wished to quit Paris and join the king, but the reception he met with from Fouché kept him back. "I can do good service here to the cause of Louis XVIII.," said Vitrolles to Fouché, "but on three conditions: the first is, that my life shall not be assailed; the second, that you shall give me at least fifty passports, to enable me to keep up a correspondence with the king; and the third, that I shall be allowed to have access to you every day."—"As regards your head," replied Fouché, with that picturesque familiarity of language he affected, "it hangs on the same hooks as my own: you shall have fifty passports, and we shall see each other, if it so please you, not once, but twice a day." M. de Vitrolles became in this way a sort of middle term between the Bourbons and Fouché; the Restoration on one side, the bourgeoisie on the other.

Whilst Fouché was keeping up an active correspondence with the court of Gand, he was despatching emissaries to Austria, with orders to plead the cause of the little King of Rome, and he was writing to his colleague at the Congress of Vienna to sound the diplomatic body as to the candidature of the Duc d'Orleans; thus carrying on three plots simultaneously, and rendering his own position tenable, be the upshot what it might.

Fouché's views respecting the junior branch were readily adopted by Talleyrand; and the emperor Alexander's mind was inoculated with them by means of certain dexterous insinuations, so that one day the czar suddenly proposed the question in full congress in this form: Would it not be for the interest of Europe that the crown should be placed on the head of the Duc d'Orleans? Universal stupefaction followed this unexpected proposition. But had not the hundred days afforded proof of the political nullity of the elder Bourbons? Between a 21st of January and a 20th of March what place would remain for the tranquillity of Europe and the security of her kings? Opinions were already inclining in favour of the Duc d'Orleans when the project was defeated by the resistance made to it by Lord Clancarty, who expressed himself earnestly on the danger of holding out such encouragements to the ambition of col-

lateral lines. Upon this M. de Talleyrand, shifting his course with his usual dexterity, wrote to Louis XVIII. to disclose to him this species of diplomatic conspiracy, all the threads of which he had arranged with his own hand.

Meanwhile the princes arrive at Arnouville. The Baron de Vitrolles hastens to join them, impatient to sound for himself the sentiments of the heads of the coalition. What was his surprise when the Duke of Wellington said to him, "There is in all this a question of things,—viz., the tricolour cockade, and a question of persons,—viz., Fouché." M. de Vitrolles having then reminded the duke that the tricolour cockade was the emblem of a revolt against the king, and that Fouché was a regicide; "Well," replied the English general, "the question of things might perhaps be given up, but not the personal question; that is impossible."* Remarkable words and well worthy of being pondered! So then, in the opinion of the allies, Fouché represented a more potent idea in France than that which was expressed by the tricoloured cockade itself! They were right; for the fact was, the Revolution had aroused two sorts of passions; the one sort manly and glowing, lofty, devoted; the other selfish and mercantile. The former were represented by the tricolour cockade; but, after having dazzled and confounded the world by their marvellous explosion, they had at last died away; over excited by the republic, they had been in a manner exhausted by Napoleon. The latter were personified in Fouché, and these unfortunately were now the stronger.

After this it need not be wondered at that the nomination of Fouché to the ministry of police was made one of the conditions of Louis XVIII.'s entrance into Paris. The bourgeoisie required a guarantee, and it was given one. Many among the royalists themselves regarded this appointment of Fouché as a necessary evil; among others the Bailli de Crussol, a man whose royalism was honest and founded on conviction.

It was likewise the sense of this necessity that determined Louis XVIII. to seat in his closet the man he had execrated as his brother's murderer. We may infer this from the cynical expressions he addressed to the Baron de Vitrolles after the departure of the Duke of Wellington and M. de Talleyrand for Neuilly, where the Duke d'Otrante awaited them. "I have inculcated upon them that they must act for the best, for I am well aware that in accepting Fouché I surrender at discretion (*je livre mon pucelage*).

All these scandals were to be eclipsed by the great scandal of the second entry of the allies into Paris. This time there was no battle fought, no blood shed. Paris did not capitulate, it courted capture. The accomplices of the foreigner had not acted this time in secret but in the open day, before the faces of all men, in the palace appointed for public deliberation. How is it possible to depict the aspect of

* We can guarantee the authenticity of these curious details.

Paris during those horrible days? The pride of France had taken refuge among the most wretched of her children: the proletaries were all that existed of the country, but what could they do? At the very most a few old soldiers were met here and there at the turn of some deserted street or in the angles of the cross-ways, muttering maledictions. And whilst all along the splendid main streets and the glittering boulevards the foreigners were defiling by thousands, their faces no longer expressing surprise and admiration as in 1814, but wrath, disdain, and insult, a crowd of elegant women, filling the windows, were loudly hailing the passage of the victors, and waving scarfs in token of joy; the rich were preparing their most sumptuous apartments to receive the English or Prussian officers; and the shopkeepers, in the intoxication of delighted cupidity, were emulously displaying all their most precious stores.

On this occasion, however, the irruption of the enemy into the capital did not excite such general enthusiasm as the first invasion had done. It must be acknowledged, to the credit of a portion of the bourgeoisie, that it could not help feeling a touch of melancholy and shame. The spectacle of the rural population wofully taking refuge in the city with their goods and their cattle, sufficiently told the nature of the change which the disposition of the allies had undergone: they were feared. And yet—but no! posterity will never be brought to believe in such excess of infamy—they danced on the everlastingly profaned turf of the Tuileries a few paces from the Pont des Arts, where our enemies had planted two pieces of cannon in readiness to fire on our public edifices. Frenchmen dared to caper in vile measures round the bleeding body of their country, like savages bounding in a ring round a vanquished foe. The strangers saw this, and they despised us.

Thus began in France the era of material interests.

Those individuals, after all, could hug themselves for a time in their prosperous selfishness, who had computed how much money an humiliation, till then unparalleled, would bring in: for, as the last depth of this deep disgrace, the vanquished suffered themselves to be gorged with gold by the victors. Paris sold itself in retail, after having given itself over in the lump, and had not even the merit of a disinterested infamy. "The ordinary takings of the shopkeepers increased tenfold; all the young officers had expensive mistresses, boxes in the theatres, and dinners at Véry's. *From this year* 1815 *date most of the shopkeeping fortunes of Paris.* It is impossible to imagine the immense expenditure of the leaders of the coalesced armies: the Grand Duke Constantine and his brother sank 1,500,000 roubles in Paris, in the course of forty days. Blucher, who received three millions from the French government, mortgaged his estates and quitted Paris, ruined by the gambling-houses."* Paris, we perceive, had its wages largely doled out to it; the enemies of France

* Histoire de la Restauration, par un Homme d'Etat, vol. iii., pp. 64, 65.

were prodigal, and the purveyors for this mob of enchanted revellers were as eager to gather the profits of its intoxication to the last farthing, as it was itself to riot to the last in pleasures and insolence.

But there was this singularity in the results produced by the invasion, that France was brutally sacrificed to Paris.

The centralization established by the Empire existed in full force in 1815. Paris concentrated, without weakening them, all the various instincts, interests, and passions of more than thirty millions of men; it epitomised them without destroying them. The invasion made palpable the possible oppression latent in such a system of centralization; a city was enriched, and a whole kingdom subjected to pillage. Yes, fields laid waste and desolate, a multitude of petty proprietors ruined, the agriculture of several provinces dried up at the fountain-head, opulent cities crushed under the weight of arbitrary contributions, every thing, in short, that conquest can do and dares do in its most savage excesses; all this was what those pieces of gold represented, which the strangers scattered through Paris with a recklessness replete with insult.

Another result deserves notice. As France was pitilessly ransacked for the benefit of the mother city, just so the body at large of the bourgeoisie was finally impoverished to the profit of some fortunate capitalists. The cost of subsisting the seven hundred thousand men who encumbered our soil, the frightful abuse of requisitions, the augmentation of all kinds of imposts, the forced loans, the thousand millions, the price of our deliverance; what a burden was all this to lay on the bourgeois! It is true, recourse was had to credit to clear off the incumbrance; true, that the conditions of the loan contracted with the foreign bankers, Baring and Hope, and of which the principal Parisian bankers obtained an eighth, offered the lenders the enormous profit of from 20 to 22 per cent. interest; true that the first financial measures of the Restoration were so favourable to the great capitalists, that when M. Casimir Périer wrote a pamphlet inveighing against the scandal of the operation, he took his stand upon this, among other grounds, that it would have been more *national* to apply only to the bankers of France. . . . Erect above the mass of the bourgeoisie, bending under the burden, the higher bourgeoisie derived increased strength and opulence from the public shame. In this point of view, it is manifest that the invasion was in a manner a new contrivance afforded the richest to rob the poorest. In the long run, when the foreigners afterwards departed beyond our frontiers, they did not perhaps carry off with them any great quantity of money; but the amount they caused to change hands was enormous. Thrust by the chances of war between the great capitalists and the small manufacturers, between the bankers and the artisans, between daring speculators and working men, they bestowed on the former, by means of the loan, what they violently extorted from the latter by way of taxation.

Thus, before ever the bourgeoisie was installed in the administration, the principle of death latent within it had been already indicated to the attentive philosopher by the first material result of the invasion.

If the reader will ponder the lines I have just written, he will find they contain the germ of the whole social history of the bourgeoisie: the banking interest inthralling industry and commerce; individual credit profiting the strong, injuring the weak; in a word, the reign of competition tending inevitably to overthrow small fortunes, and to undermine those of the middle standard; and all this for the purpose of arriving at a real financial feudality, or, if you will, an oligarchy of bankers. Admirable law of Providence, which set the threat of punishment side by side with the crime, made the very selfishness of the bourgeoisie engender the commencement of its dissolution, and mingled with the shameful causes of its aggrandizement the indication of the causes of its final ruin!

But a system of things with which the passions of numbers are bound up does not come to nought in a day, whatever be the vices of its origin. Many generations are often insufficient to absorb all the venom of an evil principle. Every tyrannical régime may be likened to an abyss which can be filled up only with dead bodies: the cruel operation proceeds slowly to its accomplishment, for the abyss is profound.

In spite, then, of some not very prominent signs of future decay, a long dominion was promised, in 1815, to this unfeeling reign of competition and individualism. Only, that dominion required to be completed. The power of the bourgeoisie had its roots in the constitution of society; it only remained for it to obtain a footing in the political domain. Individualism below summoned liberalism to seat itself above.

Accordingly, from 1815 to 1830, the bourgeoisie busied itself only with completing its dominion. To turn the elective system to its own advantage, to seize on the parliamentary power and render it supreme after having achieved its conquest, such was for fifteen years the work prosecuted by liberalism, a work summarily expressed in these words: TO ENSLAVE ROYALTY WITHOUT DESTROYING IT. Thus, after those revolutionists of '93 had passed away, who had trampled on political tradition with such fierce heroism; after the reign of a man, who, as he could date only from himself, had essayed to silence for ever the antiquated vociferation of the assemblies, uprose once more unconquered tradition, bringing with it a renewal of the struggle so long maintained against royalty by the états-généraux and the parliamentarians.

How many novelties had the natural course of events introduced into this old quarrel! The field of battle had been transformed; the object of the combat was no longer the same; the prize of victory had a different complexion, the combatants had another aspect. What

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of that? There was in this reviving conflict something which events had not been able to change—its essential nature.

II.

When the Bourbons fell in 1830, many and various were the explanations given of the event.

They had entered France, it was said, floated on the tide of invasion, like its foam. They had rendered France vassal to Europe, and the ink was not dried on the fingers of their ministers from signing the treaties of 1815. They had brought back into the heart of a sorrowing country thousands of the haughty race of *gentilshommes*, and that grasping and encroaching caste, the clergy. They had begun their career with proscriptions, and the shade of Michel Ney rose up against them, accusing them of murder. They held the sword suspended over the heads of the purchasers of national estates, and their mere presence was a never-ending menace.

Woe to him who should declare one of all these charges unjust! But are they enough to account historically for the part played by the bourgeoisie in 1830? I say not.

If Louis XVIII. dared to pick up his crown from the bloody field of Waterloo; if he re-entered Paris, surrounded by an English, Russian, and Prussian staff; if he did not blush to admit in the Prince Regent of England a right of moral suzerainty over the heritage of Louis XIV. and of Napoleon; if Wellington was through him Marshal of France; if, while he was trying his hand at royalty in the Tuileries, the Baron von Muffling, a foreigner, was made governor of his capital; if the Louvre was pillaged by the Prussians; if Blucher, in a fit of rage, could talk with impunity of blowing up our edifices; if Alexander was regarded as the friend of the King of France, because he had been content with making the bridges built in remembrance of our victories echo under the footsteps of his army; if the allies, treating with this same King of France, exacted, and were accorded, as a preliminary to all negotiation, that the army of the Loire should be dissolved, so that France should have nothing left but to entreat for mercy; lastly,—for long, long, alas! is the list of our humiliations in those days,—if our enemies acquired by the treaty of November the right not only of reducing France to her last limits, but of dismantling her fortifications, of building others against her with her own money, of watching and controlling her policy, and of occupying her territory for five years,—was all this the crime solely of the king, the princes and the ministers? Why had the representatives of the bourgeoisie, the members of the legislative body, refused the vanquished Napoleon that sword he asked for as a simple general to repair the disaster of Waterloo, and to save the country, or die? And why, when the first gleam of the enemies' watchfires was seen, why did not the bourgeoisie of Paris stir up the people so prompt to fight, and rush, itself, to arms, turning desperately to bay, like the glorious monks of Saragossa? But no: all the

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gates of the town were thrown open; and there were shouts of joy in all the streets; and there were dances in the public gardens; and in all the theatres, for several months, the enthusiasm of those who frequent the theatres hailed in Alexander the demigod of the invasion! Hear it again: "The shopkeepers increased their usual receipts tenfold. From 1815 date most of the shopkeeping fortunes of the capital." A proof that the bourgeoisie had no thought in 1830 of punishing the Bourbons as princes brought into France by the stranger, is, that it selected to fill the throne Philip Duke of Orleans. And how had the Duc d'Orléans entered France? Was not he too found in the rear of the invasion? Let us deal justice and truth to all. Had the bourgeoisie taken upon it in 1830 to exact expiation of the crown for the events of 1815, then I say it would have taken vengeance on the elder branch of the Bourbons for crimes of which it was itself the accomplice. Nothing of the kind occurred. It was the people who remembered.*

Could the bourgeoisie with any more show of reason fall upon the order of *gentilshommes?* I have noticed that Louis XVIII. committed in 1814 the mistake of professing too open a regard for ancient names; but he had made haste to correct that error in 1815. Do we not find in the first ministerial list of the latter epoch, along with the name of Talleyrand de Perigord, that of Pasquier, belonging to the *noblesse de robe*, and those still less aristocratic of Gouvion St. Cyr, Fouché, and Louis? Did M. Decazes, who was so long the soul of the government of the Restoration, owe his influence to his parchments? Were not MM. de Villèle, de Corbière, and de Peyronnet, who filled with their existence the last years of the Restoration, were they not almost *novi homines?* That the higher

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* Here is a specimen of the terms in which M. Villemain, *who has been minister since* 1830, congratulated the Emperor Alexander on his victory of 1814, and that in full academy, April 21, 1814.

"At a time when all hearts are preoccupied by this august presence, I have need to entreat indulgence and pardon for the interruption I am about to occasion. How great is the contrast between so feeble a literary interest and an audience such as this! Did the Princes of the North, who came to mingle in these meetings in times past, foresee that their descendants would one day be led to them by the result of war? Such are the revolutions of empires. But the power of the arts over generous souls does not change. Before the image of the arts monarchs in arms pause like monarchs on a journey. They respect it in our monuments, in the genius of our writers, and in the vast renown of our *savants*. Eloquence, or rather history, will celebrate this literary urbanity, when it comes to tell of this war without ambition, this inviolable and disinterested league, this royal sacrifice of the most cherished feelings immolated to the repose of nations, and to a sort of European patriotism. The valiant heir of Frederick has proved to us that the chances of arms do not cast down a genuine king from the throne; that he always arises again nobly, borne up on his people's arms, and remains invincible because he is loved. Alexander's magnanimity sets before our eyes one of those antique souls passionately athirst for glory. His power and his youth are warrants for the long peace of Europe. His heroism, purified by the light of modern civilization, seems worthy of perpetuating its empire, worthy of renewing and still more embellishing the image of the philosophical monarch presented by Marcus Aurelius,—of displaying, in fine, on the throne, the armed wisdom of a power, vast as its own aspirations for the welfare of the world."

bourgeoisie felt a very lively repugnance for the nobles and the clergy, and that it pursued the former with its jealous passions, under the war-cry of equality, and the latter with its frigid scepticism, while crying up liberty of conscience, and the independence of the civil power, is beyond all manner of doubt. Only it would never have incurred the risks of a revolution had it looked forward to nothing else than securing the triumph of its scepticism and its vanity.

As for the cruelties so heavily charged upon Louis XVIII., it must be owned that it is chiefly to circumstances they owe the character they have preserved in history.

"At nine o'clock in the morning,"* says an historian of the Restoration, "Ney stepped into a hackney-coach, dressed in a blue frock. He had sent to ask M. de Sémonville for a bottle of bordeaux and had drunk it. The grand referendary accompanied the marshal to the coach; the curé of St. Sulpice was by his side, and two officers of gendarmerie on the box. The dismal party crossed the Luxembourg-gardens on the observatory side. On passing the iron gate it turned to the left and halted fifty paces further on under the wall of the avenue. The coach having stopped, the marshal stepped out nimbly, and standing eight paces from the wall, said to the officer, 'Is this the place, sir?'—'Yes, monsieur le maréchal.' Ney then took off his hat with his left hand, laid his right on his heart, and addressing the soldiers, cried out, 'Comrades, fire on me.' The officer gave the signal to fire, and Ney fell without making any motion."

What strikes us above all in this horrible execution is its gloomy secrecy and want of solemnity. The multitude was not there at the last moment, it had been deceived, and was assembled in the plain of Grenelle. Michel Ney, Marshal of France, Prince of Moskowa, Duke of Elchingen, is shot in a lonely silent spot, at the foot of a wall, by soldiers who skulk from observation, by order of a government afraid of its own violence. This explains why it was that the first cruelties of the Restoration left traces stamped in fire on men's hearts. Ney had turned against Louis XVIII. the sword he had received from him to defend him in 1814: there is no question of that. It is true he was under the safeguard of a capitulation: but the vengeance of reaction is not to be stopped by such slight considerations as this. To kill one's enemies had been no novelty for half a century: '93 had wearied the executioner. But the necessities of a situation without parallel accounted for, and more than excused the blows struck by the Revolution: the sound of the axe was lost in '93 in the clamours of the forum and in the universal uproar. Here there was nothing of the kind: death was inflicted in cold blood, and a whole nation kept silence round the executioners. Be it as it may, if the bourgeoisie was indignant, its indignation was assuredly disinterested;

* Histoire de la Restauration, par un Homme d'Etat, p. 404.

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since Ney and Labédoyère died victims of an idea combated and vanquished with the aid of the bourgeoisie itself; since they died victims of the Empire,—victims of the Hundred Days. Napoleon had caused the Duc d'Enghien to be shot in the trenches of Vincennes. Louis XVIII. paid Napoleon back murder for murder,—a kind of emulation most worthy of the masters of the earth! But that is all. Did the bourgeoisie on the day succeeding the revolution of July, when it was all powerful, impose on its king the duty of restoring the name, fame, and memory of Ney? And why did it not?*

I come to another point, the interests of the purchasers of national property. This was a more serious question for the bourgeoisie, for it was no mere affair of sentiment and humanity: accordingly care was taken not to alarm men's interests on this score. Louis XVIII., who committed so many blunders, at least did not commit this one. He affirmed in his declaration of Saint Omer that the purchasers of national property should never be molested. What do I say? Did the chamber of 1815, intoxicated as it was with aristocracy, ever carry the audacity of its counter-revolutionary passions to that length? Recollect the law on seditious cries: the 5th article of that law provided a penalty against every expression of a nature to alarm the possessors of national property. "Wherefore this measure?" exclaimed the Vicomte de Châteaubriand on this occasion before the assembled peers. "Why impose a silence, which would be broken, if not by men, yet by the very stones that serve as landmarks to the patrimonies whose possessors it is intended to reassure?" Words of rash daring; but not all Châteaubriand's eloquence could give effect to their hardihood, even at a moment when the counter-revolution showed itself daring to insolence! If, therefore, the interests of the purchasers of national property were so often invoked in the polemics of liberalism, it was because they furnished that insincere system with a serviceable weapon. And if the *milliard* granted the emigrants be held up to me in objection, my

* At the very moment I write these lines, this day, March 7, 1841, the journals announce the determination just come to by the son of Marshal Ney, to take his seat in that assembly which voted almost unanimously for the death of his father. In the last letter, explaining the motives to this determination, I find what follows:

"The son of the Marquis of Strafford did not take his seat in the House of Lords till after he had obtained the reversion of the sentence unjustly passed on his father in the reign of Charles I.

"Less fortunate than he, or less efficiently seconded by circumstances, and by the state of our laws, I have not been able completely to succeed in the accomplishment of a religious duty, which I have nevertheless pursued without relaxation, and by all the means in my power since 1831.

"My efforts with the different ministries which have succeeded each other during that space of time, have been always frustrated by exceptions to my *locus in curia*, drawn partly from the lacunæ of our code in matters of revision, partly also from the inconveniences with regard to the public security which would be occasioned by the evocation of certain reminiscences which passion would not fail to fasten upon.....

"What shall I say to you? I have been fighting thus without success these ten years past!"

This is what the government of the bourgeoisie had in store for the memory of Marshal Ney!

answer is, that this counter-revolutionary act was not passed till after the election of the Abbé Grégoire, the regicide, not till after the assassination of the Duc de Berri; that is to say, when the monarchy driven to extremities, determined at last to dare all against its enemies, clearly perceiving that its enemies would dare all against it. Besides, be it well observed, if the milliard of indemnity was a virtual condemnation of the principles of '89, it was no less a guarantee offered to the owners of national estates, since it was the price for which they were granted security. This indemnity being paid, the possessors of the property in question were definitively protected from all hostile proceedings; and those who had most reason to complain were all those poor artisans, all those workmen, all those children of the people, from whom the emigration had levied its impost, though they had never been partakers of its spoils.

Returning then to what I have aimed at proving, I repeat that the struggle which began in 1815, and which was to terminate in the revolution of 1830, was but the continuation, for the benefit of the bourgeoisie, of the struggle which the états généraux had maintained previously to 1789 against the monarchical principle, though without éclat, without vigour, and without continuity.

Can society have two heads? Is sovereignty divisible? Is there not between government by a king, and government by an assembly, a gulf which every day tends to make deeper and wider? And wherever this dualism exists, is not the nation doomed to fluctuate miserably between a 10th of August and an 18th Brumaire? This question was presented to Louis XVIII. on the day he seated himself on the throne, as it had been to Bonaparte during the Hundred Days: and as the social strength was on the side of the bourgeoisie, it was natural that the question should be decided in its favour. The obstacles with which royalty had to contend during the Restoration, the countless feelings of hatred that gathered in its way, the tempests that assailed, the sort of popular earthquake that overthrew it in 1830, all these had no more serious cause.

Had it even been possible to create a mediating power between the crown, and the chamber! But the right of entail having been for ever abolished, the division of patrimonies having become an inevitable fact, the aristocracy having been thrice vanquished, what availed a peerage? That of 1815 represented but a heap of ruins, and was in reality but the living history of a quarter of a century of treacheries. So little account was made of it, that Louis XVIII., for instance, regarded it simply as a means "*of putting a ring on the finger of people of his household on the birth of their eldest sons.*" The fact is, that the personal composition of the peerage was recast in 1815 without scruple and without shame. Peers of France were broken, and others were created; the title of peer became a mode of recompense or a prize held out to the higher officers of the royal household. And after this M. de Talleyrand fancied himself a great

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statesman for having caused such a peerage to be declared hereditary! What poverty of views! When Lord Chesterfield's son was setting out to visit the different courts of Europe, his father said to him, "Go, my son, go and see the sort of men by whom the world is governed!"* I comprehend this disdain.

Yes, before ever the government of the Restoration was in full operation, the leading feature of the case was the necessary rivalry of these two powers, the crown and the chamber. And see the kind of circumstances that announce and prepare the struggle. When the elections begin, two men are found dividing the ministerial power between them, Talleyrand and Fouché: the latter, able, shrewd, a practised master of intrigue, possessing the confidence of the bourgeoisie, and versed in the art of dealing with impure implements; the other as devoid of intellectual as of moral worth, but passing for a *grand seigneur* without prejudices, and enjoying an immense reputation as a statesman, because baseness has its triumphs, which every vulgar mind confounds with those of talent. The antagonism between these two men is glaring; every one sees this, every one says this, and it seems that this will prove the rock on which the ministry will be wrecked. But no: the ministry is about to be dissolved, but its dissolution will be the first evidence of the power of the bourgeois interests, and of the irresistible force of the elective principle.

We know what had rendered Fouché necessary as a minister: consequently he could only fall to make way for another man, capable like himself of representing in the government the interests and the passions of the bourgeoisie. Those who have assigned no other cause for the extraordinary fortune of M. Decazes than the affection of Louis XVIII., appear to me not to have dived to the bottom of this subject. M. Decazes was of plebeian origin: no tie could have attached him to a regimen of *grand seigneurs*. He loved money, and knew its value: he loved power, and comprehended the conditions of its tenure. He possessed sagacity, suppleness, activity, scepticism, subaltern ambition, every quality positive and negative to enable him to know and to make him subservient to the side that was the stronger. Liberalism, in so far as it was lacking in elevation, could not find a truer personification. M. Decazes was Fouché softened down.

This is precisely what rendered Decazes fit, in the eyes of the bourgeoisie, to supersede Fouché. Again, he had said, in speaking of Napoleon's astonishing march on Paris on the 20th of March, "Legitimacy is not to be acquired by dint of hard running;" and independently of this profession of faith, the royalists preferred him to the Duc d'Otrante, because he at least did not carry the smell of blood on his clothes.

M. Decazes was carried in this way to the summit of public

* The author of this saying was not Lord Chesterfield, but Oxenstierna, Chancellor of Sweden under Gustavus Adolphus and Christina. "I, mi fili, vide quam minimâ sapientiâ regitur mundus."—*Translator.*

honours, and Fouché fell from power, leaving behind a successor worthy of him. Louis XVIII.'s liking for the new minister served his fortunes, but does not singly account for them. M. Decazes was a liberal; that was his strength. The time of favourites was passed, and if M. Decazes had been backed by nothing else than the royal affection, which is won and kept by flattery, his influence, like that of M. de Blacas, would never have extended beyond the government of the antechamber.

But by the side of this singular fact, the sudden elevation of M. Decazes, stands another no less characteristic, the fall of the Talleyrand ministry. Why did that ministry break down? Because the result of the first elections foretold a chamber hostile to it. M. de Talleyrand fearing too vehement an opposition, had an audience of the king, and asked him if the cabinet might count fully on the support of the crown in the approaching contest. Louis XVIII., long jealous of the prince's reputation, appeared offended at the arrogance of his alarm, and to the great astonishment of the whole country dissolved the ministry, leaving the destinies of royalty in France to fall into the feeble hands of the Duc de Richelieu. Are not these very remarkable facts? A bourgeois, a liberal, M. Decazes becoming the head of the royalist government; the first ministry of the Restoration overthrown by the mere approach of the chamber, and in a manner by the shadow of the elective principle; this victory achieved on the eve of the battle; does not all this strike one as a revelation of that force, of which the fifteen years of the Restoration were to be but the complete development in a political respect.

So fully alive were the most intelligent royalists to the invincible force of the elective principle, considered as a means of aggrandizing the bourgeoisie, that some of them made incredible efforts to keep Fouché in the ministry until the assembling of the deputies: witness M. de Vitrolles, whose constant cry was, "Before dismissing Fouché, wait for the chamber."

But here is something more significant still. The elections are ended; the chamber assembles. Those who have reflected on the character of all reactions know why this chamber would naturally call itself exclusively royalist. They talked of nothing in it but the king: fidelity to the king was the virtue of the day: were we to rely on the official language of the chamber, never had France been more completely monarchical; and nothing could equal the enthusiasm that burst forth in the assembly when M. de Vaublanc pronounced these words: "The immense majority of the chamber holds fast by its king." But what! It is by a series of sharp attacks on royalty that this chamber, so eminently royalist, commences its proceedings. The first bill* (*projet de loi*), presented to the chamber by the *garde des sceaux* is received with many indications of dissatisfac-

* The bill respecting seditious cries.

tion, and is passed only with modifications that completely destroy its original character. A broad and striking assertion this of the right of the initiative on the part of the assembly! And from that moment how ardently was an opportunity sought to exercise that initiative! Whether the question regarded the law upon the suspension of individual liberty, presented by M. Decazes, or that on jurisdictions presented by the Duc de Feltre, the chamber thinks itself called on not only to rectify the handiwork of the ministers, but to make it over again. Alone it fills the political stage; alone it governs. Was there ever seen since the Convention an assembly more violent, more imperious, more intoxicated with the sense of its own rights? It learns that the king proposes to have the ordinance of the 24th of July legalized, which limited royalist vengeance to nineteen heads of note given up to the tribunals, and to thirty-eight persons sentenced to banishment. At this news the rage of the chamber rises to its highest pitch, and lest the act of amnesty should be too indulgent, it takes the initiative into its own hands, thus usurping the most personal of all the prerogatives of royalty. Is it possible to conceive any thing more overbearing? And what act of sovereignty could be more peremptory than that motion of M. de Labourdonnaye's, which proscribed at one blow all the marshals, all the generals, all the prefects, all the high functionaries implicated in Bonaparte's return; which struck at all the regicide signers of the *acte additionel;* which excluded for ever from the soil of France all the members of the Bonaparte family; which doomed the property of so great a number of citizens to sequestration; which in a word made the judicial power a dependence on the legislative! Nevertheless the assembly sanctioned this great usurpation in the very teeth of the king's formal announcement that he would not consent to the proscription of the regicides.

It has been said that Louis XVIII. was not sincere in this; that in his heart he abhorred the regicides, and only made a show of protecting them, in order to shift off upon the chamber the odium of the proscription. Be it so. But he had declared himself openly and conspicuously, and his ministers contested the projects of the chamber in his name with extreme energy. What must have been the effect on public opinion of a struggle so violently displayed, whatever may have been the secret thoughts and the hypocrisy of the combatants! The Duc de Richelieu addressed these words one day to the chamber: "The king has caused himself to be made acquainted with your various propositions and your useful deliberations. The will of Louis XVI. is always present to his thoughts;" and the chamber on hearing these words remains mute and motionless; threatening looks lour on every face; and the ministry is obliged to have recourse to long negotiations to bend the obstinacy of the assembly. The chamber consents at last to reject the sanguinary categories of M. de Labourdonnaye; but it abides by the

banishment of the regicides, after cheering the factiously royalist cry uttered by M. de Béthisy, "Vive le roi quand même!" *Quand même!* The antagonism of the two principles broke out even in the ardent royalism of the assembly.

This is not all: the law of elections is presented to the assembly. Two systems suggest themselves; the one creating an electoral college in each canton, and giving the king the power of annexing to each electoral college juges de paix, mayors, vicars-general, proviseurs, curés, &c.; the other establishing election in two degrees, to the advantage of the rich. The alternative is formidable. If the first system prevails, the crown has a hold on the elections; it is placed on an independent footing. If the second system triumphs, the crown is undone; the sway of the parliament has no longer any counterpoise; the unequal duel between Pym and Charles I., between Robespierre and Louis XVI., between Lafayette and Bonaparte, will be revived and continued; royalty is on the verge of a precipice. Well then, the system fatal to royalty is that which finds favour in the *ultra-royalist* chamber of 1815. What a theme for meditation!

That this chamber aimed its blows at the ministry and not at the crown; that it proclaimed the omnipotence of parliament from considerations of tactics, not on principle; that it was bent on making the elective power an irresistible lever, solely because it was then in its own hands;—all this is possible. And what does this prove, except that great events are obedient to laws that baffle the tricks of selfishness and all the strategy of the passions? What matters it to history what the chamber of 1815 intended? What it did is all that is to the purpose. Now, it professed the dogma of the absolute sovereignty of assemblies, and it was it that unconsciously laid down the premises of the syllogism, from which, after fifteen years of conflict, 1830 drew the conclusion.

Hence it appears that the revolution of July was comprised bodily in that famous ordinance which dissolved the *impracticable chamber*.

By the ordinance of the 5th of November, however, Louis XVIII. did but appeal to new elections, and to a new electoral system. Essentially this was to establish in favour of royalty that right of dissolving the chamber, which is recognised and practised in England; a right protective of the crown, and in which there was surely nothing exorbitant, since it had not prevented the second Stuart from dying on the scaffold! What, nevertheless, was the impression produced by this eminently monarchical act? Those who were called the *ultra-royalists* were struck with consternation; those who were called the liberals applauded. The reverse is what should have taken place had there really been in France friends of the monarchy on the one side, and friends of liberty on the other. But no: the ultra-royalists execrated the ordinance of the 5th of November, because it broke up a chamber in which they bore sway,—thus sacrificing to a temporary advantage of position all the principles of monarchy: and the liberals

welcomed this same ordinance with exultation, because the parliamentary power it smote did not yet belong to themselves,—thus sacrificing to a temporary advantage of position all the principles of liberty.

The truth of the matter is, that words did not in this case tally with the ideas they ostensibly implied. Under the denominations of *liberals* and *royalists*, interests were concealed that were in reality neither those of liberty nor those of monarchy.

The actual division existing in France was this. One party desired that the nation should be agricultural; that cultivation on a large scale should be re-established, and the system of large proprietorship reconstituted by means of entails and the right of primogeniture; that the clergy should be indemnified out of the forests of the state; that the administrative centralization should be abolished; that the country in fine should be brought back to that aristocratic regimen of which the bourgeoisie, aided by the kings, had overthrown the foundations. The other party entertained diametrically opposite notions. The former class consisted in general of *gentilshommes*, emigrants, dignitaries of the church, and scions of ancient families: they constituted what should have been called the feudal party. To the second class belonged sons of parliamentarians, bankers, manufacturers, traders, holders of national property, physicians, lawyers, the bourgeoisie.

Looking then to the substance of things and not to mere words, the struggle was one simply between feudal ideas and bourgeois interests. Now the descendants of those who had waged such fierce war on monarchical centralization, through Charles the Bold, the Comte de Soissons, Montmorency, and Cinq Mars, were assuredly not more royalist than the sons of those who had so violently shaken thrones by means of the jansenists, the magistracy, and the philosophers. Royalty was in the eyes of the feudal party, as well as in those of the bourgeois party, an instrument rather than a principle. When, therefore, royalty lent its support to the bourgeoisie, the feudal party was obliged to intrench itself behind the power of parliament, and to speak the language of public immunities: and when, on the other hand, it lent itself to the views and passions of the feudal party, it was then the turn of the bourgeoisie to attack the throne in the name of liberty. Thus we account for the contradictions and anomalies that make up the political movement of the Restoration.

In 1816 the bourgeoisie might almost consider itself seated on the throne beside Louis XVIII., whose mind it swayed through M. Decazes. Those who were called ultra-royalists began, therefore, to wear down the royal power, and they all graduated as doctors of liberalism. Here you had M. de Villèle complaining of the unconstitutional influence of the king over the elections of the Pas de Calais: there, MM. de Castelbajac and de Labourdonnaye haranguing from the tribune in defence of the liberty of the press and of the

individual. Who but remembers the petition of Mademoiselle Robert, and the stormy discussions it gave rise to? What! they had dared to visit M. Robert with arbitrary arrest! They had gone the length of suppressing his journal! But what was to become of the liberty of the press, if it were competent to the executive to deal it such tremendous blows? What perils hung over society, if autocracy were allowed such elastic power of extension? This was the sort of language held from one end of France to the other, and by whom? By the *ultra-royalists*. Now it is to be observed, that the excessive rigour with which M. Robert was treated, was occasioned by a pamphlet said to have issued from his press, and in which the majesty of the crown was dragged through the mire.

The part played by the *liberals* during this time was as follows: M. Decazes prepared, presented to the chamber, supported, and made his friends support, the system of the censorship, preventive arrests, and exceptional laws. M. Villemain kept up a restless watch over the press, and suppressed journals with off-hand flippancy. M. Royer Collard, who did not pass for an ultra-royalist, declared strongly for the pre-eminence of the royal authority, and replied in these terms to M. Castelbajac, on the subject of the liberty of the press, "The fact must not be overlooked or mistaken, that wherever there are parties, public journals cease to be the organs of individual opinions; that pledged as they are to the several interests that command them, serving as instruments of their policy, and as the field of their battles, their liberty is but the liberty of raging parties."

The law of election of February 5, 1817, was passed, establishing departmental election of a single degree, and fixing the electoral qualification at the annual contribution of 300 francs. Statistics published by the ministry show that the number of citizens paying 300 francs of taxes, patents included, was 90,878. The law of February 5th, 1817, therefore, placed the parliamentary power in the hands of the bourgeoisie. Accordingly there arose an inversion in the cast of parts for the political drama. The bourgeoisie, now paramount in parliament, turned round on the crown, of which it had no longer need, and set about defending against it those same liberties, the championship of which, previously to the law of the 5th of February, it had abandoned to the feudal party. The law respecting preventive arrests was now to be repealed, the censorship was to be abolished, and the ministry of police was become so manifestly a sinecure, that M. Decazes himself felt constrained in common decency to call for its suppression. But the more the monarchical principle humbled itself before that bourgeoisie by which it had before been so strenuously supported, the more did that party redouble the exigency of its demands. Whilst the politicians of the Pavillon Marsan were seeking to entangle the king in their intrigues, the bourgeois writers were unremittingly undermining the foundations of the throne. The *Minerve* was every day becoming more acrimo-

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nious in its hostility. Citizens known like M. Voyer d'Argenson for their austere independence, were already suggested as candidates for the consideration of the electors. The elections of 1818 showed fully how this movement told. Manuel obtained a double election in La Vendée, and La Sarthe sent into the chamber the most illustrious of the foes of the royal family, M. de Lafayette.

What then had the feudal chamber of 1815 done, in giving so much strength and permanence to the power of parliament? With its own hands it had forged a keen and glittering falchion for the bourgeoisie. History is full of these deep lessons for him who will but take a little pains to search them out. Parties, like certain monks, often spend their lives in digging their own graves, though not perhaps because, like them, they are filled with the consciousness of their own nothingness. It amuses me to see the air with which certain men strut over the stage of the world; they fancy they are impelling society onwards, whilst they are only fluttering their own stationary impotence; they set up for immortality, and would make bold to usurp God's command over the future. Laughable ambition! God alone marches onwards through the vague bustling of the generations of men!

Meanwhile, Europe was beginning to be uneasy at the state of things in France. The foreign sovereigns had counted on establishing the internal peace of the country by setting up in it the charter and the political dualism it sanctions. Great was their mistake, and at last they perceived it. M. de Richelieu, who had attended the congress at Aix-la-Chapelle, returned from it filled with lively apprehensions respecting the future destinies of the monarchy: the idea of changing the electoral regimen was entertained. Unfortunately the danger which had excited such serious attention at the congress of Aix-la-Chapelle was not comprised in the law of the 5th of February. In order to consolidate the throne by raising it above the assault of every tempest, it would have been necessary to destroy in France, had that been practicable, not this or that electoral arrangement, but the elective power itself; for whatever were the hands to which that formidable lever might be committed, it was impossible that royalty should long resist its action. To transfer the elective strength to other hands was to give the monarchical principle other enemies, not to save it.

This was a point not understood either by the sovereigns, or by M. de Richelieu, their representative and organ in the council of ministers. In the end, the attempts made by M. de Richelieu to overthrow the law of the 5th of February were useless, and had, as we know, no other result than that of expediting his downfal. M. Decazes, his colleague and his rival; M. Decazes, whose exile he had demanded, remained in power, taking General Dessole into the ministry. The aim of the new ministry was the maintenance of the law of election; or, in other words, the monarchy chose ministers whose programme was the destruction of the monarchy.

No doubt such an idea had not entered any one's head. The bourgeoisie itself, in its impetuous course towards absolute dominion, had but a confused notion of its own work, and was far from believing that to render royalty dependent was to abolish it. But again I say, men are always the sport of things they accomplish. Society subsists upon one eternal series of misconceptions.

The Dessole ministry was and could be in reality nothing but an uninterrupted succession of victories achieved over royalty by the bourgeoisie, armed with the power of parliament. And at the outset the first act of the session of 1818 was to vote a national recompense for the service which M. de Richelieu, it was said, had rendered France, in delivering it from foreign occupation. What that service cost us I do not care to recollect, but it could with truth be said that on this occasion the honour of France had sweated at every pore. The bourgeoisie, however, had attained its object; its wealth had grown amidst the humiliation of its country: some gratitude was clearly due for this to M. de Richelieu. Nevertheless, he was a man of integrity. It was his evil fate to have had to sign the degradation of France; still it is not the less true that to recompense him was a scandalous act; the most he deserved was compassion.

Be this as it may, the vote of the chamber on this question was a manifest stride towards a parliamentary dictatorship. "Beware! beware!" was the cry from the *côté droit:* "all this is antimonarchical; you are following the example of the assemblies of the Revolution." But it is puerile to call upon a power to set limits to itself. The chamber took its course, and thenceforth pursued it without a pause.

There was no end to the efforts made to conciliate it. The king recalled the outlaws; M. de Gouvion St. Cyr opened the army lists to old officers; M. de Serres, the minister of justice, wrote to all the attorney-generals, urgently enjoining them to respect the liberty of the individual; M. Decazes, the minister of the interior, publicly announced that the industry of the country should be invited to make periodical exhibitions of its best productions, thus inaugurating the gay doings of labour on the ground from which the pomps of monarchy had already disappeared. Need I continue the catalogue? In a bill brought in to define the responsibility of ministers, the representatives of the crown did homage to the political omnipotence of the bourgeoisie, whilst they confessed its judicial omnipotence in another bill which abolished the censure by anticipation, and put the public journals under the jurisdiction of juries. Thus we see that the ministry met every demand upon them with full and frank concessions. When two rival powers stand face to face, it is not enough that the weaker give way—its destiny is to succumb. The bourgeoisie always demanded something more than was granted it. The bill respecting ministerial responsibility was considered too vague and incomplete: that which laid down rules for the liberty of the press was violently assailed, because it created responsible publishers and

imposed recognizances. The complaints urged from the tribune were loudly and formidably echoed by the press. The chamber of peers, alarmed by all the din around it, had talked of modifying the law of the 5th of February, and the ministry had instantly punished it by a large creation of peers, which altered the character of its majority and let in upon it a large number of bourgeoisie. Even this was not enough; the effervescence went on increasing. The *Minerve* was for having the qualification for members annulled; the *Constitutionnel* sarcastically begged to know, did 200 deputies really and truly represent thirty millions of people? M. Bavoux delivered inflammatory harangues to the students of the university, and said, in commenting on the 86th and 89th articles of the penal code, which affixed the same penalties to the act of merely plotting against the life of the king as to the consummation of that crime, "The dream of Marsyas, punished as high treason by Dionysius of Syracuse, and the death of that gentleman, who was executed in the market-place for having entertained the thought of assassinating Henri III.,—what are these but facts legitimated by our present code, in defiance of the constant and universal reprobation of posterity?" It is easy to conceive what must have been the effect of such language on the feelings of youth. Disturbances took place in the School of Law, and M. Bavoux was cited before the criminal court. But the bourgeoisie applauded his courage, the jury declared him not guilty, and on his coming out of court the students thronged round him to congratulate and embrace him.

The news from abroad added to this turbulent condition of the public mind, which the bourgeois writers took such active measures to uphold. The antimonarchical manifestoes of the German associations were favourably received; the assassination of Kotzebue found admirers. It was the time when the terrible voice of the Manchester reformers resounded through all Europe. It is superfluous to say that the French press reported the proceedings of those countless assemblies that covered the soil of Great Britain, and the newspapers teemed with such statements as the following:—"A meeting was held in Smithfield. Henry Hunt, accused by the adversaries of reform of having received money, replied, 'The Duke of York has just lost at play the sum voted to him by parliament as guardian of his helpless father. That is a specimen, I suppose, of the morality of the higher orders of society. It was the same morality that made Lord Sidmouth bestow the place of clerk of the pells, a sinecure of 3000*l.* a year, on his son, a mere boy. The Duke of Sussex has just abandoned his lawful wife, with whom he lived for a very long time, and they have given him 2678*l.*, taken out of your pockets," &c. &c.

These virulent attacks made on the aristocracy in England harmonized with certain interests and antipathies in France, by which they were caught up in the saloons of the magistracy and the financiers,

and passionately applied to things at home; and royalty suffered from the rebound of these strokes.

The feudal party, on their side, like dexterous tacticians, whetted the animosity of the bourgeoisie against ministers. M. de Chateaubriand wrote in the *Conservateur* that M. Decazes had set out with being the persecutor of the revolutionists, and that he had persecuted them without measure. General Donnadieu let fly a pamphlet, in which he cast on the favourite of Louis XVIII. all the odium of the events in Grenoble in 1816. He stated that in reply to an application for mercy, addressed by him to the king, on behalf of seven condemned persons, an order was transmitted to him by telegraph to *put them instantly to death*. There was nothing but what was laid hold of as a ground for criminating the government, even to the manifest and special protection granted by it to productive talent; and the *Drapeau Blanc* was in amazement at the subtle policy of M. Decazes in contriving that the elections should be coincident with the exhibition of manufactures. This was a plain hint to the bourgeoisie that the government flattered to deceive it.

It must be added that the policy of the *ultras* at that time was to provoke to jacobinism, by insulting taunts. "Now then," said the *Journal des Débats* to the adversaries of the feudal party, à propos to a recent resolution of the Germanic diet, "here you see yourselves constrained to admit that all Europe is ultra as we are. Now you are convinced that what you call *Europe*, *the nations*, *the age*, turns out to be at bottom nothing more than a few petty shopkeepers, seated on bales of cotton and hogsheads of sugar, in the Rue des Ramassés, at Rouen, a few long-haired, short-jacketed, beardless students, of the university of Jena, and a few thousand honest radicals illuminated by the fumes of gin." These petty shopkeepers seated on bales of cotton and hogsheads of sugar, determined to show what they could do: they elected M. Grégoire, and thus flung, as it were, the gory head of Louis XVI. as their gage of battle at the feet of their enemies.

But their enemies rejoiced at this: "Give us jacobin rather than ministerial returns" had been the exclamation of the *Drapeau Blanc;* and the wish was accomplished. The Duchess d'Angoulême's grief broke out in redoubled paroxysms; the Comte d'Artois' appeals claimed a right to be heard; Louis XVIII., who felt the remembrance of the Fouché ministry weigh heavily on his crown, now recoiled before the spectre of his brother; from that moment the repeal of the law of February 5th, was a settled thing.

The ministers Dessole, Louis, and Gouvion St. Cyr were for upholding that law; they were compelled to retire, and at the head of the new cabinet appeared to the astonishment of the beholders—M. Decazes! M. Decazes, who, speaking from the tribune of the Chamber of Peers, had applied the epithet *pernicious* to Barthelemy's proposition; M. Decazes, who had compelled the Duc de Richelieu

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to retire, in order to guarantee from all assault that same electoral system which it was now purposed to overthrow. But the favourite's ambition proved to him a sorry counsellor. When one changes the flag he serves under, he must give pledges to the new party of his adoption. M. Decazes was obliged to suspend the liberty of the individual. The law which so glaringly demonstrated the defection of the minister was stigmatized as the *loi des suspects;* and the party to whom he made an utter sacrifice of his honour, used the *loi des suspects* to cast into prison the friends of the very man who proposed it. As for the liberal party, it got up a subscription for the victims, and this became so formidable that the lists of subscribers might be and were considered as the muster-roll of revolt. What gain was M. Decazes likely to reap from his apostacy? The bourgeoisie which he betrayed abandoned him, and the feudal party felt no gratitude for his involuntary return to them.

Suddenly strange news was heard: as the Duc de Berri, the prince on whom the perpetuity of the royal race depended, was coming out of the theatre, he was seized by an unknown person, and stabbed in the side with a poniard.

In the reign of Charles II. of England, when the dominant party desired to effect the ruin of the papists, it suborned an audacious impostor, named Titus Oates, to charge the whole catholic party with the crime of one individual. Centuries may roll their flood over men and nations, but the old mud remains unwashed away by the current. There was no lack of Titus Oateses after the assassination of the Duc de Berri. The prince, said the enemies of the bourgeoisie, has been *stabbed by a liberal idea:* and as nothing was waited for but an opportunity to overthrow M. Decazes, those who were called ultra-royalists drove him from the helm of state, with the cry of "You are the accomplice of Louvel!" Lying pretexts these, no doubt! commonplace tricks of parties, making the tomb of the murdered prince the scene of their combats, and turning his dead body into a weapon of strife. The true causes of M. Decazes' fall were much less odious and much more decisive; he fell because he had ceased to represent any thing in the government on the day when he declared against the law of the 5th of February; and it was not enough to keep him in his place that he possessed the affection of the king, at a time when royalty was only a decrepit old man, to whom people said *sire* when they spoke to him.

The assassination of the Duc de Berri having turned out a perfect godsend for those who called themselves the friends of kings and princes, M. de Richelieu naturally found himself advanced to the administration. Here we approach the most instructive pages of the history of the Restoration; but before we explain why this is so, let us see how the political mission of the new cabinet was fulfilled.

That mission consisted in the transfer of political power to other hands, by a change in the electoral system. No time was lost, and in the month of May, 1820, the draft of an electoral law was laid

before the chamber, which had been convened shortly before. The bourgeoisie thus threatened rallied all its forces, and prepared for a vigorous defence. It published pamphlets, set all its journals groaning or growling simultaneously, procured the presentation of urgent petitions from the provinces, and declared that the charter was in danger. The public mind was universally alert; the discussion began in uproar.

There existed at that time an association (to all intents and purposes a revolutionary club) hatched by freemasonry, the puerile solemnities of which served only as a cloak to cover the political action of the institution. This club, founded under the name of *Loge des Amis de la Vérité* (Lodge of the Friends of Truth) by four clerks in the board of *octroi*, MM. Bazard, Flotard, Buchez, and Joubert, had at first filled up its numbers from the schools of law, medicine, and pharmacy; and afterwards, at the suggestion of Bazard, it had received into it a great number of young men who were serving their apprenticeship to commerce. The *Loge des Amis de la Vérité* had thus succeeded in obtaining a widespread influence among the young men of Paris, and it was in a condition to take the lead in political agitation.

Meanwhile the discussion had begun in the chamber of deputies, amidst the most intense anxiety of parties; and M. de Chauvelin, though suffering severely, had caused himself to be carried to the Palais Bourbon in a style calculated to make an impression on the beholders. Applauded by one party he was insulted by the other. The opportunity was a favourable one for exciting the people; and the *Loge des Amis de la Vérité* laid hold of it; the members of that society spread themselves through the capital, everywhere diffusing the spirit that possessed themselves; the classes of the university broke up, and numerous groups of students assembled round the palace of the legislative body, shouting *Vive la charte!* On the other hand military men, belonging to the feudal party, and most of them dressed in plain clothes, flocked to the place armed with canes. A brawl ensued, and a young man was killed. Who is there but remembers the impression made in Paris by the death of Lallemand? He had a right to touching obsequies; they were rendered pompous. The disturbances continued; the whole garrison was turned out; all along the boulevards rolled an angry multitude of young men, whose numbers were swelled in the Rue St. Antoine by all those working men whom wretchedness keeps ever ready to act on any fortuitous impulse. It is impossible to say what might have happened if the rain, which fell in torrents, had not co-operated with the charges of cavalry. The scenes in the chamber were no less stormy. The father of the unfortunate Lallemand had written a letter to avenge the memory of his son, which some of the court journals had basely outraged. M. Laffitte read the letter, in tones of deep emotion, whilst the deputies of his party cried, with hands outstretched to heaven, "Horrible!" "Atrocious!"

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Manuel appeared in his turn; labouring under ill health, his face ashy pale, he leaned against the marble of the tribune and uttered the terrible word, "*Assassins!*" Nothing was heard during several sittings but tales of horror and death related by the deputies of the bourgeoisie. M. Demarçay had seen dragoons charging an inoffensive crowd in the Rue de Rivoli, and two of them forcing their horses into the Passage Delorme. Pictures of no less moving import were portrayed by M. Cásimir Périer. And all this while the journals were publishing the dismal examination of Louvel, that strange man, who had slain a prince only that he might extinguish in him a whole race of kings at one blow; a man of implacable convictions, though not of an utterly implacable heart.

In the course of the immense agitation which all this gave rise to, the two parties accused each other with reciprocal bitterness. They were both right to a certain extent. The bourgeoisie was justified in expressing its indignation at the savage violence employed in quelling sedition, but it was open to the reproach of having itself been seditious.

Some cries of *Vive l'Empereur* had been uttered in the streets; the deputies of the *côté gauche* asserted that those who had uttered them were agents of the police, and that they alone were good citizens who had cried *Vive la charte!* The whole spirit of the bourgeoisie stood revealed in these propositions.

We have subsequently seen the bourgeoisie stigmatize with passionate warmth those tumults in the public thoroughfares which it protected with a high hand in 1819. The reason is simple: in 1819 it had not yet pushed its conquests to the goal.

Be this as it may, as all commotions that do not end in revolution eventuate to the advantage of the power that quells them, the bourgeoisie was vanquished in parliament for want of having vanquished its enemies in the streets. Some of its leaders were seized with alarm, some consciences suffered themselves to be bought, and, after stormy debates, the law of the 5th of February gave place to an electoral system which gave the feudal party a representation apart. It had called for election in two degrees; it was given, something better and more than it had demanded, in the establishment of a double college. Great was the joy of the victors. As for the monarchy, it erred if it thought itself saved, it was undone.

To raise the throne above the reach of the storm it was not enough, as I have already said, to modify this or that electoral scheme, it would have been necessary to destroy the elective principle itself. The truth of this observation is about to appear.

The Richelieu ministry had just achieved over the bourgeoisie one of those victories that seem decisive of the fate of empires. What gratitude was due to him from the feudal party! What benedictions ought so signal a service to have elicited for the crown from the lips of royalists, had there been any men sincere in their profession of the name!

Moreover a son had just been born to the Duchesse de Berri, as if to prove that Louvel's hand had missed its blow, and that Providence sided with the monarchy. It is madness, unquestionably, to believe in imperishable dynasties, when their futurity rests upon the head of a weak puling baby; and, surely, since Vienna held the son of Napoleon, no one had any longer an excuse for doubting the puerility of glory and the frailty of thrones. But such is the imbecile pride of the great ones of the earth, that it debases their intellect below the level of the most commonplace philosophy. It seemed, then, that the birth of the Duc de Bourdeaux was necessarily to surround royalty with a new prestige.

Add to this that ministers set every engine at work to conciliate the aristocracy. It was natural that the new system should secure it the advantage in the elections, and this was actually the case. The elections of 1820 gave the bourgeoisie but a very small number of representatives, and produced a chamber quite as feudal as that of 1815. To render this chamber favourable to him, M. de Richelieu immediately adopted as colleagues the men who enjoyed its protection. He placed M. de Corbière at the head of the royal council of public instruction, and named M. de Villèle minister without special functions (*sans portefeuille*).

Vain concessions! The two principles were no sooner confronted than they gave each other battle. The feudal chamber of 1820 showed itself no less hostile to the feudal minister, M. de Richelieu, than the former bourgeois chamber had been to the bourgeois minister M. Decazes; so natural and inevitable a thing was the conflict between the two powers.

This hostility displayed itself at once in the address in reply to the speech from the throne. After speaking of the ameliorations it desired to introduce into social order, the chamber went on to say, "We will prosecute these important ameliorations with the moderation that *is allied to strength*." This language was decidedly that of a sovereign assembly.

Meanwhile the session opens. And what voice is that which first resounds from the tribune? The inexorable voice of General Donnadieu, reproaching the king's ministers with attempts at shameful and corrupt practices. Whilst still smarting under the consequences of this accusation, ministers bring forward the draft of a law respecting the donees, one which was a first step towards the indemnity to the emigrants, when, behold you, the whole aristocratic faction of the chamber cheers M. Duplessis de Grénadan upon his defining the indemnity to the donees as *wages to conspirators*. A municipal law was impatiently expected; ministers, in preparing it, labour to revive in it the spirit of the times of old; they commit the whole communal power to a very restricted number of electors chosen among the persons of most wealth. Let their ideas be adopted and the way is opened for the return of feudality to the rural districts. But what! they have dared to give the king in the town communes,

and to his representative in the rural communes, the right of nominating the prefect and his adjuncts! An unpardonable crime in the eyes of the *royalists* of the chamber!

It was on this occasion that Louis uttered this exclamation, wrung from a wounded soul: "I was surrendering the rights of my crown to them: they will not have them: it is a lesson." A lesson it was indeed, the import of which was this: wherever there shall be the government of a king and that of an assembly set face to face with each other, there will be disorder, and society will go on its way between dictatorship and anarchy, that is between two abysses.

Such was the position of monarchy in France, when an event occurred of more importance to it than the birth of the Duc de Bourdeaux. Napoleon had died on a rock far away in the west in the midst of the ocean! The world was moved by the event.

Deep, immense had been the fall of Napoleon, therefore did it, better than his triumphs, attest his genius. To what vast heart, to what indomitable will, to what excelling intellect, has history granted absolute impunity? What great man has not been, or has not believed himself to have been, destined to the sad renown of altered fortunes? Cæsar dies assassinated in the senate; Sylla is seized with amazement and awe at the constancy of his prosperity, and he abdicates; Charles V. takes umbrage at his own might, and turns monk. The destiny of really mighty minds is not to remain at the summit to the end, but to fall with splendour. Show me the man who has been able to make himself numerous obstacles and implacable enemies: when those obstacles shall have exhausted all the force of his will, and when those enemies shall have trodden him underfoot, then I will hail his genius, and marvel at the energy he must needs have possessed to work out for himself so vast a weight of woe.

The dynasty of the Bourbons counted one enemy the less: the court, however, was mistaken if it thought it had reason to exult. While Napoleon lived, all other pretensions besides his were impossible: when he was dead, pretenders rushed thick upon the field of conspiracy. There was a party for Napoleon II., a party for Joseph Bonaparte, a party for the prince Eugene; and the crown was set up to auction by a multitude of obscure and subaltern ambitions. An offer was made to Lafayette on the part of Prince Eugene of the sum of five millions of francs, to cover the first costs of a revolution in favour of the brother of queen Hortense. This offer, which was neither accepted nor rejected by Lafayette, gave occasion subsequently to his voyage to America, and suggested to him the idea of the strange overtures he made to Joseph Bonaparte.

But the most formidable enemy of the throne of the Bourbons was a principle under whose action Napoleon himself had succumbed, —the elective principle. The session of 1821 completed what that of 1820 had begun. The royalists of the chamber replied to the speech from the throne by an address containing this phrase personally insulting to the monarch: "We congratulate ourselves, sire, on your

uninterruptedly amicable relations with foreign powers, entertaining as we do the well-founded confidence that a peace so desirable is not purchased by sacrifices incompatible with the honour of the nation and the dignity of the crown."

So then, when the bourgeoisie in 1830, in an ever memorable address, set the sovereignty of parliament in opposition to the royal power, and that at the hazard of the most frightful convulsions, it did but follow the example set by the feudal chamber in 1821.

"What!" exclaimed M. de Serres, after the draft of the address had been read, "you would have your president go and tell the king to his face, that the chamber entertains a well-grounded confidence that he has not committed acts of dastardy and baseness! This were a cruel outrage!" What M. de Serres rightly regarded as a cruel outrage, the president did go and tell the incensed but powerless king to his face. It was beneath the hands, then, of those who live only upon the ignorant adoration of the multitude, that you were doomed to be demolished, O ancient idols!

At this stage of the drama, the political dualism of which we have just traced the phases, is about to assume a new character; and for some time it will have for its result, instead of the conflict of the two powers, the voluntary thraldom of one of them. In order to make this change intelligible it is necessary to set forth the origin, the aim and the progress of carbonarism: for its influence on the relations of the two powers was destined to be important and durable.

On the 1st of May, 1821, three young men, MM. Bazard, Flotard, and Buchez, were seated at a round table in the Rue Copeau. It was out of the meditations of these three unknown men, and in a quarter amongst the poorest of the capital, that arose that *charbonnerie* which some months afterwards set all France in a flame.

The troubles of 1820 had resulted in the military conspiracy of the 19th of August, a conspiracy which was smothered on the very eve of the fight. The blow dealt against the conspirators had resounded in the *Loge des Amis de la Vérité*, the principal members of which dispersed. MM. Joubert and Dugied set out for Italy. Naples was in the full tide of revolution: the two young Frenchmen made a tender of their services, and were indebted only to the patronage of five members of the Neopolitan parliament for the honour of being allowed to stake their heads upon the issue of that enterprise. Every one knows the manner in which that revolution broke down, and with what sad rapidity the Austrian army belied the brilliant predictions of general Foy. M. Dugied returned to Paris carrying under his coat the tricoloured riband, the token of the rank he had obtained in the carbonarism of Italy. M. Flotard learned of his friend the details of the initiation, which was accompanied with practices till then unknown in France. He mentioned the subject in the administrative council of the *Loge maçonique des Amis de la Vérité*, and the seven members who composed the council, resolved to found a French *charbonnerie*, after mutually vowing to keep the

formidable secret inviolably concealed. MM. Limpérani and Dugied were intrusted with the task of translating the rules, which the latter had brought with him from Italy. They were admirably adapted to the Italian character, but not well suited to become a code for the use of conspirators in France. Their tone was essentially religious, and even mystical. The carbonari were considered in them but as the militant part of freemasonry, as the army devoted to Christ, the patriot *par excellence*. Modifications were indispensable; and MM. Buchez, Bazard, and Flotard, were selected to arrange the basis of a more scientific organization.

There was nothing precise, nothing defined in the leading doctrine of the association: the *considérants*,* as they were drawn up by MM. Bazard, Flotard, and Buchez, amounted in effect to this: Seeing that might is not right, and that the Bourbons have been brought back by the stranger, the charbonniers form themselves into an association for the purpose of restoring to the French nation the free exercise of the right it possesses to choose the government that suits it. This was to predicate, without defining, the principal of national sovereignty. But the vaguer the formula the better it suited the diversity of hostile feelings. There was about then to be formed a conspiracy on an immense scale, to be prosecuted with immense ardour, and this without forecast of the future, without previous acquirements of study, haphazard as every capricious gust of passion should determine its course!

But if charbonnerie was a piece of child's play as a principle, considered as an organization it was something mighty and marvellous. Melancholy condition of mortals! their strength is manifested in the means, their weakness in the result.

It was agreed that around a parent association called the *haute vente*, there should be formed under the name of *ventes centrales* other associations, which again were to have under them *ventes particulières*. The number of members in each association was limited to twenty, to evade the provisions of the penal code. The *haute vente* was originally composed of the seven founders of charbonnerie, Bazard, Flotard, Buchez, Dugied, Carriol, Joubert, and Limpérani. It filled up vacancies in its own body.

The following was the method adopted to form the *ventes centrales:* Two members of the *haute vente* took a third person as their associate without making him acquainted with their rank, and they named him president of the incipient *vente*, at the same time assuming to themselves the one the title of deputy, the other that of censor. The duty of the deputy being to correspond with the superior association, and that of censor to control the proceedings of the secondary association, the *haute vente* became by these means the brain as it were of each of the *ventes* it created, whilst it remained in relation to them mistress of its own secret and of its own acts.

* "The whereases," if the reader will accept a barbarism for want of something better.—*Translator.*

The *ventes particulières* were only administrative subdivisions, having for object to avoid the complications which the progress of charbonnerie might introduce into the relations between the *haute vente* and the deputies of the *ventes centrales*. As the latter emanated from the parent society, so did the inferior societies from the secondary. There was an admirable elasticity in this arrangement: the *ventes* were speedily multiplied *ad infinitum*.

The impossibility of altogether baffling the efforts of the police had been clearly foreseen: in order to diminish the importance of this difficulty it was agreed that the several *ventes* should act in common, without, however, knowing each other, so that the police might not be able to lay hold on the whole ramification of the system, except by penetrating the secrets of the *haute vente*. It was consequently forbidden every *charbonnier* belonging to one *vente* to attempt to gain admission into another, and this prohibition was backed by the penalty of death.

The founders of charbonnerie had counted on the support of the troops; hence the double organization given to the system. Each *vente* was subjected to a military staff, the gradations of which were parallel with those of the civil officership. Corresponding respectively with *charbonnerie*, the *haute vente*, the *ventes centrales*, and the *ventes particulières*, there were the *legion*, the *cohortes*, the *centuries*, and the *manipules*. When charbonnerie acted civilly, the military officership was in abeyance; on the other hand, when it acted in a military point of view, the functions of the civil officers were suspended. Independently of the force derived from the play of these two powers, and from their alternate government, the double denominations they rendered necessary afforded a means of baffling the researches of the police.

The duties of the charbonnier were, to have in his possession a gun and fifty cartridges, to be ready to devote himself, and blindly to obey the orders of unknown leaders.

Charbonnerie, thus constituted, spread in a very brief space of time through all quarters of the capital. It made its way into all the classes of the university. An indescribable fire glowed in every vein of the Parisian youth; every one kept the secret; every one was ready to devote his life to the cause. The members of each vente recognised each other by means of particular signs, and mysterious reviews were held. Inspectors were appointed in several ventes, whose duty it was to see that no member failed to have a musket and cartridges. The members were drilled in their houses, and often was the exercise performed on a floor covered with straw. And all the while this singular conspiracy was extending itself, protected by a silence and reserve without parallel, and surrounding the society with a thousand invisible meshes, the government was tranquilly slumbering in the shade!

The founders of charbonnerie were, as we have seen, young men of obscure station, without official position or recognised influence.

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When the time arrived in which they had to think of enlarging their work, and casting over all France the net with which they had already covered Paris, they hesitated and distrusted themselves. There existed at that time a parliamentary committee, of which M. de Lafayette was a member. M. Bazard, who was on intimate terms with the general, applied one day to his friends for authority to admit Lafayette into the secret of their proceedings. Objections could not fail to suggest themselves: Why make this communication, which the easy character of Lafayette must render so full of inconveniences and danger? If he consented to enter the ranks of charbonneric, and to stake his head upon the consequences like every other member—why that would be all very well! These considerations being represented to Lafayette, he did not hesitate, but entered the *haute vente*, and his example was followed by the boldest among his colleagues in the chamber. The directors of the system were deceived if they thought this accession indispensable. The charbonniers, having never known from what hands proceeded the impulse given them, had never doubted but that they were acting under the orders of those same eminent liberals who had been so recently invited to share an inscrutable authority. The actual presence of these individuals in the *haute vente*, therefore, added nothing to the moral effect which up to that time had been produced by their supposed presence. As for the possible extent to which their powers of action or their daring might carry them, that was a problem for the future to solve.

Be this as it may, their accession was serviceable at first to the progress of charbonnerie, from the intercourse they kept up with persons in the provinces. Several young men, furnished with letters of recommendation, went into the provinces to propagate the system there. M. Flotard was sent into the West, M. Dugied into Bourgogne, M. Rouen, senior, set out for Brétagne, M. Joubert for Alsace. Considered in its relation with the departments, the *haute vente* of Paris received the name of *vente suprême;* and charbonnerie was everywhere organized on the same plan as in the capital. The impulse was general and irresistible; almost the whole surface of France was covered with plots and conspirators.

Matters arrived at such a pitch that, at the close of the year 1821, every thing was ripe for a rising, at Rochelle, Poitiers, Niort, Colmar, Neuf Brisach, Nantes, Béfort, Bordeaux, and Toulouse. *Ventes* had been created in a great number of regiments, and even changes of garrison became a rapid means of propagating charbonnerie. The president of a *vente militaire*, when obliged to quit a town, received the half of a piece of metal, of which the other half was sent into the town whither the regiment was proceeding, to a member of the *haute vente*, or of the *vente centrale*. Thanks to this mode of communication and recognition, which was utterly beyond reach of the police, the soldiers initiated into charbonnerie became its travelling

bagmen, as it were, and hawked conspiracy about with them in their cartouche-boxes.

Meanwhile the hour for an explosion was arrived: so at least it was supposed. The number of members in the *vente suprême*, having increased to an inconvenient number, an acting committee was appointed for the special purpose of arranging the preparations for combat, but with the understanding that it was not to come to any definitive resolution without the assent of the *vente suprême*. This committee displayed extraordinary activity. Thirty-six young men received orders to start for Béfort, where the signal for insurrection was to be given. They set out without hesitation, though well assured that they were marching to death. One of them could not quit Paris without absconding from an affair of honour: with no less promptitude than was evinced by his comrades, he postponed a duel for a more serious conflict, and sacrificed to a patriotic duty even that reputation for courage so dearly prized by generous souls. As the last hour approached, the spirit and confidence of the conspirators rose: the *Marseillaise*, that magic song so long unsung, was heard on the road between Paris and Béfort.

Blood was about to flow. How was it possible not to think of the consequences should the event be favourable? True to the spirit of charbonnerie, the members of the *vente suprême* did not think of imposing any particular form of government on France. The dynasty of the Bourbons itself was not absolutely and irrevocably proscribed in their way of thinking. But in any case it was indispensable to provide for that grand necessity of all revolutions, a provisional government. The bases of the constitution of the year III. were adopted, and the five directors named were MM. de Lafayette, Corcelles père, Kœchlin, d'Argenson, and Dupont de l'Eure; that is to say, an *homme d'épée*, a representative of the national guard, a manufacturer, an administrator, and a magistrate.

Manuel had, up to this time, afforded but a tremulous and undecided aid to charbonnerie. Having learned that it was intended to engage on the theatre of the insurrection those who were preordained to regulate its successful issues, he exerted his influence over some of them, and particularly over M. de Lafayette, to dissuade them from the expedition to Béfort; whether it was that he considered the enterprise ill-contrived or premature, or that, on reflecting on the events of the future, his rigid soul had given admission to a secret distrust.

Certain it is, at any rate, that of all the influential men whose presence was expected at the scene of action, one alone set out for the spot, namely, General Lafayette. But a domestic duty which he had always religiously fulfilled, and which he would not now neglect, detained him some hours too long in his country-house at Lagrange. On the 1st of January, 1822, the postchaise in which the general and his son were travelling was met some leagues from

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Béfort by a carriage containing MM. Corcelles junior, and Bazard. "Well, what news?" "All is over, general, all is lost!" Lafayette, in despair, changed his route, whilst Corcelles and Bazard hurried to the capital in a common car drawn by post-horses. The thermometer stood at twelve degrees below the freezing point, and the roads were covered with snow. When Bazard arrived in Paris he had one ear frozen.

I will not dwell on the details of what had just happened in Béfort,—the sergeant who, coming into his quarters on the evening of the 31st of December, goes up to his captain, slaps him on the shoulder, and by the unusual familiarity of his language awakens fatal suspicions;—Toustain, the commandant of the place, apprized and summoning the officers whom he keeps by him;—the perturbation of those among them who were implicated in the plot;—the hesitation of the soldiers engaged in the conspiracy when they found themselves deprived of their leaders;—the conspirators assembling tumultuously in the market-place;—the guard standing to arms;—the column of young men who had arrived the preceding evening in the faubourgs advancing towards the market-place, and cut in two by the raising of the drawbridge at the critical moment;—the pistol-shot fired at the king's lieutenant, and the bullet flattening on his cross;—the dispersion of the conspirators, among whom were the brave Colonel Pailhès, the impetuous Guinand, and Pance, a man of unbending determination and devoted heart;—the arrest of several persons;—the sympathies excited by their courage;—their trials;—their victorious ascendancy over their judges;—all this constitutes assuredly one of the most pathetic episodes of the often blood-stained drama of the Restoration. Some of these details have been published,* but there are others less known which deserve a place in the history of the bourgeoisie.

Charbonnerie was far from having sustained an irreparable defeat at Béfort. Though smothered at one point, the insurrection might break out at another. M. Flotard had been sent to Rochelle to prepare a movement there, and that town was full of conspirators. The three *chefs de bataillon* of the marine artillery waited only for the signal. There were privy communications kept up with Poitiers and with the garrison of Niort. M. Sofréon, a gallant officer, was to place at the service of charbonnerie seven hundred men, forming part of the colonial depot at the isle of Oleron, whom he was under orders to conduct to Senegal. The officer at the head of the depot had himself listened to the confidential communications of M. Sofréon, and there was reason to count, if not on the aid of M. Feisthamel, at least on his neutrality. Active measures were also in progress at Nantes, and General Berton was preparing to march on Saumur.

M. Flotard, who was about to quit Rochelle, was dining one day

* See in *Paris Révolutionaire*, the interesting narrative of M. Trélat.

at the table-d'hôte of the Hôtel des Ambassadeurs, when a conversation on the affairs of the day took place in his presence between two military men not known to him. "That blockhead Berton," said one of them, "he thinks himself perfectly safe, and fancies he is conspiring in the dark: now General Despinois receives hourly information of his proceedings, and is making ready to have him shot on the first opportunity." Intensely affected by what he had overheard, M. Flotard set out instantly for Nantes, and did not take the road to Paris till he had warned General Berton, and strongly dissuaded him from his design. The expedition against Saumur took place nevertheless; it failed, as might have been expected, and Berton was obliged to fly from one asylum to another.

There was a radical defect in charbonnerie. There was an incessant collision between the fiery spirits of its founders and the timidity of the men of note who afterwards joined the association. Again, M. de Lafayette had given himself up without reserve to the young men whom he fancied he led, and by whom, on the contrary, he was himself completely led. To please them he kept aloof from his colleagues in the chamber, and hid himself from them; the consequence of this was a secret want of harmony, and insurmountable embarrassments in circumstances of great moment. Add to this, that with a policy very well conceived when the matter in hand is a conspiracy of one day, but very imprudent when it is applied to a permanent conspiracy, the first directors of charbonnerie had made it a system to exaggerate their strength in order to increase it, and had ended by sowing distrust around them.

Certain it is that the preparations made at Rochelle called for a co-operation that was refused. M. Flotard reported the state of things on his return to Paris. Success he said was certain, if an important personage, known in the country and wielding official authority, would consent personally to incur all the risks of the enterprise. General Lafayette and M. Flotard made application to M. de Beauséjour, whose popular sentiments, simple manners, and honourable repute had acquired for him great influence in Rochelle and its environs. M. de Beauséjour refused to go thither, under the pretext that he had an engagement on business with M. de Villèle. The directory of charbonnerie lacked therefore at once the strength that flows from prudence and that which results from audacity.

M. de Lafayette, in whom his love of popularity, seconded by the prompting of a naturally generous soul, rekindled all the ardour of youth, M. de Lafayette volunteered to go to Rochelle, as he had before to Béfort, but the sacrifice was not accepted at his hands, and Colonel Dentzel was appointed to accompany M. Flotard.

At Rochelle they joined company with General Berton, and those immortal sergeants whom the Place de Grève awaited.

The 14th of March, the day fixed on for the explosion, was at hand. Charbonnerie had at its disposal, through the influence of the officers

and non-commissioned officers, almost all the garrisons of the towns of the West. Fifty-four pieces of flying artillery were to belong to the conspirators at a moment agreed on. Rochelle had for some time assumed a strange aspect. The hopes of one party, the doubts of others, the precautionary measures of the authorities, the half disclosures that were made, the conjectures that were busy, all this diffused an uneasiness throughout the city, that mingled (so to speak) with the air men breathed. When the storm is gathering to its height, patches of blue horizon are seen in strong contrast with the gloomy masses piled up above them. So is it when civil tempests gather: before they burst they illumine and cast a melancholy grandeur over the minds of men.

It rarely happens that a thought is given in human enterprises to that grain of sand of which Pascal speaks, and which, if placed somewhere or other in Cromwell's body would have changed the face of the world. General Berton, the military leader of the plot, had been obliged to leave his uniform in Saumur when he made his escape from that town. Appearances are every thing in revolutions, and this the conspirators well knew. They made attempts to procure a uniform at Rochelle, but their endeavours were fruitless, nor were they exempt from danger. It was necessary to send to Saumur. But the messenger did not return till the evening of the 19th of March. Sergeants Raoux, Goubin, and Pommier, who had been long suspected, were arrested on the morning of that day, and cast into prison, whence they were to go to the scaffold.

At daybreak, on the 20th of March, three men got into a boat and were proceeding towards the isle of Aix. "The frigate," said the owner of the boat "must have had some difficulty in working through the channel last night."—"What frigate are you talking of?" cried the three passengers, scarcely able to master their emotions.—"The frigate that was bound to Senegal." At this unexpected blow, MM. Berton, Dentzel, and Flotard, stared silently in each other's faces. There remained to them but one hope.

Berton and Dentzel were recognised in the isle of Aix by the commandant; but far from denouncing, he gave them a friendly reception; and when they talked of pushing on to the isle of Oléron, where there were still 500 men left, "Don't think of doing any such thing," said the commandant; "you would be shot there on the spot." They were then informed that in a conversation which had taken place in presence of an agent of the government, M. Feisthamel had asked M. Sofréon if he was not acquainted with General Berton. M. Sofréon's reply in the affirmative had excited the most lively apprehensions: hence the hurried departure of the troops composing the colonial depot. The commandant of Aix made the conspirators burn the uniform they had brought with them before his eyes, and furnished them with a boat, which conveyed them rapidly to Rochefort. Once more were the attempts of the conspirators baffled.

The sequel is well known. Thenceforth charbonnerie only dragged on its way through its martyrs' gore. The government organized against it a vast and hideous system of provocatives. Berton, the gallant indomitable Berton, had refused the hospitality that awaited him in a foreign land; he rushed again into the lists, and being betrayed by Wolfel, died without surprise or complaint, like a man long convinced that his life belonged to the executioner. Two of his companions in misfortune begged for mercy; but Saugé shouted on the scaffold the cry of *Vive la république*, as if uttering a vengeful prophecy; and Caffé, anticipating his enemies, opened his veins, and died in the antique manner. Sometime after the arrest of Berton, a lieutenant-colonel, the unfortunate Caron, who had conceived the generous hope of saving the prisoners implicated in the affair of Béfort, suffered himself to be decoyed into a meeting in the forest of Brissac. The non-commissioned officer, Thiers, basely plagiarizing the villany of Wolfel, threw himself into the colonel's arms, and prevailed on him by perfidious marks of devotedness to disclose his hopes, whilst spies, concealed behind a thicket, gathered up the fatal confession. Caron was sentenced to death, and was refused the bitter consolation of embracing his wife and children before bidding adieu to life: he died the death of Marshal Ney. Courage fails me to proceed further, and to follow you to that Place de Grève, where your heads rolled on the scaffold, after your souls had mingled in a last embrace before the eyes of a pitying multitude, O Bories, and you, worthy companions of that immortal young man! The Restoration, having been attacked, had certainly a right to defend itself, but not to defend itself by dishonest stratagems and ambuscades; for this was to pervert death by doom of law into murder,

On the evening preceding the day which was to be the last he and his companion should behold, Bories wrote to a friend from his cell in the Bicêtre.

"They are starving us: they intend to separate us. If you cannot rescue us to-day, it is to be wished that we may die to-morrow."

This melancholy wish was accomplished. The prisoners had been offered pardon at the price of certain disclosures, but they nobly carried the names of their accomplices with them to the grave.

How is it possible to avoid making here a painful comparison? What did the bourgeoisie do towards saving the lives of these heroic youths who were about to die for it? What! sixty thousand francs offered to the keeper of a prison, whose place brought him in twenty thousand annually—that was all that was attempted! And when the fatal car was making its way through the dense masses of a multitude so deeply affected, that men were seen falling on their knees, and old men uncovering their heads, the bourgeoisie found no means of rousing up the people, that very bourgeoisie that had been able, in the month of June, to display so formidable a power of agitation on behalf of its own threatened interests!

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I have done. After the death of the Rochelle sergeants, charbonnerie dwindled and fell to pieces. Two parties sprang up on it. One of these was for declaring distinctly for a republic, and it rallied round Lafayette; the other was against the principle of imposing any particular form of government on the people, and decked itself with the name of Manuel. These divisions, at first obscure, soon became more sharply marked; the two parties grew envenomed, and broke out into mutual accusations. Anarchy made way into the association from all sides, bringing in its train unjust suspicions, hatred, selfishness, and ambition. The period of devotedness past, that of intrigue began.

Charbonnerie had not descended into the depths of society; it had not stirred up its lower strata. How could it have been expected long to preserve itself from the vices of the bourgeoisie—individualism, narrowness of views, vulgarity of sentiment, exaggerated love of purely material prosperity, and grossness of instinct? Charbonnerie had employed the generous and sound part of the bourgeoisie; but after having worn it out and given it into the hands of spies, decoyers, and the executioner, what noble enterprise yet remained for it to attempt, or what could it any longer effect? It was in this stage of its decay and impotence for good, that it accepted and submitted to the sway of men like MM. Merilhou and Barthe. The latter had given token of some noble promptings in his defence of the Béfort prisoners; but if any one attributed to him the virtues of a true friend to the people, that man's judgment was much at fault.

A great deal has been said since 1830 of the dramatic scenes enacted under the shadow of charbonnerie, of the oaths of hatred to royalty pledged on poniards, and of other ominous formalities. The real truth of the matter is, that charbonnerie having become vastly extended, the *ventes*, at last, escaped from all central control. There were republican, Orleanist, and Bonapartist *ventes;* and some of them conspired for the pure pleasure of conspiring. The rites were as various as the principles, and an association, that had at one moment been so formidable, was become at last a mere chaos. The lack of guiding principles, an inherent vice in the constitution of charbonnerie, was among the causes of its ruin. It was quite natural that it should be so.

As for its influence, this was exhibited in two distinct results.

By manifesting to the government how numerous and implacable were its enemies, charbonnerie hurried it upon that headlong course of reactions that led straight to the abyss.

On the other hand, by acting with equal ardour against the Bourbon dynasty that filled the throne, and against the feudal party that bore sway in the chamber, it compelled the two to unite their forces, and for some time slackened their necessary and inevitable tendency to mutual rivalry.

The vigour displayed by the Restoration under the Villèle ministry, and the violent efforts that brought destruction upon the Po-

lignac administration, had, therefore, but one common source—namely, charbonnerie.

This is the reason why I have dwelt at length on this episode in the history of the Restoration, the character of which, it appears to me, has hitherto not been sufficiently studied, nor its importance sufficiently appreciated.

See, for instance, what modifications charbonnerie occasions in the relations between the crown and the chamber. We no longer see that continued struggle every instant renewed which began in 1814. Royalty humbles itself and gives way. In its combats with charbonnerie out of doors, its attitude is haughty, and its victories are cruel; but on the political stage its aspect is but languid and subdued. There is now but one real power in France, and that is the chamber; and the king's ministers are the clerks of that power.

The first proof I find of the justice of this observation is the war in Spain.

Need I call to mind how strenuous and obstinate was the repugnance which the project of an expedition into Spain encountered in the council? M. de Villèle, who was the soul of the ministry, regarded such an expedition as a public calamity. Louis XVIII. could not think of it without horror. And how many were the arguments to dissuade from it! What was France going into Spain to do? To overthrow the constitution in the blood of Spaniards! To carry a sort of 18*th Brumaire* across the Pyrenees! To what end? To thrust the Peninsula under the yoke of Antonio Maranon and his compeers, men of fearful character and deeds, who held a rosary in one hand and a pistol in the other. And for whom? For Ferdinand VII., a prince of whom M. de Chateaubriand has said, that *he had sunk down from the intrepidity of his head to the dastardy of his heart;* a despot who had nothing but disdain to bestow on constitutional monarchs, on Louis XVIII. and his charter! Money, too, was requisite for this expedition; and M. de Villèle showed the treasury exhausted, public credit ruined, liberalism nervously excited, manufactures suspended, commerce panic-stricken. Nor was that all. Charbonnerie had sown the seeds of revolt in the army, and the tricolour flag, borne by French hands, was floating in the wind on the other side of the Bidassoa. Lastly, England was growling; Canning was showing his teeth; and Louis XVIII. was afraid of displeasing Wellington.

But what royalty dreaded, the chamber, on the contrary, desired with the utmost fervour: what M. de Villèle, as minister of Louis XVIII., repudiated in Paris, M. de Montmorency adopted at the congress of Verona, in the capacity of confidant to the parliamentary aristocracy. The victory was with the chamber. I have already assigned the reason for this. Harmony having become a matter of necessity between two powers simultaneously assailed by a boundless conspiracy, it was the part of the weaker of the two to give way to the stronger.

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In attempting to resist the will of the chamber, M. de Villèle did therefore but struggle against the force of things; and if he fancied he had achieved a great victory when he obliged M. de Montmorency to retire from the ministry, it was not long before he was undeceived. For that same parliamentary sovereignty which M. de Montmorency represented, immediately seated the Viscomte de Chateaubriand in his vacated place, an event which rendered the Spanish war inevitable.

With a view to avoid that war, Louis XVIII. and M. de Villèle had endeavoured to negotiate a reconciliation between Ferdinand VII. and the Cortes, to be based upon the ratification of a constitution, on the model of the French charter; and M. de Villèle had written to that purpose to M. de Lagarde, French ambassador at Madrid. This showed a very imperfect comprehension of the necessities of the moment.

What signified to the ruling religious and feudal party the political situation of Spain, as it affected the Spanish nation? The feudal party desired war on its own account; it desired it that its enemies in France might be convicted of folly or struck with terror.

As for M. de Chateaubriand, his views were more lofty; his desires were still more fiery, more absolute. M. de Chateaubriand had accompanied M. de Montmorency to the congress of Verona, and there he had studied the temper and inclinations of the sovereigns. He knew that in declaring for intervention in Spain, Austria and Prussia merely followed the impulse given them by the Emperor of Russia, who, as he also knew, was prompted to demand that intervention only by his pride, and in order that his hand might be felt in all the affairs of Europe. But M. de Chateaubriand would have beheld with mortal anguish Russian battalions treading the ancient land of Charles V. He wished to make the war in Spain a French affair. Devoted to the Bourbons, the thought of the treaties of 1815 sorely tormented his poetical fidelity, and he hoped to exalt the Restoration by putting a sword into its hands.

A stigma has been cast on the Spanish war by calling the principle of intervention a principle of oppression. A puerile accusation! All nations are brethren, and all revolutions are cosmopolite. When a government believes it represents a just cause, let it make that cause triumph wherever its triumph is possible; this is more than its right, it is its duty. But was it possible to believe the cause of Ferdinand VII. a just one? Oh, there was then in Spain a tyranny more to be feared than that of the *Descamisados*, the tyranny namely of the *Serviles*. Ferocious hearts beat under the robe of the Franciscans, and more graves were to be opened to the chant of *Veni Creator* than to the song of *Tragala*. When a hundred thousand men crossed the Pyrenees under the command of the Duc d'Angouleme, frequently did M. de Chateaubriand (he has said so since) feel his heart die away within him. The liberals had made all France, from one end to the other, resound with appalling predictions. If there was

confidence in the chamber, there was fear and misgiving on the throne and around it; and most of the generals who accompanied the Duc d'Angouleme had begun the march ominously shaking their heads, because they remembered how many Frenchmen, in Napoleon's day, had entered Spain, never to return.

The expedition, nevertheless, succeeded: but its condemnation was written in its very success. What must M. de Chateaubriand have thought when he learned that the poniards of Ferdinand VII.'s minions were turned against the liberators of that monarch; when he read the decree of Andujar; when he could no longer doubt that France had made herself more enemies among those whose cause she had served than among those to whom she had given battle; when he saw, in fine, M. Pozzo di Borgo set out for Madrid, and Ferdinand VII. bow before the influence of Russia, to which he owed nothing, after having rejected that of France to which he owed every thing.

Be this as it may, the triumphant return of the Duc d'Angouleme struck consternation into the bourgeoisie. And this was the only thing remarked. Now was there in this war, undertaken contrary to the wish of royalty, and by force of the ascendancy of parliament, nothing worthy of remark save the disappointment of a party? Was it not manifest to any man who should have looked deeper than the surface of things, that the right of peace and war had been wrested from the crown?

Yet out of this unperceived though real defeat of the monarchical principle did M. de Villèle draw forth the strange idea of septennial parliaments. It would seem then that M. de Villèle was not aware that in giving the chamber a seven years' existence he was securing to it greater consistence and prominence?

It is true the chamber was dissolved, and that a new chamber was summoned to pass the septennial law. But under the influence of the law of the double vote, and in the excitement produced by the success of the war in Spain, the assembly could not fail to be ultra-feudal. The constitutional regimen disappeared to make way for an oligarchical government, a government which, having no root in society, was very soon to wear itself out by its own excesses, but not till it had enslaved the crown, and for ever disabled it from rising again.

I do not know whether M. de Villèle foresaw this result, or whether, if he had foreseen it, the prospect would have given him much concern. M. de Villèle had a genius only for little things: he was the man of business of the monarchy. To regulate accounts, prepare budgets, keep the bankers in order, and control the storms of the stock exchange,—all this he was competent to do with marvellous facility. And M. de Chateaubriand was not an inconvenient colleague for him in this respect: for the petty routine of politics embarrassed the latter, and he laboured under that kind of incapacity which is engendered by the habit of pursuing lofty speculations. But his literary reputation, the gorgeousness of his manners, the

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sumptuosity of his life, his influence over the elegant portion of the nation, every thing even to the imposing effect of his poetical and high-bred indolence, threw M. de Villèle into the shade. M. de Chateaubriand was one day about to speak in the course of the discussion on the septennial law, when his colleague, M. de Corbière, requested he would give way to him: and on the next day, the Sunday of the Assumption, M. de Chateaubriand being at the château, received from the hand of his secretary, M. Pilorge, a letter in the following terms:

" M. le Vicomte, I obey the orders of the king, and I transmit you the ordonnance hereto annexed:

" Le Sieur Comte de Villèle, president of our council of ministry, and minister secretary of state for the department of finance, is intrusted *par interim* with the portfolio of foreign affairs, in lieu of the Sieur Vicomte de Chateaubriand."

M. de Villèle could not have made a more rude and unmannerly trial of his influence. After having successively ousted M. de Montmorency and the Duc de Bellune, he compromised the dignity of the crown by the insulting dismissal of an illustrious man. He remained without a rival in the council: but in the chamber he had masters.

An event occurred which rendered absolute the predominance possessed by the chamber. On the 6th of September, 1824, the princes and several grand officers were assembled in the château, and seemed as though they expected something. Suddenly the door of the apartment was thrown open, and a voice cried out, " The king, sirs!" It was Charles X. that entered. Louis XVIII. had just expired.

Louis XVIII. had steered his course smoothly between parties, and he congratulated himself on this in his last moments. What had he gained by it? The ability to die quietly, almost like the lowest villager in his realm. A poor triumph this, and one within the reach of the shabbiest ambition! What childishness there is in the vanity of the great ones of the earth! Here is a king who holds out against the shock of factions for want of power to vanquish them, and of courage to be vanquished by them; he ekes out his reign and his life, with the help of concession after concession; in exchange for pleasures, not given, but promised to his palled senses, he surrenders to a woman the government of his own house, after having abandoned to his ministers the right of yielding up in his name and in his stead every thing he consents to lose from his royal prerogative; and when at last, aged, infirm, and broken down, his last nauseous draught of voluptuousness drained, consumed by the mocking phantoms of desire, he feels his life departing—then he sits up erect on that throne he can only bequeath in storm and tempest to his brother, and with his last breath—he boasts!

It is reported, that sitting on the fauteuil on which he was about to expire, surrounded by high personages in tears, and his face overspread with the ghastliness of hastening dissolution, he called to him

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the youngest and weakliest prince of his family, and then laying his hand on the child's head as it bent to receive his blessing, he said, "Let my brother husband tenderly the crown of this child."

Very idle words were these! Crowns that are assailed are not to be husbanded tenderly; they must be saved or lost.

And now I ask what had been the fruits of that long series of fluctuations and of postponements of the evil day, that made up the reign of Louis XVIII? On the surface of the political stage discords without end; and beneath it conspiracies, treacherous instigations by paid spies, villanous snares for men's lives, military executions; these were the spectacles that reign presented. The tempest raged everywhere, in the parliament, in the press, at court, in the towns, in the rural districts. Didier, Tolleron, Berton, Bories, what reminiscences! Ay, methinks that same plastic policy of Louis XVIII. afforded the executioner ample room for the convenient exercise of his craft.

Naturally so, because every thing that proceeds from kings who are the objects of attack is mortal. Their weakness is as fatal as their strength, and their dismay as their fury. If they choose to carry things with a high hand and can do so, they crush down all before them. If, on the other hand, they consent to yield, as they cannot yield for ever, they provoke aggressions for which there is no remedy, failing civil war, but the guillotine. What do I say? What they yield in one place under the form of constituted authority, they resume elsewhere by way of violence. Let their enemies put on but a little show of boldness, and they revenge themselves on the little for what is snatched from them by the great, and their weakness of yesterday seeks compensation in their cruelties of to-morrow. Thus their concessions and their exactions alike drink up the blood of their people. When Louis XVIII. gave orders that there should be dancing at court at the very hour when the gravedigger was receiving from the hands of the executioner the gory corpses of the four soldiers of Rochelle, Louis XVIII. took his revenge for the victories of the chamber. There were gay doings at the château, because amidst all the humiliations of royalty, the unpunished atrocity of that fête wore a look of strength. The monarch's pride, hunted from every other ground, took refuge in this savage piece of swaggering.

But was it in the nature of a series of truckling compromises, leading to such results, long to preserve the monarchy from ruin? Was the process of perpetually eluding the antagonism of the two powers equivalent to destroying it? And must not every fresh effort to elude it have tended to wear out and degrade the monarchical principle? "Let my brother husband tenderly the crown of this child." And how should Charles X. have been able to do this long, in the teeth of that parliamentary authority, so jealous and so intractable? It had frequently changed possessors since 1814: had it changed its nature? No, no. The thoroughly feudal chamber of 1815 had

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treated the royal authority with no more forbearance than had the thoroughly bourgeois chamber of 1817; and the law of the double vote had been, no less than that of the 5th February, an implement of war directed against the throne.

Had it been possible for society to subsist thus divided between the authority of a king and that of an assembly, this phenomenon would certainly have shown itself under the reign of Charles X.

Let us, in fact, go back to the moment of the death of Louis XVIII. Was it not the foremost desire of the party then paramount in the chamber that the system of large estates should be re-established, that an independent and sumptuous existence should be restored to the nobles, and that centralization should give place to the sway of local influences? These tendencies so essentially opposed to monarchy, these tendencies which attacked the laborious work begun by Louis XI., and continued by Louis XIV., were precisely those of Charles X. Charles X. was not sensible of the fact that monarchy had grown and thriven in France by the gradual declension of the noblesse, by the alienation of feudal estates, by the insensible weakening of the system of primogeniture and entail, by the discredit of the ecclesiastical jurisdictions, by centralization above all. He fancied, in his ignorance, that he was fortifying the monarchy when he was but doing his best to revive feudalism. Louis XI., in order to be king, had ceased to be a *gentilhomme*. Charles X. was, by sentiment and habit of mind, much more the *gentilhomme* than the king.

It resulted, then, that at the death of Louis XVIII. the elective and the royal powers were united by a strict community of sentiments and views.

Accordingly, as far as vigour was concerned, nothing could be comparable to the momentary impulse then given to society. The milliard of indemnity-money flung to the hungry emigrants, the law of sacrilege, the law on religious communities, the elaboration of a system which replaced property on those too grand bases of feudalism, the right of primogeniture, and the law of entail; all this formed a combination of measures, the expediency of which might well be questioned, and their character stigmatized, but of which it is impossible to deny the boldness and imposing energy.

Nor was any effort spared for the success of this gigantic enterprise. The combined forces of the legislative and the royal authorities had need of being backed by a moral force capable of holding in check that formidable *Voltairianism* to which the eighteenth century had given birth. The Congregation is formed, disciplined, and extended. Mystical affiliations ramify throughout the land. The Jesuits seize on the fountain-heads of human intelligence, in order to adulterate them, and at Sainte-Anne d'Auray, Bordeaux, Billom, Montrouge, and Saint Acheul they gird up their loins to the task of digging in the rising generation the grave of its predecessors. This was an inversion of the spirit of the

age, but executed with systematic consistency and with energy. Need I say a word of those fanatical sermons, those processions troubling the towns and covering the land, those expiatory ceremonies, the *Miserere* resounding along the highways, and the holy mummery of the coronation renewing, before the eyes of the population, the antique alliance between feudal royalty and the church?

It was in the month of May, 1825, that the hand of an archbishop held the crown of Charlemagne suspended over the head of Charles X. What! and were five years all the span of life accorded to the dynasty declared in the cathedral of Rheims to be God's daughter and immortal? That was all; and so rapid a downfal would be scarcely comprehensible, if we sought its explanation merely in the opposition of the bourgeoisie.

That opposition was vehement, no doubt. The bourgeoisie let loose all the might and energy of the press against the feudalism of parliament; it created an ephemeral and fictitious popularity for the chamber of peers, all inflated as that was with the glory of having rejected the principle of primogeniture, and the law against the press proposed by M. de Peyronnet; it brought the majesty of the crown to the feet of pamphleteers and writers of *chansons*; it cried up with ecstasy the Memoirs of M. de Montlosier, that scattered scandal round the altar; it awoke the old spirit of the parliaments in the *cours royales*, as a counterpoise to the league of the priests; and then it resolved that it, too, would have its galas, and would make its own appeals to men's imaginations. Thousands of citizens were seen assembled one day round a newly-opened grave. Young men approached, supporting a bier, and followed by a long file of rich and gilded equipages. All the wealth of Paris was there. The obsequies of General Foy were the anti-part to the pomps of the coronation.

But what signified all this? One thing was lacking to these movements to make them parturient of a revolution, namely, the aid and co-operation of penury: and the people who possessed that source of might—what could it understand of such quarrels? The combatants fought over it, but not for it.

The rapid decline of the royal power, under Charles X., is explained by the fact that it remained what it was, whilst the elective power insensibly underwent a metamorphosis fast tending to bring on war, inevitable and fatal war, between the two powers.

And is there any thing to wonder at in this metamorphosis of the elective power? Had not the adversaries of the bourgeois sway themselves unconsciously adopted the habits of the bourgeoisie? Had they not contracted its vices? Had not the spirit of traffic crept in among the *preux* of the nineteenth century? I have no desire to stir up from their foul bed all the financial scandals of the Restoration; but who is there but knows the history of Ouvrard's contracts? and what names were those that figured ignominiously in certain public discussions? Colossal fortunes sprang up suddenly after

the war in Spain: and why? Because the royalists had speculated on a rise in the funds and had speculated with certainty. It is notorious that the patronage of the Jesuits was in those days a means of advancement and fortune; it is notorious that the Congregation distributed places, classified ambitions, and offered a mundane prize to the fervour of every professor of mystical piety. And the first minister of the king, he who had been summoned in a manner to lead the crusade undertaken against the bourgeoisie, was he not a man of the stock exchange? Was he not M. de Villèle, a bourgeois all over, in manners, language, sentiments, instincts, and capacity?

The feudal and religious party carried then within it the causes of its own ruin. It talked of founding the reign of religious belief, and its oblations were offered only at the shrine of interest; its zeal was kindled against the spirit of these latter times, and it confessed its sway. Such contradictions are the suicide of parties.

Moreover, and independently of its moral force, the bourgeoisie possessed, through the institution of the national guard, a perfectly organized physical force. Excluded from parliament, it was quite natural that it should make the public thoroughfares its arena, and do with menaces what it could not do with laws. A review imprudently ordered gave it the opportunity it longed for: cries of hatred issuing from its armed ranks resounded in the ears of Charles X. himself. In reality, this demonstration was no very serious affair; at least it was not very revolutionary. The bourgeoisie had too much to lose by a social convulsion to allow of its voluntarily incurring the risk. To disarm it was not merely a puerility, but an act of madness. In a monarchical country the throne is the first of all private properties, and consequently cannot be placed under a more trusty safeguard than that of a bourgeois militia. But the Duchesse de Berri and the Dauphine, hearing that majesty had been insulted, forced the dictates of calm good sense to yield to the suggestions of their own spleen; the national guard was dismissed, and thus was the road left free, over which the unbridled people were soon to push their way to the very throne.

The only bulwark left M. de Villèle against so many perils, was the chamber. Unfortunately for him and for the monarchy, that parliamentary feudalism, which had at first trodden its path with so firm a step, had come to reel and totter like a drunken man. The national guard had been dismissed, and now it was necessary to dissolve the chamber. The storm blew from all quarters of the heavens at once.

The absolute incompatibility of the two powers was this time proved in a striking and decisive manner. King, ministers, and chamber,—had they not all desired the same things? Had they not marched in concert to the accomplishment of the boldest projects? And yet they were now come to such a pass, that all further concord between them was hopeless! A new chamber was summoned, and the elections began.

M. de Villèle supposed that all he should have to do, in order to remain in office, was to change his system. But would a feudal king submit to lay his crown at the feet of an assembly of lawyers and shopkeepers?

The intense anxiety that prevailed during the course of the elections is fresh in every one's memory. A disturbance had broken out in Paris, when the bourgeoisie had been threatened with loss of possession of the political engine: a disturbance broke out when the hope of recapturing that engine was set before it. Blood flowed then on the pavement of the Rue St. Denis. The two parties cast the blame each on the other: such is the usual practice in these cases. The fact appears to be, that if the police did not directly create the disturbance, it urged it on. Cast an eye yonder, and look at men trampled down under the hoofs of horses, or bleeding under the sabres of gendarmes, to aid the triumph of some candidate or another of the *côté droit* or of the *côté gauche*. This they call policy, the art of reigning, and heaven knows what besides. As for me, I have small faith in the political efficacy of such machinations. It is blasphemy against God to pretend that the destiny of empires and the futurity in store for nations are dependent on a few vulgar devices of barefaced knavery.

The elections turned out as was expected: they sent two parties into the chamber, the stronger of which was that of the new interests. M. de Villèle would, perhaps, have consented to obey it; but he must have encountered a greater mass of hostility in order to propitiate the party, than the effort to keep his ground would have stirred up against him. He fell, bringing down with him colleagues, who, like MM. de Peyronnet and de Corbière, were still more compromised than himself. Let us see to what amounted the legacy bequeathed to M. de Martignac.

The king had made haste to say to his new ministers, "M. de Villèle's system is mine;" and the chamber made haste to write down in its address that M. de Villèle's system was *deplorable*. The whole history of the Restoration is epitomized on this simple juxtaposition of facts. How was the chamber to be prevented from exercising the paramount strength it possessed? And what should hinder the head of the state from crying out, under the exasperation of insult, as did Charles X. upon the presentation of the address, "I will not suffer my crown to be flung into the mire!" What then remained to be tried? To side completely with the elective power? M. de Martignac could not do so without declaring war against royalty. To serve royalty in accordance with its own views? He could not do so without declaring war on the chamber. To combine these two sorts of servitudes, and to hold the reins of government on the tenure of being doubly a slave? He tried this.

And really it is to be remarked that circumstances seemed to favour the success of this conciliatory scheme. The bourgeoisie had gradually lost its turbulent disposition in proportion as it advanced

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more and more in the exercise of power: it even watched with a certain anxiety over the safety of royalty, from the time that it had begun to feel capable of mastering it. The royal courts which, under the Villèle administration, had systematically returned verdicts of acquittal in prosecutions on the ground of tendency, now as uniformly visited writings of undue violence with severe punishment; and the successive condemnations of MM. Béranger, Cauchois Lemaire, and Fontan, evinced the spirit that actuated the magistracy under the Martignac ministry.

Circumstances then were favourable to a system of conciliation between the two powers, had that conciliation not been in its own nature futile and impossible. Do but examine the history of that period. M. de Martignac exhausts himself in concessions to propitiate the ruling opinion. He excludes the congregational party from the ministry in the person of M. de Frayssinous, and he removes the Bishop of Hermopolis to make way for the Abbé Feutrier, a mundane priest, supposed to be a liberal; he extinguishes the influence of the king's agents in elections; he emancipates the press from the yoke of the royal authorization, and substituting a moneyed for a political monopoly, he puts the weapon of journalism into the hands of the rich; he abolishes the censorship; he deals the power of the Jesuits a mortal blow; he transfers the right of interpreting the laws from royalty to the chamber, thus recognising the supremacy of the latter. And the bourgeoisie clap their hands!

But when after so amplifying the range of the parliamentary power, he evinces his unwillingness that the royal power should be utterly stripped of every thing, matters assume another aspect. He presents two bills to the chamber, one for a law on the organization of the communes, the other for a law on that of the departments, and these two bills contain his death-warrant. Offence is taken at the refusal of ministers to admit the elective principle to operate in the appointment of mayors; it is upheld in opposition to ministers, that the chamber exercises a sovereign right of the initiative, and is competent to suppress by an amendment the *conseils d'arrondissement* established by a law. The blow is struck; the ministers have lost the majority. Whom had they to sustain them? The court had long been spinning its intrigues round them; the king had in his heart vowed their downfal, and had been secretly prepared to appoint their successors. M. de Martignac went out, and M. de Polignac was minister.

On the 2d of March, 1830, the day fixed for the convocation of the chambers, Charles X. addressed these words to the assembly: "Peers of France, deputies of the departments, I entertain no doubt of your co-operation towards effecting the good I desire to do. You will reject with disdain the perfidious insinuations malevolence strives to propagate. Should culpable manœuvres raise up obstacles in the way of my government, an event which I cannot and will not anticipate, I should derive the necessary strength to surmount

them from my resolution to uphold the public peace, from the just confidence of the French, and from the love they have always evinced for their king."

And what was the reply of the chamber in the famous address of the majority of 221? "The charter has made the permanent concurrence of the political views of your government with the wishes of your people, an indispensable requisite to the regular course of public affairs. Sire, our loyalty, our devotedness, condemn us to tell you that this concurrence does not exist."

The chamber was dissolved: its return was to be effected only over barricades, to the sound of bells tolling for unknown obsequies, and by the arms of children of the people clad in battle-stained garments. Then the experiment was to be begun over again, at the risk of drawing fresh tears from the bereaved mothers of the self-devoted, the mothers of the poor!

The poor! did I say? It is the first time I have pronounced the word: for the truth is, they were never thought of in the debates of all these fifteen years. Triumphs of the opposition, defeats or victories of the court, resistances of royalty, what was there in you for which the people could reasonably feel sadness or joy? A deal of noise had been made over its head; for what? Champions had marched to the conflict and won freedom to write: was this for the people, who wrote not at all? Nobles and rich men had battled with each other for the electoral right; was this for the people, who lived only from hand to mouth? From that tribune, so long resonant to the language of faction, what voice had been heard demanding that the poor man's wages should be increased, or that his labour should be diminished? Amidst all those financial discussions that served as food for the rancour of party, had it ever been resolved to make any important modification in the unequal distribution of taxation? What! the eve of a great crisis was arrived after fifteen years of conflict in the name of justice, the country, and liberty; and the people, hurried into the tumult of that crisis, were to come forth from it only to find the conscription return upon them in the shape of recruitment, and the *droits-réunis* in the indirect contributions; that is to say, they were again to take up their everlasting burden.

The Restoration, viewed collectively, presents, it must be owned, a subject of painful reflection to the historian. During that long period, so full of noise and agitation, liberalism often achieved disastrous victories. The principle of authority was attacked with excessive ardour, and it succumbed. The power of the state, divided into two forces perpetually bent on mutual destruction, lost by its instability its title to general respect. Incapable of directing society, since it was itself the seat of strife and anarchy, and could hardly maintain its own existence, it accustomed men's minds to the dominion of licence. The nation was almost always forced along by violence, never led. What was the consequence? The orderly

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gradations of rank ceased to enjoy the willing tribute of public deference; reverence for tradition disappeared. To reach the priests, whose tyranny had become intolerable, men trampled down religion itself in their way. Protestantism became the fundamental principle in matters of opinion and of social habits; many carried it to excess; there was a time when the eighteenth century seemed to be revived bodily in the nineteenth, and sarcasm, which had soared so high as to make kings its quarry, now dared to strike at Heaven.

The confusion in the material, was not less violent than that in the moral world. Just as, in politics and religion, the bourgeoisie had almost completely sacrificed authority to liberty, community of faith to absolute intellectual independence, fraternity to pride; so in matters of trade and manufactures it sacrificed the principle of association to that of competition: a dangerous principle which transforms emulation into implacable war, consecrates all the abuses of might, torments the rich man with insatiable desires, and leaves the poor man to perish lonely and neglected. Accordingly, in conjunction with the principle of competition, there grew up rapidly among the bourgeoisie immoderate thirst for wealth, the fever of speculation,—in a word, materialism in all its cruel and gross deformity. To augment the mass of wealth without any regard to its distribution, this was the sum and substance of the economic doctrines adopted by liberalism. They were heartless doctrines; they forbade the intervention of any tutelary power in matters of trade and manufacture; they protected the strong and left the weak to the mercy of chance.

After this let no man wonder that the bourgeoisie forgot what it owed to those men of the people who had always supported it. Alas! they were once more to shed their best blood in its quarrel: and we shall see whether the gratitude of the bourgeoisie equalled the amount of the service.

It is certainly a painful task to verify such results, and the historian who writes such lines has need of some courage to silence the voice of his heart. What! those consuming conflicts between men arrayed for mutual destruction—those generations successively impelling each other with groans towards a goal always uncertain and always desired; fights by land and sea, the debates of assemblies, the intrigues of courts, conspiracies and butcheries;—those convulsions without number, that change revolt into dominion, and the loftiest hopes into pangs of mortal despair;—what! all this to bring about some pitiful *various-reading* or another in the history of great calamities and great crimes! What have I seen up till now in these forms that vary eternally? Eternal tyranny: and in the diversity of things I have discovered but the persistent falsehood of words. Strange and cruel mystery! to what tempestuous fatality are we then devoted? What efforts spent on air! What an endless sum of energy wasted since the origin of human society! Can it be that nations are doomed to tread without ceasing the same dark circle like blind

horses, assiduous creators of a motion they know not? For after all, to what amounts the evolutions of mankind in history? An anticipated deception? That is hope. A commencement of defeat? This we call a triumph. Edifices have duration; ruins alone have perpetuity. What matters it whether tyranny be enforced by superstition, by the sword, or by gold; whether it be called influence of the clergy, feudalism, or the reign of the bourgeoisie, what matters it to the mother who weeps for the fruit of her womb? What matters it to that old man who has known neither repose nor love, and whose last breath as he dies on his bed of boards, is spent in cursing life? Will he whose doom is suffering from the cradle to the grave, be he slave, serf, or proletary, will he find in the changing designations of an evil fortune that never changes, motives sufficient to absolve Providence?

Oh! let us beware how we utter one impious word. Our powers of vision fail to embrace the whole body and combination of things: this is enough to put all blasphemy to silence. We know not the last consequence of what we call an evil: let us not speak of human efforts as barren of result. Perhaps we should think the course of rivers an absurdity, did we know nothing of the ocean.

It seems, after all, that good always subsists at the bottom of things side by side with evil, as if to destroy it insensibly and absorb it. All is not to be found fault with in the work of liberalism during the Restoration. Though generally selfish, the bourgeoisie had its heroes, its martyrs; and the generous self-sacrifices which liberalism brought forth, were not the less grand and glorious for having failed to kindle the whole soul of society. Manuel, causing himself to be forcibly expelled from the chamber, and to be *collared* by a gendarme on the very bench on which he sat as a legislator, set a noble example of resistance to oppression. Dupont de l'Eure, Voyer d'Argenson, Laffitte, the Abbé Grégoire, and General Tarayre, belonged to the people by their sympathies. The press disseminated useful truths in the circle whose interests it represented, and courageously prosecuted and achieved the conquest of the liberty of writing in defiance of obstacles without number;—a very incomplete liberty indeed, for it was, on the whole, but the substitution of a moneyed for a political privilege. Among the writers of the bourgeoisie there were men of talent and of heart: MM. Comte, Dunoyer, Bert, Chatelain, and Cauchois Lemaire, did honour to the profession of the journalist. Paul Louis Courier is open to the reproach of having come short in his pamphlets of that generous love of the poor which would sometimes have given to his indignation the eloquence of enthusiasm, and to his talents the potency of charity: but it was a real glory for the bourgeoisie to have hailed its defender in Béranger, a child of the people, sublimely uttering the language of the people.

The special characteristic of the Restoration is, that in its course the principle of authority was combated under all its aspects; but

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what it lost the principle of liberty gained, and that the more surely, inasmuch as it was invoked by turns by all the conflicting parties—by its enemies when they felt themselves victors, by its protégés when they were vanquished. There was also (in spite of that general tendency towards splitting up into fractions which we have pointed out) a certain effective unity in the onsets of the bourgeoisie, especially towards the close of the Restoration. The liberal party, which had acted at first only under the impulses of blind instinct, came at last to discipline itself under the direction of some studious men styled *doctrinaires;* and the results of this concert in negation and hate proved at least what might be expected of a concord founded on ideas of brotherhood and devotedness.

Let us speak out the whole truth. Liberalism, by the very abuse of its principle, led the way to a reaction which contained the germ of Saint Simonism, and which engendered the various social schools of which we shall have to follow the progress. The conquests to which it prompted the spirit of inquiry, and which gave birth at first only to a systematic criticism, neither far-reaching nor profound, were afterwards to open up a path for bold and fruitful investigations. Lastly, if the impulse given to the genius of trade too strongly aroused the lust of gain, and cast into oblivion alike the habits and sentiments of grace and good taste, and the most imperative duties of humanity; on the other hand it had a favourable influence on the progress of the sciences which have for their object the welfare of man, and the application of which to the amelioration of the lot of the people itself, awaits only the change of the impure medium in which it moves and suffers.

What do we know after all? Perhaps it is necessary to the realization of progress that all the bad chances be exhausted. Now the lifetime of the human race is very long, and the number of possible solutions very limited. Every revolution is useful in this respect at least, that it absorbs one inauspicious eventuality. Because societies sometimes fall from an unhappy condition into a worse, let us not therefore too hastily conclude that progress is a chimera. I fancy I see before me a car set rolling by provident hands: the road, at the point of departure, is well made, wide, and perfectly smooth; as the car advances it becomes narrow and miry; but do you not see, too, that as the car advances its distance from the goal diminishes? In like manner it is easy to discover, even in the succession of general calamities, a law supremely intelligent and logical. If every thing depended on chance, events would be more miscellaneous, and it would be less easy to trace their connexion and sequence. If, on the other hand, a maleficent genius governed the world, it is probable that the forms assumed by public maladies would be as monotonous as their essence, and then oppression would be less frequently chastised. Courage, then! Let us, if possible, behold in the tyrannies that arise only the punishment of the tyrannies that

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fall. The dominion of an exclusive interest, that of a man or of a caste, such has hitherto been evermore the sore affliction of mankind. Why should not the remedy consist in the combination of all interests, since these, rightly considered, do not differ one from the other? Ere long all theories will have been tried, all save the simplest and the noblest, that of brotherhood. Until that magnificent experiment shall have been made, let us keep watch over our creeds, and let us not despair, even though it should be written in the decrees of God, that good should be, alas! but the exhaustion of evil!

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THE HISTORY OF TEN YEARS.

CHAPTER I.

Since M. de Polignac's accession to power the bourgeoisie lived in the continual expectation of a revolution, and its feelings fluctuated between anger and dismay.

The court laboured under all the blindness of fanaticism, but it displayed all its daring. Missionaries had overrun all France, exciting men's minds by gloomy harangues, parading before the eyes of women the pomps of an awful religion, and setting up in places of public resort the image of the crucified Redeemer. Measures adapted to kindle the minds of the soldiery were in contemplation, and royalty was preparing to brave every chance, backed as it was by soldiers and by priests.

When a king passes, whether his road lead to the throne or to the scaffold, some confused clamours almost always issue from the crowd. Such clamours Charles X. had heard on his journey to Alsace; he had interpreted them in the sense suggested by his pride; he believed himself beloved.

That journey, however, had been marked by some scenes of sinister omen. At Varennes the royal family had been obliged to stop for a change of horses at the very place whence Louis XVI. had formerly been brought back when flying from his capital and deserting royalty. Suddenly, the dauphine was seized with a convulsive shuddering at sight of the fatal posthouse; and ordering her people to drive on, she left the assembled inhabitants of the place, by way of adieu, some of those words that prove the perdition of princes. Further on, at Nancy, the royal family appeared on a balcony to salute the people. Some hisses were heard. To whom was the insult addressed? The dauphine was indignant; and retreating into the apartment in a fit of tears, she caused the windows to be closed abruptly.

The journey to Alsace nevertheless, taken altogether, was not an

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unfavourable essay of popularity, and Charles X. returned from it more self-assured than ever.

But before mentioning the lengths to which this confidence in himself carried him, we must first bestow a glance at the foreign policy of France at this period.

It was for the sake of a dynasty's interests that the treaties of 1815 had been imposed on France by the Bourbons. It was for the sake of a dynasty's interests that measures had been in contemplation since 1829 for essentially modifying those treaties. For it is the established rule in monarchies that the destinies of a people should follow as the affairs of a family lead them.

The honour of this project belonged, in part, to M. de Reyneval: M. de Polignac made it the basis of his foreign policy.

Thus a great diplomatic change in the world was in preparation in 1830. It was in contemplation to reannex the Rhine to France.

Negotiations had begun on this subject between the cabinet of St. Petersburg and that of the Tuileries. The following were to have been its bases:

France and Russia contracted a close alliance specially directed against England. France resumed the Rhenine provinces. Hanover, wrested from Great Britain, was to be divided into two parts, the one destined to indemnify Holland, the other to be given as a bonus to Prussia, whose territory was further to be augmented by the addition of a part of Saxony to the Prussian provinces of Silesia. The King of Saxony was to be compensated at the expense of Poland. To Austria were secured Servia, a part of Dalmatia not in her possession, and one of the two banks of the Danube. Russia, mistress of the opposite bank, would have the dominion of the Black Sea, and seat herself in Constantinople, whence she might at her leisure invade Asia.

Since the time of Peter I. Russia, it is well known, had never ceased to covet possession of the Bosphorus, and her ambition had been but too well seconded by the mistakes and the delusions of France and England. The battle of Navarino had taken place solely for her advantage. She had followed up its consequences with a vigour that threatened mischief to French interests, but which France nevertheless applauded. But Russia did not intend to stop even at the treaty of Adrianople.

Mahmoud had attempted the reform of his empire. A vain attempt! The strength of races lies in their originality. Mahmoud, by breaking up the old traditions, enervated his people, without infusing fresh youth into them; and the exhaustion of the once so vigorous race of the Osmanlis was itself but a symptom of the decay of Islamism.

Already the dogma of fatalism, admitted by the East, had given sure signs of its disastrous influence. Condemned by that dogma to remain motionless whilst the opposite dogma of human liberty breathed irresistible energies into the nations of the West, the East

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seemed to ask again of Europe the life it had formerly bestowed upon her, and it presented itself as a rich and limitless domain, but uncultivated and without possessors.

To invite Russia thither, was to put the whole future into her hands.

As for France, the revolution of 1789 had rendered her essentially a land of trade, and had given her new genius the wings of competition: consequently, she could thenceforth contract only continental alliances. For, to provide a constantly expanding market for a constantly increasing production, to hasten from factory to factory, to procure customers, to obtain dominion of the seas, in a word, to follow the path which the genius of Britain had pursued, such were the necessities of the situation in which she had been placed by the triumph of the bourgeoisie. In renouncing therefore all alliance with England, she did but obey the laws of an inevitable rivalry: she renounced an impossibility.

But was France on the Rhine a sufficient equivalent for Russia in Constantinople? Was it worthy of a people like ours to abandon to a people newly come into Europe, and still semi-barbarian, the care of the affairs of the world, and the regulation of the universal destinies? Was it fit that French activity should be shut out from the field that seemed opened to it by the immense void made in the East? Was such an issue too great for that expansive force which, under the republic, had exploded in immortal catastrophes, and in prodigious conquests under the empire? Set Russia on the road to India, and might it not one day take the place of England, even as a maritime power, and cause us mortal anguish? The Restoration looked neither so high, nor so far ahead. The treaties of 1815 had left burning traces in the hearts of Frenchmen, and these, it was hoped, would be effaced by the recovery of the Rhine as the frontier of France.

In this state of things an important resolution was adopted by Charles X. and his ministers. The slap with the fan given by the Dey of Algiers to the consul of France had as yet remained unpunished. Encouraged by the weakness manifested in the French government by three years of ineffectual blockade, the Dey of Algiers had caused the vessel of an envoy sailing under a flag of truce to be fired on, and had forced our consul at Tripoli to quit his post precipitately. Where were these outrages to stop? How long was impunity to last? An expedition against the African pirates was resolved on.

Russia strongly approved of this project. She was well pleased to see France encamped on the African shore of the Mediterranean, because there she might keep in check the maritime sovereignty of England in those latitudes.

While these things were in hand, two men of adventurous spirit, MM. Drovette and Leveron, arrived in Paris. They presented themselves to the ministers of Charles X. as envoys from Mohammed Ali. The Pacha of Egypt, they said, was ready to fall upon the pirates,

storm their lair, and avenge on their leader the insult offered to France.

These singular overtures, vehemently resisted by MM. de Bourmont, minister of war, d'Haussez, minister of marine, de Guernon-Ranville, and Courvoisier, were received by the Prince de Polignac on the contrary, with the most cordial alacrity. He induced the king to approve them, and a treaty was concluded without consulting the council. It contained strange stipulations: France engaged to furnish to Mohammed Ali ten millions, means of transport, and four ships of the line officered by Frenchmen.

On reading this treaty concluded without their participation, the ministers of war and marine were exceedingly irritated. They left nothing undone to throw impediments in the way of its execution, determining to resign, should their efforts ultimately be unavailing. But the religious scruples of the king promised them an easy victory. M. de Bourmont said that, for his part, he could never bring himself to make Christian officers serve under the orders of a Mussulman. Charles X. was staggered; the appeal was one he could not withstand; and the treaty was revoked.

Mohammed Ali, who had already received intimation of it, though not officially, displayed no irritation at the breaking off of the negotiation. He even disavowed all that had been proposed in his name; and in confirmation of his disavowal, he stated that he had, as duly bound, demanded a firman from the Sultan to authorize the steps he had intended to take, and that it was refused him. Then, and not till then, it was determined that France should arm in her own quarrel.

England immediately felt all her old grudges revived. She assumed by turns an air of surprise and of indignation. She demanded explanations, uttered complaints, and threw out threats.

The French government was neither alarmed nor affected by her remonstrances. It was assured of the support of Russia. Austria and Prussia were favourable to it; all the petty powers of Italy approved of the design of clearing the Mediterranean of the pirates that infested it. The King of Sardinia beheld in the enterprise the emancipation of his subjects' commerce. Holland had not forgotten that, in 1808, M. Fraissinet, her consul at Algiers, had been insolently sent to the chain by order of the Dey, for a slight delay in the payment of the accustomed tribute. Spain alone seemed uneasy at the possible aggrandizement of our power, which was about to approach her shores. But there was nothing to fear from Spain: her diplomatic reach had never ceased to grow less and less since the day when Charles V. had buried himself alive in the monastery of St. Just.

Charles X. had, moreover, an urgent interest in resisting the injunctions of England. There was no difficulty in bringing him to understand that the embarrassments of his domestic policy called

for some brilliant diversion; that monarchy, which was beginning to reel under the reiterated blows of liberalism, required to be defended with the ardour of passion; and that the *éclat* of recent conquest would render an attempt on public liberty a less perilous enterprise.

Monarchy had, in fact, placed itself in a forced and desperate situation in France. There subsisted continually between the power of the king and that of the assembly that inevitable and terrible struggle which had terminated fatally for Louis XVI. on the 10th of August, and for Napoleon on the day after the battle of Waterloo. Fifteen years of varied experiments had in no wise altered this necessary antagonism between the two powers. On the 2d of March, Charles X. addressed the newly-convoked chamber in the words we have elsewhere cited;* and they were answered in the memorable address signed by 221 deputies. The chamber was prorogued.

Immediate dissolution had been talked of at first. This was the advice of M. de Montbel, who would have had the ordonnance to that effect followed by a proclamation, addressed in the king's name to the electors. M. de Guernon Ranville vigorously opposed this suggestion, urging that to make the king thus personally engage in the conflict of parties would be seriously to compromise the majesty of the crown; and that defeat in that case would be a deathblow to the monarchical principle. M. de Montbel appeared to count much on the affection of the French for Charles X. M. de Guernon Ranville did not hesitate to declare, in the monarch's presence, that his colleagues laboured under a profound error in that respect. "The French," he said, "have ceased to love their kings. Do you not see proof of this in the implacable hatred that clings to men meriting and possessing the highest consideration, from the moment they have been honoured by the choice of the crown?" Charles X. was not offended at this blunt candour. The idea of immediately dissolving the chamber was abandoned. But things were at such a pass, that Charles X. had no other alternative to fall back upon than dictatorship.

In truth, what other issue was left the crown? Was it possible for Charles X. to forget the lesson silently inculcated upon him by the funereal monument erected in front of his palace? Had concessions saved Louis XVI.? He too, finding himself menaced, had betaken him to retreating; he had retreated as far as the Place Louis XV., and beyond that spot he could retreat no farther, for he was stopped by the hand of the executioner.

Charles X. might have abdicated, he might have declared royalty abolished in France; but what other kind of moderation was possible in his position? Concessions would only have had the effect of

* Introduction, p. 67.

bringing him, at a future day, to the alternative of abdicating or of making himself despotic.

No matter for that. To sacrifice the nation to this obstinate duel between two irreconcilable powers, to strive for the overthrow of all the principles achieved by so many years of revolution, without any other excuse than the impossibility of upholding monarchy against the force of circumstances, this was a crime against the people and against God.

Even though it were true that Charles X. sincerely believed himself right in daring all extremes for the safety of his crown, still there was one damning defect in his plea before the bar of history —he did not take personally upon his own head the dangers of the revolution he brought about. Since he would neither lower his throne nor descend from it, he should have died on it.

But Charles X. was below the level of his destiny as well by his virtues as by his defects. Full of good faith and loyalty, of graciousness and courtesy, true to the ties of friendship, faithful to his oaths, he had all the qualities of a chevalier, save only enthusiasm and courage. Yet there was something so royal in his manners, that in spite of his faint-heartedness, he disarmed scorn even in a land of warriors. With these qualities he might, perhaps, have been equal to the requirements of his part, if instead of being obliged to carry the monarchy on his shoulders, he had been, like his ancestors, upheld and carried by it. Louis XVIII. had contrived to die in his bed only by making his reign one long abdication of royalty. Charles X. had groaned in his heart over the debasement of his brother, seeing, as he did, all that Louis had debased around him. He hoped to reconstruct what had been destroyed, and to raise up what had been cast down: that is to say, to emancipate the crown, in the teeth of parliamentarians impatient of sway; to revive the authority of the church among a people who had suffered themselves to be made partakers in the celebration of atheism; to re-establish the prestige of royalty in a country where a king had died in the common thoroughfare, with his hands bound behind his back; to resuscitate the empire of etiquette in a nation fond, if not of equality, at least of its forms and its lies. The task was immense; it would have exhausted all the genius of a great man; it did not astound Charles X. It is true that he knew not its vastness; he was surrounded by priests; and, from the day when, expiating the licentious pleasures of his youth, he had taken the communion with the half of the consecrated wafer presented to the dying lips of the Marchioness de Polastron, his piety had assumed a highwrought and melancholy cast, but it was not the less a commonplace piety, without depth, without compass, and one which assured fallen catholicism a sort of protection more stately than heroic. He clung to old notions, but it was for want of intellect to judge them, and of strength of mind to shake them off. He strove for the aggrandizement of

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his power, but that much more for the purpose of making good its principle than of extending its practical application. Little minds delight in the majesty of command, its might is striven for by manly souls alone. Despotism has its glory, since it has its storms. Charles X. was not even capable of rising to the force of tyranny. He used often to say, "You might bray all the princes of the house of Bourbon in a mortar, and not extract from them a single grain of tyranny." He spoke truly. That dictatorial authority which others would have striven for, from excess of activity or of volition, he coveted only from indolence. His humanity was not less than his mediocrity; and if he desired that his power might be absolute, it was that he might be spared the pain of making it violent. For in him there was nothing energetic, not even his bigotry, nothing great, not even his pride.

Be this as it may, Charles X. had taken his resolution, and in his thoughts the war of Algiers became every day more and more part and parcel of the measures which, as he supposed, were to put royalty beyond the reach of its foes. The remonstrances of England were, therefore, slighted. Hence a ministerial despatch, addressed, March 12th, to M. de Laval, then our ambassador in London.

That despatch was drawn up in terms of studied obscurity. After saying that the purpose of the expedition had, at first, been to revenge the insult offered to France, M. de Polignac talked of the more extended development which circumstances had subsequently given to the king's projects.

But what did these ambiguous words signify? Lord Stuart was directed by the Earl of Aberdeen to obtain a less vague reply.

These instructions, dated May 3d, called forth a second despatch, which replied in these terms to the urgent inquiries of England:

"The king, no longer limiting his design to the obtaining reparation for the griefs of France individually, has resolved to make the expedition prepared by his orders subservient to the advantage of all Christendom, and he has set before him as the aim, and as the reward of his efforts, the definitive destruction of piracy, the absolute abolition of Christian slavery, and the abolition of the tribute paid by the Christian powers to the regency."

Another despatch, dated May 12th, stated that the king would not lay down his arms till he had attained the twofold end he had proposed to himself,—namely, reparation of the wrongs that had been the immediate cause of hostilities, and, secondly, the triumph of the common interests of all Christendom. But did France intend to occupy Algiers, on her own account, and to form a permanent establishment there? This was what England above all desired to know, and on this point the cabinet of the Tuileries maintained an absolute reserve.

The attitude assumed by the French ministers created deep irritation in England. In Paris, Lord Stuart endeavoured, in successive semi-official interviews, to intimidate M. d'Haussez, the minister

of marine, and M. de Polignac, the president of the council. The former repulsed the arrogant overtures of the English ambassador with much vehemence,* the latter met them with cold and contemptuous politeness. Though English in his habits, by his personal friendships, by the recollections of his youth passed in London, in his manners, and even in his dress, M. de Polignac was, as a politician, entirely devoted to the system of the Russian alliance.

The die then was cast; the preparations for war were entered on with spirit; the land army was rapidly organized; and the workmen in all the ports of the kingdom were put on double work and double wages.

The liberals had meanwhile taken alarm. Convinced that there was some mischievous design at the bottom of this fit of military zeal affected by royalty, they suggested doubts as to the result of the war, exaggerating obstacles, conjuring up insurmountable obstacles, and doing every thing that was possible to dishearten the public. The *Journal des Débats* was especially inveterate in its opposition to the warlike policy of the cabinet.

M. de. Bourmont, the minister of war, was beset with the blackest prophecies of disaster, with the view of shaking his confidence. Water, he was positively assured, was wanting in the environs of Algiers; there was no wood to be found there for making fascines; the army would be destroyed without ever having had an opportunity to fight. There was then in Paris one who had formerly been taken prisoner by the Algerines, and forced to serve for a while on board a corsair in the capacity of interpreter. This was M. Arago. Being questioned by the minister of war, he replied that the environs of Algiers would furnish wood and water in abundance.

But the admirals, on their part, declared the disembarkation impossible, and they irritated, without disconcerting, the inexperience of the minister of marine.

M. d'Haussez resolved, in this emergency, to consult the captains of vessels, who, having been employed in the blockade of Algiers, were competent to give exact information on the point in question. The two captains, MM. Gay de Taradel and Dupetit Thouars, affirmed that the disembarkation of the troops was not only practicable, but easy; and supported by their opinion, M. d'Haussez summoned the admirals before him.

M. Roussin was the only one among them who had not yet very categorically declared his opinion. When it was his turn to speak, he sided with his companions, and argued against the projected expedition on nautical grounds. Upon this the minister of marine drew a paper from his pocket, and said, "I regret, sir, that such are

* In a conversation he had with the English ambassador, M. d'Haussez, nettled by the peremptory tone assumed by Lord Stuart, suffered these words to escape him: "If you want a diplomatic reply, the president of the council will give it to you. For my part I tell you, setting aside the language of official intercourse, we don't care a damn for you!" *(Nous nous——de vous.)*

your convictions; for I hold in my hand the commission appointing you vice-admiral, and giving you the command of the fleet." So saying, Baron d'Haussez tore up the paper. His resolution was unalterably taken. "To find a commander for the fleet, the king," he said, "is resolved, should the admirals hang back, to go down to a captain of a brig, ay, to a midshipman, if necessary."

A second meeting took place at Prince Polignac's. The expedition, against which Admiral Jacob had prepared a written speech, was supported only by MM. de Taradel, Dupetit Thouars, and Valazé. "I am no seaman," said General Valazé, "but I do not find that at any period of history enterprises of war, such as that proposed, have failed through the impossibility of disembarking. Have nautical tactics made no progress? Will any one assert this?" These views, as was natural, were approved by the council.

But to whom was the fleet to be intrusted? General Bourmont, who had the command of the land forces, recommended to M. d'Haussez Admiral Duperré, then maritime prefect at Brest.

Admiral Duperré had at first no objection to suggest.

But on the following day he appeared to have lost all confidence, whether he had yielded to influences, of whose nature he had no very definite consciousness, or that a closer examination of the enterprise had made him better acquainted with its difficulties and dangers. Nevertheless, he accepted the command offered him; but, as his deportment and his connexions occasioned ministers some distrust, General Bourmont was secretly provided with a royal ordonnance, giving him plenary authority ever the forces both by land and sea.

The expedition was fitted out on a magnificent scale. The army, consisting of three divisions, commanded by Lieutenant-generals Berthezène, Loverdo, and d'Escars, amounted to more than thirty-seven thousand men, including a regiment of chasseurs, and a detachment of engineers under the orders of Baron Valazé. The fleet comprised one hundred and three men-of-war, having on board twenty-seven thousand men, three hundred and thirty-seven transports, and about two hundred and twenty-five boats or rafts. England having held out threats, measures had been taken to repel her attacks with vigour, should the case require it. The sailors evinced the liveliest ardour: the admiral who commanded them was brave and experienced. The fortune of France was relied on for the rest.

All that England attempted was this: The porte, at her instigations, exercising its right of suzerainty, resolved to send a pacha to Algiers with orders to seize the dey, have him strangled, and offer France every satisfaction she could require. In this way all pretext for the expedition would have been precluded. Tahir Pacha set out accordingly for Algiers in a vessel furnished by the English. But the minister of marine, having received timely intimation, had given orders to the French cruisers to forbid the pacha's entering the

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port. The frigate in which he sailed, having met a small vessel commanded by Midshipman Dubruel, that intrepid officer resolutely declared that the frigate should not pass till it had sunk him. Tahir Pacha durst not pursue his voyage; the French fleet came up with him, and he was sent to Toulon. That was all that came of the threats held out by the court of St. James's.

On the 16th of May, the day fixed for the sailing of the fleet from Toulon, the chamber, which had been but prorogued, was dissolved. A collision was becoming more and more certain; and two of the ministers, who foresaw what would be its result, retired: these were MM. de Chabrol and Courvoisier. It was necessary to replace them. Now M. de Chantelauze had some time previously been recommended to the king as a man of capacity and determination, entirely devoted to the interests of the monarchy. The dauphin, on his return from Toulon, and before he reached Paris, had had a serious conversation with him, and had pressed him strongly to take office. M. de Chantelauze consented on two conditions, first that application should be made of the fourteenth article of the charter, and secondly that M. de Peyronnet should have a seat in the council. The ministry of the interior was accordingly offered to M. de Peyronnet, and when the Prince de Polignac said to him, "You understand that we intend to make application of the fourteenth article," M. de Peyronnet answered, "That is my own view of the case."

M. Capelle, who had acquired a reputation for great dexterity in electioneering matters, was also called to the council; and as there was no portefeuille vacant, a ministry of public works was created expressly for him.

The court was evidently advancing to an 18*th Brumaire*. The bourgeoisie trembled at the mere idea of a 10*th of August*. The liberals menaced by these two shapes of revolution, both of which they equally dreaded, sought safety in the electoral privilege they enjoyed; they armed themselves with the sanction of the law, they invoked the charter, and, in a word, they displayed all that feverish violence that springs from intense alarm. Associations were everywhere formed for the refusal of taxes. Electoral committees had been established in Paris; and circulars were issued zealously recommending the electors the tactics of holding ovations. The better to kindle public spirit a banquet was given in Paris to more than 600 electors; the festive hall was symbolically decorated with 221 crowns; and the speech delivered on the occasion by M. Odilon Barrot rendered a common homage to the king and to the law.

For it is to be remarked, that, in the opinion of the liberals, the throne remained aloft in a serener region, above all the passing storms of faction. There had been a very keen discussion in the *Aide-toi* Society, of which M. Odilon Barrot was a member, as to whether the king's health should be drunk in the banquet at the *Vendanges de Bourgogne*. But those whose hatred extended to the

monarch himself, as well as to his ministers, were in the minority, and were forced to yield. The liberals assembled at the *Vendanges de Bourgogne* drank the health of Charles X.

And in doing this they were not at variance with the sentiments of the 221, whose views were clearly manifested in these words of M. Dupin aîné, "The fundamental basis of the address is a profound respect for the person of the king; it expresses veneration in the highest degree for the ancient Bourbon race; it holds up *legitimacy*, not only as a legal truth, but as a social necessity, which is confessed by all right-thinking men in the present day as the result of experience and conviction."

The few partisans of the Duke of Orleans had need therefore of some striking circumstance to put the French in mind of him. The arrival of the king and queen of Naples created that circumstance, and advantage was taken of it.

At nine o'clock in the evening of the 31st of May, the Palais Royal was in a blaze of light. Numerous rows of orange-trees embalmed the galleries around it, and the garden, graciously thrown open to the crowd, was thronged with thousands of spectators.

To this splendid fête, in which were to figure the élite of the bourgeoisie, in the persons of a great number of men famous for their opposition to the court, the Duc d'Orléans had invited all the royal family and the whole court. Charles X., whom the duke's assiduities, and his almost obsequious demonstrations of deference and respect had always rendered averse to listen to the suspicions gathering in the minds of the courtiers, Charles X. accepted the invitation of the son of Philippe Egalité. But certain high personages murmured against this proceeding, which they affected to consider as a dereliction of etiquette.

The Duc d'Orléans having had intimation of the king's approach, hastened with his family to receive his majesty at the foot of the staircase, and bowing low, he testified to his sovereign in expressive terms all the gratitude he felt at the signal honour conferred upon him.

The fête was royally sumptuous. Three thousand persons were assembled in the magnificently decorated apartments. And now every mind was given up to pleasure, when suddenly a loud noise was heard from that same garden whence formerly Saint Hurugues had set out for Versailles at the head of the infuriated mob, by whom were done the deeds of the 5th and 6th of October. All was flutter and confusion in the saloons. Flames were rising in the garden at the foot of the statue of Apollo. *Lampions* filled with scalding oil were flying about, flung by unknown hands. Women were rushing from the scene with shrieks of terror. At this spectacle the enemies of the Duc d'Orléans, invited to his fête, exchanged looks of surprise. Strange tales were whispered about: it was said, that that very morning the prefect of police had waited on the duke to obtain permission to post some soldiers in the garden, to

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prevent any possible disorder, and that his request had been refused. Looks of keen inquiry were bent on the prince, who, surrounded by a numerous group, appeared to speak with great vehemence of tone and gesture.

Order was speedily restored: troops, assembled beforehand in the neighbourhood, were summoned; and the ball ended without any other accident. But when men's minds are in a state of indecision, to suggest to them an aim and purpose, and to give them something to wish, is to create a force. A candidateship had been set up amidst the tumult of a fête.

Anxious forebodings absorbed every thought of the public mind, when a hundred cannon-shots resounded in Paris. Baron d'Haussez instantly ran to the king, with a heart big with emotion and a face beaming with delight. Charles X. advanced to meet him with outstretched arms, and when the minister bent to kiss the monarch's hand, "No, no," Charles cordially exclaimed, "this day we all embrace." Algiers belonged to France.

The unbounded enthusiasm of the court at this great news was displayed in exaggerating its importance. The liberals evinced but a dubious joy, and hardly could the chief leaders of the bourgeoisie dissemble the bitterness of their feelings. By a deplorable effect of the impious excesses of party rancour, the conquests achieved by a French army saddened half France. The national honour had risen; the funds fell: they had gone up the day news arrived in Paris of the disaster of Waterloo!

Men's passions then, instead of growing calm, became more heated than ever. The liberal papers had revived one of the most painful reminiscences of a period fruitful in perfidies, to overwhelm M. de Bourmont with its weight; and they strove to make all the glory of the expedition devolve on Admiral Duperré.

The royalists, in their turn, uttered bitter, though not very loud, complaints against the admiral. "The departure of the fleet," they said among themselves, "had been fixed for the 16th of May: why did the admiral postpone it without any plausible pretext till the 25th? And when the fleet was within but five or six leagues of Cape Caxine on the morning of the 30th, why did he carry it back into the bay of Palma, in spite of General Bourmont's remonstrances, and when there was nothing in the nature of the wind to justify his sudden determination? And then why did he not display more forethought? Ought he not, in any case, to have fixed and notified to the squadrons a rallying-point where they should rendezvous, in case they should be dispersed? Had he done so, the Mediterranean would not have seen many of our vessels cruising at random over its waters, and the fleet would not have required eight days to reassemble in the bay of Palma. Nor is this all. Whose fault was it that after the disembarkation the zeal of our troops was baffled by the want of means of transport? Had it not been for the delay of the transports conveying the artillery horses, the heavy guns, and the *matériel* for

besieging, the battle of Staouëli would not have taken place, perhaps, and we should have achieved a more rapid conquest at the cost of less blood." Some persons alleged, on the authority of private letters, that during the siege of the *Château de l'Empereur* the fleet had taken up its position beyond the range of cannon-shot, and had but very imperfectly seconded the efforts of the land force. These accusations open to suspicion as they were, when proceeding from the lips of political adversaries, were aimed not so much at the admiral as at those to whose influence he was supposed accessible. Be this as it may, Baron d'Haussez demanded that M. Duperré should be brought before a council of war: but, not content with formally refusing this, Charles X. elevated the admiral to the peerage. The liberals cried out at this, saying that the title of peer was not equivalent to the dignity of marshal of France granted to M. de Bourmont.

The *Te Deum* sung for the victory was lost in these clamours of conflicting parties. They were so loud that little notice was taken of the financial report, in which M. de Chabrol announced a surplus revenue of three millions for the year 1831.

If the policy of the Polignac administration had not been wanting in vigour, when the conquest of Algiers was in contemplation, its views, when the time came to turn that conquest to account, were completely destitute of boldness and of comprehensiveness. According to the opinion that seemed to prevail in the council, France was to content herself with razing the town of Algiers, and occupying Oran as a military, and Bona as a commercial position. M. de Bourmont accordingly received orders to shut himself up provisionally in Algiers. His expedition against Blida exceeded the limits of his commission, and was disapproved by the court as an infraction of military discipline. From conquerors of Africa we were becoming in some sort gate-keepers of the Mediterranean. The potency of the means was lost to view in the futility of the result. But the abolition of piracy and the deliverance of Christendom from an ignominious tribute, were enough to satisfy Charles X., his devotion having no need of the conquest of a world.

Meanwhile, low rumours were beginning to spread. Was it true that a coalman, speaking in the name of the market porters, and of the workmen of the port, had said to the king, "Sire, the coalman is master in his own house; be master in yours"? The courtiers affirmed that it was so, and made emphatic comments on the phrase; whilst the writers of the bourgeoisie, at the same time that they denied the fact, dwelt strongly on the gross and stolid ignorance of the working classes, and on the dangers of their alliance, and vehemently denounced the artifice that lurked in the demagogue airs played off by royalty.

See, for instance, what was said, on the 22d of July, 1830, by the *National*, a journal established on behalf of the interests of the house of Orleans: "A journal which does not possess the full con-

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fidence of the ministry, but which is fully identified with it in feeling, exclaims, apropos to an opinion put forth by us some days ago, '*Sabots* and spades are not to their taste, but they have no objection to patents. What! are patents superior to *sabots?* Do they mean to assert this?' Here is something still more characteristic of the desperate position of your counter-revolutionists, than the story of the oratorical coalman. When people have put themselves in opposition to the public spirit of a country, when they cannot come to a mutual understanding, either with the chambers that represent that spirit legally, or with the no less legal organs furnished it by the press, or with the independent magistracy, which takes its rule and its sanction from the law alone, they must then perforce find them in the nation, another nation than that which reads the journals, which listens with kindling feelings to the debates of the chambers, which disposes of capital, commands trade, and possesses the soil. They must descend into those lower strata of the population where opinion is not encountered, where there is found scarcely any political discernment, and where swarm thousands of beings, good, honest, simple, but easily deceived and easily exasperated, living from hand to mouth, and who, struggling every hour of their existence against want, have neither the time nor the repose of body and mind necessary to enable them sometimes to give a thought to the manner in which the country is governed. Such is the nation with which your counter-revolutionists would fain surround the throne. And in truth, when you resolve to have nothing more to do with the laws, you have nothing left you but to throw yourselves upon the populace."

We shall see how those who treated *the populace* with so much disdain, made use of it three days after the publication of this article.

The dissolution of the chamber had occasioned new elections. Therein was to be the triumph of the liberals; therein likewise was their danger. Royalty had resolved to stir up the popular rage against them: it set its writers upon crying up universal suffrage in opposition to that elective power which was a weapon against it in the hands of the liberals. Some of its agents visited the towns of the South, and endeavoured to get up factitious disturbances there. At Montauban, M. de Preissac, the deputy returned by the bourgeoisie, was assailed in his house by a ferocious gang, who called for his head with shouts of *Vive le Roi!* The leaders of the liberal party, exaggerated these acts of violence, not reflecting that by so doing they were driving over all timid persons to the ranks of their opponents' party.

Mysterious fires had broken out in Normandy. These calamities, occasioned by accident or by private malice, were soon interpreted by passion as proofs of atrocious schemes on the part of government, as experiments in the way of monarchical terrorism. People called to mind the *verdets;* they talked uneasily in their family circles of the scenes which had drenched the South with blood in 1815. Alarm then

redoubled, and several of the wealthy agitators began to repent of the course they had pursued.

The health of the old monarch, which had visibly and rapidly declined of late years, seemed all at once to revive. He appeared brisk and triumphant, though there was no precisely accounting for the nature of the influences that had suddenly refilled the almost exhausted fountains of his life. Again, the uplifted bearing of the prime minister; the reserved air of his colleagues; the redoubled arrogance of the courtiers; a few incautious words stealthily noted, and propagated by fear; the language of the public prints more impassioned than ever; all this gave scope to gloomy conjectures: suspense and expectation were intense.

Many of the liberal party foresaw a *coup d'état*, but except some young men who took their desires for sagacious forethought, no one imagined that a speedy revolution was to issue from that *coup d'état*. On the 22d of July M. Odilon Barrot said to two of the boldest members of the *Aide-toi* Society, "You have faith in an insurrection in the streets? Good God! if a *coup d'état* were made, and you were beaten, you would be dragged to the scaffold, and the people would look on quietly as you passed." The political chiefs of the bourgeoisie did not calculate on the armed protection of the multitude, to say nothing of the uncontrollable violence they imagined to be involved in the idea of such a protection.

The bourgeoisie had too much to lose at that time to encounter the hazards of a revolution. It was in the enjoyment of all the resources of credit; the bulk of capital was in its own hands; its interposition in the direction of public affairs was important if not decisive. It had therefore little to wish for. What it did desire it demanded impetuously; but the hostility of its attitude evidently surpassed the reach of its pretensions. An appreciable reduction in the public expenditure, and a slight diminution in the amount of contributions conferring the electoral right, the suppression of the Swiss guards, and of some over-costly staffs; a less severe control over the press, and the re-establishment of the national guard; this was the sum of all that its own interests seemed to suggest as requisite.

As for its passions they were too utterly devoid of grandeur to urge it on extreme courses. The bourgeoisie abhorred the nobles because it felt itself humbled by the superiority of their manners and the good taste of their vanity; the clergy, because they aspired to temporal dominion and made common cause with the nobles; the king, because he was the supreme protector of the nobles and of the clergy. But the vivacity of these antipathies was tempered by an excessive dread of the people, and by appalling recollections. At bottom, it liked monarchy in so far as it presented an obstacle to democratic aspirations: it would have wished to subjugate royalty without destroying it. Thus tormented by conflicting sentiments, furious and trembling,—placed, in a word, in this dilemma, that it must either submit to the sway of the court, or let loose the people, it hesitated and was

bewildered, not knowing whether to sit down patiently or to gird up its loins for action.

Meanwhile some restless spirits had started singular ideas. The elder branch of the Bourbons had been likened to the incorrigible house of Stuart. They talked of William III., of 1688, the epoch of a pacific and yet searching revolution; of the possibility of expelling a dynasty without overturning the throne; of the murder of Charles I., which had been useless till the expulsion of James II. This language had at first circulated in some *salons:* the *National*, a paper recently established, had made it public, and had supported its tendency. But ideas like these, put forth with reserve by skilful writers (MM. Thiers and Mignet), found little faith among the public. Those even who made trial of their virtue scarcely suggested them as more than theoretical views of remote contingencies.

There was at this period no real republican party: only a few young men, who had belonged to *charbonnerie*, had taken up an overstrained liberalism, and professed a hatred for royalty that served them in lieu of a methodical scheme of politics. Though few in numbers, their devotedness, daring, and contempt for life, might have enabled them powerfully to arouse the people; but they wanted a leader: M. de Lafayette was but a name.

Lastly, apart from all systematic opinions, some known individuals wished to bring on a revolution, being moved thereto by various motives or instincts; MM. Barthe and Mérilhou by the habit of conspiring; M. de Laborde by warmth of soul and levity of mind; M. Mauguin to display his activity; M. de Schonen by hotheadedness; MM. Audry de Puyraveau and the Abbé de Pompières by their principles; others by temperament.

Some, like MM. de Broglie and Guizot, aware of the impotence of dogmatism in days of boiling wrath, shrank from the idea of a movement in which their own importance would dwindle to nothing. Many like MM. Sébastiani and Dupin trimmed between fear and hope. M. de Talleyrand waited.

But not one of all these men was capable of more powerfully influencing the issue of a revolution than M. Laffitte, because he was at once rich and popular. Ill adapted for playing a revolutionary part on that grand stage, the open street, no one could better than he direct a revolution of palace-make. His acuteness of mind, his affability, his graceful vanity, and his liberalism devoid of gall, had bestowed on him a sort of drawing-room royalty, the éclat of which he sustained without fatigue and with pleasure to himself. Under the Restoration he had not conspired, but chatted in favour of the Duc d'Orléans. That was enough for him: for he possessed not the passionate pertinacity of purpose, nor the ardour in hatred and love, that are the twin engines of might in men born to command. Still, in spite of the indolence of his desires, he was capable, on occasion, of much firmness and elastic impulsiveness, like the female sex,

which he resembled in habitual softness of character and nervous sensibility. He listened with alacrity to the counsels of the poet Béranger, a man of cool head, and strong will: and he had need of such a stay, his own nature being adapted to intermittent rather than continuous effort.

Such were the sentiments and the position of the bourgeoisie and its leaders; the feelings of the people were of another cast. Full of the remembrance of him who had been its emperor, the people had no other political faith. It had imbibed and retained from the military habits of the empire, and from the licence of the camp, a profound contempt for the Jesuits and the clergy. It disliked the Bourbons, solely on the ground of the disgraceful manner of their accession, which the popular pride connected with all the misfortunes of the country. For itself, the people demanded little, because, long kept in utter ignorance of its own affairs, it was as incapable of definite desire as of foresight. There was, therefore, neither community of interest nor coincidence in antipathies between it and the bourgeoisie.

With these data to proceed upon, there would have been no inordinate rashness in attempting a monarchical *coup d'état:* but there was not in France either a really royalist party or a real king.

What Charles X. was I have already stated. Two royalist parties beset that feeble monarch on either hand. The one was backed by the clergy; it consisted of old emigrants, and *gentilshommes*, and had for leaders the Prince de Polignac, the Baron de Damas, and the Cardinal de la Fare: the other built upon the army, and comprised all the new men, most of them generals of the empire, who had been won over by the Restoration, and such of the ancient *noblesse* as, moved by interest or scepticism, had offered their services to the existing government, as it had successively offered them to all its predecessors.

These two parties were bent on equally impossible though opposite ends. The first demanded that the laws of primogeniture and entail should be re-established, that the church should be restored to its ancient splendour, that the offices and dignities of the state should be conferred on men of hereditary title, and that the court should take precedence of the parliament: and in these demands they imbodied the natural and necessary conditions of monarchy, but without taking the state of society into account. The second party required that the subdivision of estates should be maintained, that the clergy should moderate its pretensions, that official rank should take precedence of hereditary rank even at court, and that the elective power should be treated with tenderness and consideration: and thus it did take account of the state of society, but overlooked the conditions on which alone a monarchy can subsist and endure.

This division of royalists had day by day acquired a more strongly marked character, and its dangers had been multiplied by the con-

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spicuous predilections of Charles X. Those who had not received the baptism of emigration, those whom the king had not known as the friends of his boyhood, or as his companions in exile, met with a kind and gracious reception at his hands, but they were denied his confidence; he made them feel, through all the outward forms of an exquisite politeness, that they were after all only *blues* restored to favour, and that they ought to think themselves very happy at the condescension that vouchsafed to make use of their devoted services. This slighting temper on the monarch's part, the sting of which he contrived to mitigate by extreme delicacy of manner, manifested itself in his favourites in impertinent airs, and was to royalty a fruitful source of deadly deception. The etiquette of the court was particularly offensive to those royalists who owed their distinction only to their swords: for a gentleman with unmixed noble blood in his veins, though he was but a simple *sous-lieutenant*, was preferred at the château to a plebeian marshal of France. Hence arose heartburnings, and latent disaffection, and, on the part of the superior officers of the army, a great distrust of their own authority. How irritating to old soldiers, like the Duc de Raguse and General Vincent, must have been this absolute predominance of courtly over military rank! They had seen in despotic countries the splendour of hereditary titles wane before that of high military position; and they were at once astounded and indignant at the thought, that under a constitutional government more regard was had to an old piece of parchment than to the most exalted claims of service.

To these errors, committed by Charles X., the clergy added its own. Whilst the inferior clergy brought discredit on the government by its petty provocations and annoyances, the higher clergy compromised it by its intrigues and its pride. The influence of almoners or chaplains in the regiments was matter for sarcasm among the officers and soldiers, when it was not an encouragement to hypocrisy. When the expiatory monument, erected to Louis XVI., was to be inaugurated, Charles X. was to appear in the ceremony dressed in violet, that being the colour of mourning for kings. Thereupon it was whispered about, among the soldiers, that his majesty intended to appear in public in the costume of a bishop. All this afforded a ready handle for ridicule among a people who are never more liberal of their wicked wit against the powers that be than when under arms. At all events it is clear that those who call down the divine protection on their heads, should not oblige it to descend to too great a lowness. It is an insult to the Supreme Arbiter of all things to associate the majesty of His name with things that have no grandeur in them. The alliance cemented by Charles X. between monarchy and religion did not exalt the throne, but it lessened God's image in the eyes of the people.

Such was the atmosphere in which royalty moved when it resolved to break down all legal resistance. To violate the charter was no purpose of the king's, even in thought. Not that he ap-

proved of it, but he had sworn to it, and he was both a gentleman and a devotee.* The 14th article seemed to offer him the means of making the accomplishment of his wishes compatible with the respect due to his plighted word. To take advantage of that article soon became the most earnest purpose of his mind, and a thousand circumstances gave token that he was full of some project, though its nature none could exactly define.

The most clear-sighted of the royalists now became uneasy. M. de Villèle made a journey to Paris to avert, if there were yet time, the blow he saw impending over royalty. M. de Beugnot said, "The monarchy is about to founder under full sail." Ministers were daily beset with urgent applications from all quarters for a solution of the fearful enigma, but they shrouded themselves in mystery; and when the members of the diplomatic body, trembling for the peace of the world, questioned the president of the council about what the morrow was to bring forth, he put them off with assurances of security. M. de Metternich, being in full possession of the strange aspect of things at the court of Paris, expressed his fears to M. de Reyneval, the French ambassador, and uttered these remarkable words: "I should be much less uneasy if M. de Polignac were more so."†

The truth is, that there had always been a peculiar character of distrust and hauteur in the attitude assumed by M. de Polignac towards foreign ambassadors; the latter were, accordingly, not very well disposed towards his administration. The African expedition had irritated the English, whose fears and repugnances were represented in France by Lord Stuart. Prussia, by its own account, had not been largely enough considered in the scheme for the cession of the Rhenine provinces; and this had slightly ruffled the relations of M. de Werther with the court. As for the ambassador of Russia, M. Pozzo di Borgo, he was secretly incensed against Charles X., who, without violating the rules of decorum, had never been able to bring himself to treat that personage otherwise than as a parvenu.

Every thing combined, therefore, to render the situation of the moment grave and alarming. But Charles X. infected M. de Polignac with a confidence of security, which was reciprocally rendered back to him by the latter. He had taken him as his minister, precisely because he had no cause to apprehend contradiction from him. Charles X. was totally destitute of decision; but like all ir-

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* "Charles X., believing his throne and the charter to be threatened, determined to defend both. It cannot now be denied that both were in danger, since the charter and the throne were overthrown together."—*MS. note by M. de Polignac.*

† We have before us a collection of autograph letters by M. de Polignac on the events of 1830. We shall publish these notes from time to time, as occasion shall require, even in those cases in which we believe we have reason to doubt the accuracy of their assertions. Candour imperatively suggests this course to us. The following is one of these notes: "The ambassadors made no representation. I did not suffer them to interfere in the internal affairs of France."

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resolute men, when once he had adopted a course of conduct, he willed impetuously that he might not be obliged to will long.

Therefore it was that both king and minister strove with obstinate and impatient wilfulness to blind their own judgments. Unhappy men, whose rashness was unsustained by vigour, who rushed on danger with their eyes shut, braving it indeed, but not with deliberate valour.

Meanwhile, the long continuation of public uncertainty excited that spirit of speculation congenial to the higher bourgeoisie, and afforded the frequenters of the stock exchange an aliment on which their keen appetites failed not to fasten. The bankers sent out their emissaries to besiege all the avenues of the throne; priestly influences were set in operation; and contracts were entered into with persons who had the ear of ministers. A financier, who had acquired, first under the Empire, and afterwards under the Restoration, a deplorable reputation for boldness and address, bound himself, by a deed executed in presence of a notary, to pay fifty thousand francs on receipt of a draft of the ordonnances, which he foresaw were in contemplation. The fifty thousand francs were paid, and the lucky speculator staked upon a fall in the funds. M. Rothschild, on the contrary, speculated on a rise, not being so well informed of what was going on, and fully believing that the mine would not be sprung till the month of August. In the night of the 25th-26th of July M. de Talleyrand sent for one of his friends, whose funds were deeply invested in stock exchange transactions. He told him he had been to St. Cloud in the course of the day, and had sought an audience of Charles X. to talk with him on the apprehensions of the king of England, of which he had received intimation; but every thing had been done by the influential people of the château to prevent his having access to the monarch; he had, therefore, been obliged to quit St. Cloud without effecting his purpose, and he had every reason to believe, from the reception he had met with, that a catastrophe was imminent. "Speculate on a fall," he added, "it is a safe game."

A council of ministers had, in fact, been held in Paris on the 24th, in which the fate of monarchy in France had been discussed for the last time.

The ministers made no question as to the necessity of a *coup d'état:* such a step had been formally proposed to the council in the beginning of July by M. de Chantelauze.* A bold leap over the pale of the law was the grand object M. de Polignac had proposed to himself. MM. d'Haussez and de Chantelauze had almost made the adoption of the most vigorous measures the condition of their joining

* "The ministers were perfectly unanimous on the necessity of the ordonnances, and the right of issuing them. M. de Ranville alone wished that the execution of the measure should be postponed for some weeks. It was a mere question of time." —*MS. note of M. de Polignac.*

the administration. But M. de Guernon Ranville raised more than doubts as to whether the moment was opportune for a *coup d'état.* "The elections," he said, "have proved adverse to us. No matter. Let us suffer the chamber to assemble. If, as is probable, it refuses its co-operation, it will remain demonstrated before the eyes of nations that it is it renders the regular course of government impossible. The responsibility of a refused budget cannot light upon the crown. Our situation will then be much more favourable, and we shall be in a condition to consult with much more freedom for the safety and welfare of the monarchy."

M. de Guernon Ranville had an oratorical facility that empowered him to encounter the wordy war of the chamber. It was not so with his colleagues. M. de Peyronnet's language had no persuasive charms. M. de Chantelauze was animated with a sort of morbid ardour that was fretted by discussion. MM. de Polignac, de Montbel, Capelle, and d'Haussez, were not men to figure to advantage in the tribune. These considerations had prevailed, and it had been decided to be beforehand with the chamber when the meeting of ministers took place on the 24th.

The first question discussed was relative to the electoral scheme to be laid down. M. d'Haussez did not approve of the plan drawn up by M. de Peyronnet. He thought that, since law was to be set aside, the more boldly and completely that was done, the better; that to alter the electoral system was quite as dangerous as to destroy it, and was less profitable; that the rich, whether noble or bourgeois, being the natural supporters of royalty, were the proper persons on whom to rely; and consequently the best course to take was provisionally to summon to the task of making laws persons equal in number to the deputies, taken from those who paid the highest amount of taxes in each department. This project, which was at least logical in its audacity, was not adopted.

The electoral system of M. de Peyronnet found also an opponent in M. de Guernon Ranville, who ended by saying to him, "It would come just to the same thing were you to reduce your ordonnance to four lines, and decree that the deputies should be elected by the prefects of the departments."

The forces at the disposal of the government formed the next subject of inquiry, and it was one on which many of the ministers were not free from considerable disquietude. On the departure of M. de Bourmont, M. de Polignac had added to his functions as president of the council those of minister of war—a double burden, far too heavy for so weak a head. It was to no purpose that M. de Bourmont had earnestly requested and advised his colleague to take no decisive steps before his return. M. de Polignac's confidence in himself was unbounded. "How many men can you count on in Paris?" said M. d'Haussez to him. "Have you at least from twenty-eight to thirty thousand?"—"More than that," replied M. de Polignac, "I have forty-two thousand;" and rolling up a paper he

held in his hands, he threw it across the table to Baron d'Haussez. "Why what is this?" exclaimed the latter. "I find set down here but thirteen thousand men!—thirteen thousand men on paper! that is to say, barely some seven or eight thousand actual fighting men! And the other twenty-nine that are to make up the number you allege, where are they?" M. de Polignac positively asserted that they were quartered round Paris, and that in ten hours they could be assembled, if necessary, in the capital.

This conversation made a deep impression on ministers. They were about to play a formidable game with their eyes shut.

The 25th was now arrived, and nothing very positive had yet transpired. So vague even was public anticipation, that the Prince de Condé gave a grand fête that day to the Duc d'Orléans. The hours rolled on in joy at the château de St. Leu: there were theatrical performances in the evening, and the Baroness de Feuchères appeared on the stage.

During this time, a person who had for some months been in constant and secret intercourse with the court,—M. Casimir Périer,—received a small note, folded triangularly, at his house in the Bois de Boulogne. He opened it anxiously in presence of his family; his face grew livid, and he let his arms drop in despair.

He had received accurate intelligence. That very day the ministers were assembled at St. Cloud, to sign the ordonnances that suspended the constitution of the country.

The dauphin was present. He had at first given his voice against the ordonnances; but he very soon surrendered his own opinion in deference to the king's: for the dauphin trembled beneath his father's eye, and carried to a childish excess that respect for the head of his family, in which Louis XIV. desired that the Bourbon princes should be brought up.

The ministers took their places in silence round the fatal table. Charles X. had the dauphin on his right, and M. de Polignac on his left. He questioned each of his servants one after the other, and when he came to M. d'Haussez, that minister repeated his observations of the preceding day. "Do you refuse?" said Charles X. —"Sire," replied the minister, "may I be allowed to address one question to the king. Is your majesty resolved on proceeding should your ministers draw back?"—"Yes," said Charles X., firmly. The minister of marine took the pen and signed.

When all the signatures were affixed, there was a solemn and awful pause. An expression of high-wrought energy, mingled with uneasiness, sat on the faces of the ministers. M. de Polignac alone wore a look of triumph. Charles X. walked up and down the room with perfect composure. As he passed M. d'Haussez, who was looking up with an air of deep thought, "What is it you are looking at so?" he said.—"Sire, I was looking round to see if there did not happen to be a portrait of Strafford here."

CHAPTER II.

The 26th of July passed away very calmly in Paris. At the Palais Royal, however, some young men were seen mounting on chairs, as formerly Camille Desmoulins had done. They read the *Moniteur* aloud; appealed to the people against the violation of the charter, and endeavoured by violent gesticulation and inflammatory harangues to excite in their hearers and in themselves a vague appetite for agitation. But dancing was going on in the environs of the capital; the people was engaged in labour or amusement. The bourgeoisie alone gave evidence of consternation. The ordonnances had dealt it a twofold blow: they had struck at its political power in the persons of its legislators, and at its moral power in those of its writers.

At first there was nothing to be seen throughout the whole bourgeois portion of the population but one dull uniform stupor. Bankers, traders, manufacturers, printers, lawyers, and journalists, accosted each other with scared and astounded looks. There was in this sudden muzzling of the press, in this bold and deep-searching alteration of the elective mechanism, in this overturning of all laws by virtue of an obscure article, a sort of arrogant challenge that stunned men's faculties. So much daring inferred proportional strength.

It happened by an unhappy freak of chance that the revolution, which was to end in casting the crown into chancery, began precisely by a consultation of lawyers. At the first news of the ordonnances, several journalists, accompanied by some jurisconsults, hurried to the house of M. Dupin aîné. They wished to know was there no means of publishing the journals without an authorization, and how far a step of such hardihood would be sheltered by the protection of the judges and of the laws. At this meeting appeared some men who were destined to figure with applause on the public stage. Beside M. de Rémusat, who manifested a calm and deliberate firmness, stood M. Barthe, plunged seemingly in a sort of moral intoxication that found vent in words of boyish intemperance. M. Odilon Barrot sitting a little apart, turned over the leaves of a Code with an absent air, but his distress was visible in his troubled features. As for M. Dupin, practised as he was in concealing his natural pusillanimity under an affected bluntness, he did not refuse his advice, but he cried out not without blustering, that he was no longer a deputy,—thereby declining all political responsibility as to events, the issue of which was unknown.

Meanwhile the gamblers of the stock exchange had not been the

last to be moved by the news of the day. They had read in the fatal lines of the *Moniteur* some of them millions lost, others millions won. M. Rothschild received the first intelligence of the ordonnances in the avenue of the Champs Elysées as he was returning from his country-house. He turned pale: it was a thunderbolt to a speculator for a rise. We will state by-and-by how it was he contrived to be a loser of only some millions of francs. Others had calculated better: the ordonnances were for them the starting-point of a series of profitable operations. The three per cents. having suddenly fallen from seventy-eight to seventy-two, there were men who could date their fortunes from that day.

The emotion felt at the Institute was as lively as that at the *Bourse*, but of a loftier character. There M. Arago saw Marshal Marmont, Duc de Raguse, rushing to him with flashing eyes and features convulsively disturbed. "Well!" cried the marshal, impetuously, "the ordonnances have just appeared. I knew it! The wretches, what a horrible situation they place me in! I shall have perhaps to draw my sword in support of measures I detest!" He was not mistaken. It was his destiny to be twice fatal to his country.

The *éloge* of Fresnel, which was to have been delivered by M. Arago on the 26th, had attracted a great concourse of people to the Institute. M. Arago resolved not to pronounce his discourse, intending to allege as his reason the absorbing importance of the political events then pending. Several of his colleagues strongly counselled him to this act of courage: some of them, among whom was M. Cuvier, a man greater by his intellect than by his heart, represented to him, on the contrary, that his silence under such circumstances would be factious, and that he owed it to public order, that he owed it to himself, not to compromise the majesty of science in the struggles of party. While the matter was in discussion M. Villemain appeared, and an extremely violent altercation took place between him and M. Cuvier. M. Arago at last decided to speak; but he took care to introduce into his éloge on Fresnel some spirited allusions to the affairs of the moment. They excited a gloomy enthusiasm in the assembly.

The funds had fallen; M. Arago's words were applauded; the old monarchy had therefore against it, from the very first day, money and science; of all human powers the vilest and the noblest.

But it had defied a power more formidable still. The journalists, threatened in their property, in their political importance, perhaps, in their liberty, had assembled tumultuously in the office of the *National*. What was to be done? To fill the streets with long and loud cries of alarm, unfurl the tricolour flag, raise the faubourgs, and, in a word, attack royalty sword in hand,—this the editors of the *Tribune* would have hazarded doing, but the writers of the liberal papers were not yet prepared to carry the zeal of their convictions to such lengths. Full of the recollections of '93, they would gladly

have appealed to an insurrectional revolution for the protection of their threatened interests, had they not been fearful of letting loose tempests of irresistible fury. Besides, could they hope to interest the passions of the people in resentments of the bourgeoisie? Would the workshops furnish a sufficient number of soldiers and of martyrs to the cause of a chamber where the people had no representatives, and to that of a press which had not yet given a single publicist to poverty? Some of the writers assembled at the office of the *National* had recently traversed Paris; they had noticed nothing indicative of the approach of popular commotion. *The people make no stir*, they said; and this was a phrase well calculated to damp the fire of courage.

No more, therefore, was thought of than protesting in the name of the charter; and the protest of the journalists, as drawn up by MM. Thiers, Chatelain, and Cauchois Lemaire, was, in fact, but an intrepid and solemn homage rendered to the inviolability of the law. It set in array against the dictatorial power of the ordonnances the authority of the fundamental compact; it appealed against the modifications arbitrarily introduced, both into the elective system and into the constitution of the press, not only to the terms of the charter, but to the decisions of the tribunals, and to the practice until then pursued by the king himself; lastly, it represented the violation of law by the government as the consecration of a disobedience which thereby became necessary, legitimate, and in a manner sacred. This was to combine, in due measure, prudence and energy. The protest conceived in this spirit was unanimously adopted.

But was it necessary to attach to it the signatures of all who concurred in promulgating it? MM. Baude and Coste, the one *administrateur*, the other principal editor of the *Temps*, represented that the influence of the journals depended in part on the mystery in which the writers of them were shrouded; that the solemnity of such a resistance as that now proposed would inevitably be impaired by the publication of some obscure names; and that it was expedient to leave the whole action of the document to the force of the unknown. M. Thiers replied that it was better to secure for the protest that sort of favour which courage deserves and always obtains. This opinion prevailed on account of its apparent boldness. In reality, to divide the responsibility of the act in question, and to spread it over so many heads, was to weaken it.

It is, nevertheless, but just to say, that most of those who signed, believed that they did so at the risk of their lives, and some of them braved the chance of death with genuine magnanimity. A deputation of students having presented themselves, M. de Laborde did not hesitate to encourage them to revolt. But the opinion of M. Thiers, M. Mignet, and of most of the influential electors was, that it was expedient to borrow from the law itself the means of making it triumphant. Among these means, the refusal of taxes was one. The

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chamber having been illegally dissolved, a refusal of taxes was but an appeal to the charter. A fresh meeting, composed chiefly of electors, was held at the office of the *National*. The purpose was to organize that mode of opposition which had begun in England by Hampden's resistance, to end in the execution of Charles I. For it is one of the characteristics of the French bourgeoisie in the nineteenth century, to have always copied the procedures of England without understanding them.

There were among the persons present at this meeting, some men of ardent temperament, and some violent measures were proposed. M. de Schonen evinced extraordinary excitement, and his words, interrupted by sobs, produced a deep and stirring effect on the hearers. M. Thiers strove to assuage this effervescence. Addressing the most impetuous, he asked them where were the cannons they could bring to match the royal artillery; or did they think to save the cause of liberty merely by offering their naked bosoms to the balls of the Swiss. But this timidity was condemned both by those who were instigated by sincere enthusiasm, and by those who, fearing that they had too far committed themselves, thought only of merging their own perilously conspicuous position in the chaos of universal uproar.

During this time some deputies, assembled at the house of M. de Laborde, were making trial of their own mettle and powers of daring. The cry *to arms* had sounded. "Now for a new *jeu de Paume*," said M. Bavoux; and M. Daunou declared the necessity of having recourse to an *appeal to the people*. M. Casimir Périer suddenly appeared. He came, not to urge on the movement, but to arrest it if possible. He said that the chamber had been dissolved; that consequently they had ceased to be deputies since the appearance of the *Moniteur*; that after all, the men who made *coups d'état* did themselves appeal to the charter, and that there was no judge between the authorities and opinion; that it was expedient to wait the issue of events, to give public indignation time to declare itself, or rather to give mistaken royalty time to strike into a better path. And all this he said with the look and bearing of command, and in impassioned tones. Did there need more to break the springs of impulse at a moment when hesitation might well be natural? MM. de Schonen, de Laborde, and Villemain, who had been sent by their colleagues to attend the meeting of electors, returned thence, in vain commissioned with strenuous exhortations to courage. Nothing was decided. M. Casimir Périer, whose only object was to curb impetuosity, offered his house for the next day, and the meeting broke up.

Who, then, was the man who thus presented himself as mediator between the liberals and the throne at this solemn hour? Casimir Périer was a man of tall stature and assured demeanour. His countenance, naturally mild and noble, was subject to sudden derangements that rendered it appalling. The quick fire of his glance; the

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impetuosity of his gesture; his feverish eloquence; the frequent outbursts of his almost frenzied choler; all seemed to mark him out as a man born to rouse the whirlwinds of civil strife. But loftiness was lacking to his mind, and generosity to his heart; he had not that devotion, without which the art of swaying minds is but an illustrious charlatanism. He hated the aristocracy only because of his inability to match them; and the uproused people seemed to his morbid imagination but as a horde of barbarians rushing to pillage through seas of blood. The love of money kept hold of his mind, and added to his dread of that people which was made up of poor men. Timid with vehemence, and prompt to crush beneath his tyrannical humour whoever provoked it by appearing to look on it with misgiving, he loved command because it promised impunity to violence. As for his energy, it sprang only from craft, but in him craft was marvellously seconded by an acrimonious and bilious temperament. Accordingly he took immense pride in doing little things. So much the haughtier in appearance as he was mean in reality, his empire was almost irresistible whenever unworthiness and degradation were the order of the day; and never was man fitter than he to gain acceptance for pusillanimous designs; for he did not counsel them—he imposed them.

Casimir Périer would therefore certainly have smothered the revolution in its cradle, if he had needed, to that end, only the support of his colleagues: but they were not the men whom the march of events obeyed that day.

Many persons, as I have said, after yielding to their first impulses, feared they had gone too far; and as they had little reliance on royal clemency, they resolved to make the resistance general, and to make the people interested in their own danger. Thus it was, that on and after the 26th it was rumoured among the bourgeoisie that it had been resolved to close the workshops and to turn out the workmen on the streets. Endeavours were also made to compromise the judicial authorities, and these easily succeeded, since the members of the tribunals were drawn, for the most part, from the ranks of the bourgeoisie; and the publishers of the *Courier Français*, the *Journal de Commerce*, and the *Journal de Paris*, obtained from M. Debelleyme, president of the *tribunal de première instance*, an order enjoining the printers to lend their presses to the non-authorized journals.

We have seen in what manner the agitation produced on the surface of society had begotten the protest of the journalists. This protest, by giving a tangible expression to legal resistance, compromised certain names, and the persons thus implicated laboured to disseminate revolt, that they might not have to bear the whole brunt of the danger; and so the commotion was gradually propagated, till it involved the lowest ranks of society. A few stones flung at M. de Polignac's carriage on Monday evening were but a prelude to more daring enterprises. Such was the concatenation of little measures,

such the tissue of noble instincts, of indecisions and alarms, by which legal resistance passed into an insurrection, which was, in its turn, to give birth to a revolution. A strange revolution surely! for it was brought on by the higher bourgeoisie, who dreaded it, and accomplished by the people, who flung themselves into it almost unwittingly!

It was in the following terms that a postilion travelling to Fontainebleau on the night of the 26—27, told one of his comrades the news of the ordonnances: "The Parisians were in a fine stew yesterday evening. No more chamber, no more journals, no more liberty of the press."—"Ay, ay?" replied the other, "Well, what's the odds? Do you see me now, provided we have bread at two sous and wine at four, I don't care a button for all the rest." I find on a page in which this anecdote is related this note in the handwriting of Prince Polignac: "A charter, as regards the people resolves itself in the very first place into three things—work to do, cheap bread, and few taxes to pay." M. de Polignac was mistaken in this. He spoke only of the material interests of the people, which is easily contented, indeed, in times of ignorance. Now he ought to have taken account of its passions in their loftier aspect: for all that was requisite to make the postilion's language no longer true, was that the tricolour flag should be unfurled, reminding the old soldier that the last Waterloo cartridge had not yet been fired.

CHAPTER III.

THE most active portion of the bourgeoisie went to work on the 27th, and nothing was left undone to stir up the people. The *Gazette*, the *Quotidienne*, and the *Universel* had submitted to the ordonnances from conviction or from party spirit; the *Journal des Débats* and the *Constitutionnel* from fear and mercantile policy. The *Globe*, the *National*, and the *Temps*, which had appeared, were profusely circulated. The police order of the preceding day, forbidding their publication, only served to stimulate curiosity. Copies were disposed of by hundreds in the cafés, the reading-rooms, and the restaurants. Journalists hurried from manufactory to manufactory, and from shop to shop, to read them aloud and comment upon them. Individuals in the dress, and with the manners and appearance of men of fashion, were seen mounting on stone posts, and holding forth as professors of insurrection; whilst students, attracted from their quarter of the town by the appetite for emotion natural to youth, paraded the streets armed with canes, waving their hats, and crying, *Vive la Charte!*

The men of the people, cast into the midst of a movement they

could not comprehend, looked on with surprise at all these things; but gradually yielding to the contagion of the hour, they imitated the bourgeoisie, and running about with bewildered looks, they shouted as others did, *Vive la Charte!*

Some among the instigators of sedition were sorely afraid they had done too much. They had intended only to produce a demonstration that should afford a salutary and corrective warning to royalty; but what if this should prove a social disruption ending in plunder and in the dictatorship of a few demagogues, far more to be dreaded than that of a king? Was it prudent to arouse all the slumbering passions of a social body left without bond or tie? These considerations induced some masters to retain their workmen; but others of more boldness dismissed them, saying, "We have no more bread to give you." The printing-houses were soon deserted and the streets thronged.

This was the beginning of the revolutionary alliance between the bourgeoisie and the people: it was rendered more strict by the madness of Charles X. and his ministers.

The general officer who was to have commanded at Paris on the 27th and the following days, not being able to fulfil his mission, the Duc de Raguse was appointed in his stead. Fatal choice!—for—Paris delivered to the enemy; her palaces occupied by barbarians; her museums stripped of their treasures; her squares illuminated by bivouac fires; Cossacks galloping, lance in hand, before her disconsolate matrons, and riding to the overthrow of the empire on horses branded with the imperial N.; all the woes and shames of the country were summed up, to the people's thinking, in one name, the name of the Duc de Raguse. In placing him at the head of its defenders, the old monarchy put the climax to its blunders; by its own act it converted an exclusively bourgeois quarrel into the cause of the people. How should the people have stood still, with agitators behind it to goad it on with the fear of famine; and before it Marmont to remind it of the emperor betrayed, and of Waterloo?

But the blindness of Charles X. and his prime minister was prodigious. No precaution had been taken. There were at most 12,000 soldiers in Paris, the garrison of which had just been diminished; at the ministry of war M. de Champagny had his attention engrossed with administrative details; and M. de Polignac was regretting that he had no ready cash to invest in the public funds.

The hotheads of the royalist party went so far as to rejoice at all this noise. They had often said that there was nothing like mowing down faction in the field; that Louis XVI. had been undone by excess of goodnature; that the safety of the monarchy demanded victims, and '93 called for expiations. Their fanaticism saw, therefore, in the spectacle before their eyes, only a proof that the final hour appointed by Providence was arrived. What would be the

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result of this great shock given to society, but to project above the crowd those heads it was expedient to cut off? Warrants to arrest the signers of the journalists' protest were issued, and orders were given to seize the presses of the refractory journals.

The *Temps* was, of all the journals, that which had displayed most energy; an invasion of its premises was to be expected; and about the hour of noon a detachment of mounted gendarmerie drew up in order of battle before the gate. The house thus menaced was situated in the Rue Richelieu, one of the most frequented thoroughfares of Paris, and the presses which it was intended to seize were in the buildings at the further end of a large court. The approach of the *commissaire* being announced, M. Baude had the doors of the printing-house locked, and the gates opening on the street thrown wide open. The workmen, the contributors, and all the persons employed on the paper in any capacity, drew up in two files; M. Baude stationed himself in the space between them, bareheaded; and in that order all remained waiting the event in deep silence. The passers by were struck with curiosity and stopped; some of them bowed respectfully; the gendarmes were uneasy.

The *commissaire* arrived. Obliged to pass between the two files of men, who stood mute and impassive on either hand, he became agitated, turned pale, and going up to M. Baude, he politely stated to him the object of his mission. "It is by virtue of the ordonnances, Monsieur," said M. Baude firmly, "that you are come to demolish our presses. Well then, it is in the name of the law that I call on you to forbear." The *commissaire* sent for a locksmith; he came, and the doors of the printing-house were about to be forced open. M. Baude stopped the man, and producing a copy of the Code, he read to him the article relating to the punishment of robbery accompanied with housebreaking. The locksmith uncovered his head to show his respect for the law; but being again ordered by the *commissaire* to proceed, he seemed about to obey, when M. Baude said to him with ironical coolness, "Oh, go on! it is only a matter of the galleys." At the same time appealing from the *commissaire* to the assize courts he drew out his pocket-book to enter the names of the witnesses present. The pocket-book passed from hand to hand and every one inscribed his name. Every particular in this scene was striking and singular,—M. Baude's stature, his sturdy countenance, his keen eyes overhung with thick bushy brows, the law for which he demanded respect, the stubborn determination of the spectators, the protection of the absent judges invoked within a few paces of a detachment of gendarmerie, the crowd that every moment grew denser outside and gave audible expression to its indignation. The terrified locksmith threw up the job and was loudly cheered. Another was sent for: he endeavoured to execute the orders given him; but suddenly found that his tools were gone. It was necessary to have recourse to the smith employed to rivet the irons

on the convicts. These proceedings, which took up several hours, and were witnessed by great numbers of persons, derived a real historical importance from the circumstances. By affording the people an example of disobedience combined with attachment to the laws, two cravings of its nature were gratified,—viz., the love of manifesting its independence, and the necessity of feeling itself governed.

During this time tumultuous assemblies were held in various parts of Paris. In the meeting of the electors, at which M. Thiers was present, the question of stirring up the masses was beginning to be agitated, and M. Féline exclaimed, "We must put all our enemies out of the pale of the law, both king and gendarmes." But full of the idea that a conflict between an unarmed multitude and regular troops could only lead to frightful mischief, M. Thiers strenuously advised keeping within the limits of legal resistance, and above all, "not mixing up the king's name with these burning discussions."

These sentiments were those of most of the deputies assembled in Paris. Being met together at M. Casimir Périer's, they wasted irretrievable hours in making speeches. It was in vain that the meeting of electors sent to them MM. Mérilhou and Boulay de la Meurthe to inflame their zeal. It was in vain that MM. Audry de Puyraveau, Mauguin, and Labbey de Pompières conjured them to follow the example of the journalists and protest against a *coup d'état* that disarmed them. M. Sébastiani talked of nothing but a letter to the king; M. Dupin maintained, as he had done the day before, that there were no longer any deputies; and M. Casimir Périer, as he likewise had done the preceding day, recommended his colleagues to lie down quietly under the defeat, and to adjourn their courage. Yet all had been turmoil and agitation round these stock-still legislators since the preceding day; and of this they had ample means of convincing themselves; for the sound of horses' hoofs clattering over the pavement of the street, rung in the room where they were sitting; and some young men who came to cheer and encourage Casimir Périer, were charged by gendarmes under his windows, and fell bleeding before the closed gates of his hôtel.

Up to seven in the evening there had not yet been any very serious engagement. Stones had been thrown at the gendarmes drawn up in front of the Palais Royal. In the Rue du Lycée the troops had fired after some hesitation, and a man had been killed. In the Rue St. Honoré a shot discharged from the window of an hotel, by a foreigner, had provoked a volley, by which that foreigner and his two servants were killed. Lastly, a barricade had been constructed within a few paces of the Théâtre Français, and lancers had swept the adjoining streets, sabre in hand, and wounded a few individuals. Hitherto there had been but the prelude to an insurrection: but the aspect of the city was louring, and Paris already thrilled with the portentous buzzing that foretold a desperate strife. The streets were crammed with people impelled by a sombre curiosity. Some ar-

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morers' shops had just been pillaged; two fresh barricades intersected the Rue St. Honoré, and a detachment of the guards was hastening from the Madeleine to destroy them, whilst a battalion of the 15th light infantry was advancing in the same direction from the Marché des Innocents. Muskets glistened from one end to the other of the Rue St. Denis, and shouts of *Vive la ligne!* broke out from amidst the hollow and mysterious murmurs of the living surges. The soldiers, alternately flattered and threatened, were in a state of the most torturing perplexity: they drove the multitude before them with friendly looks and suppliant gestures. This was natural: elegantly dressed women had been seen at the windows calling out to the troops "Do not hurt the people;" and the fashionable frock coat was seen in the tumult side by side with the tattered jacket of the proletary. Here then there was not, as subsequently at Lyons, an army of modern slaves led to battle by other slaves: the leaders in this case were potent by intelligence, by wealth, and by honours. Now such is the mental servility in every society yet in its childhood, that misfortune protesting against iniquity, is held less sacred than might standing up in its own defence against those who have dared to misjudge its force.

No sooner had the agitation descended from the saloons to the thoroughfares than it encountered thousands of men smitten with disgust of life. It is a remarkable fact, too, that it was first begun in the Palais Royal, that is, in that quarter of the capital, all gorgeous with gold and jewels, where civilization cloaks its miseries under the trappings of its pomps, the quarter of rich men and of prostitutes. It was from those impure haunts that lie masked behind glittering shops, that were seen issuing on the evening of the 27th, with wild looks and flushed faces, some of the men who figured in the beginning of the fray. But to the real people, to the people that toils and suffers, was to be left the task of filling up every page in the history of these conflicts; and on the part of that people all was pure heroism, noble instincts, and ignorant and blind magnanimity.

Day was just declining when a man appeared on the Quai de l'École, carrying in his hand that tricolour flag which had not been seen for fifteen years. No cry was uttered, no movement took place among the crowd drawn up along the river walls. Amazed, silent, and, as if immersed in their recollections, they continued gazing, long after it passed, on that standard, the unexpected sight of which evoked such glorious phantoms. Some aged men uncovered their heads, others shed tears; every face had turned pale.

The proceedings in the course of this day at the École Polytechnique, which was destined to figure so illustriously in the coming events, was as follows:—M. Charras, a pupil who had been expelled from the school for having sung the *Marseillaise* at a banquet five months too soon, wrote to one of his old comrades, informing him that, to all appearance, there would be open hostilities, and bidding him by all

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means to incite his companions to energy in the cause. Along with the note, he sent his correspondent the journals that had appeared that morning. The privates of the school had not been able to go abroad into the city, the days on which they were allowed that privilege being every Wednesday and Saturday; but the pupils who ranked as sergeants and sergeant-majors, being permitted to go into town every day between two o'clock and five, went all over Paris, and on their return they related that the troops had charged, that victims had fallen, and that every thing seemed in preparation for a serious conflict. Their predictions appeared to be verified; for about six o'clock the pupils distinctly heard the noise of platoon firing proceeding from the other side of the Seine. The most lively effervescence was immediately manifest among them; their studies were broken off; the officers and M. Binet, the inspector-general of studies, first threatened, then remonstrated, but all in vain; the students assembled in the billiard-room, and set about deliberating on the course they should adopt. The agitation of the meeting was extreme. At last it was resolved that a deputation of four should be sent to Laffitte, Casimir Périer, and Lafayette, to declare that the school was ready to second their efforts, and, if necessary, to cast itself bodily into the insurrection. The students selected for the embassy were MM. Lothon, Berthelin, Pinsonnière, and Tourneux. They forced their way out, and made for the Rue des Fossés-du-Temple, to the apartments of M. Charras. There they dressed themselves as civilians, for they were afraid of being arrested on the way; and all five set out for the house of M. Laffitte.

What an aspect did Paris present at the moment when darkness descended upon it! All along the Boulevards, on the Place Louis XV., the Place Vendôme, and that of the Bastille, were Swiss, or lancers, or gendarmes d'élite, or cuirassiers of the guards, or foot soldiers; patrols crossing in every direction; in the Rues de l'Echelle and des Pyramides attempts at barricades; and all round the Palais Royal a swarm of men assembled from all quarters to batten on revolt; musket shots as yet few and desultory; at the foot of the columns of the Exchange a guardhouse blazing, and shedding an ominous flood of light over the square; under the peristyle of the Théâtre des Nouveautés a corpse, laid there after having been carried about with cries of "Vengeance!" darkness gathering thicker and thicker over the city from the destruction of the lamps; men running up and down the Rue Richelieu barearmed, with torches in their hands. Ay, the instigators of the insurrection might well be terrified then, for where was the rolling mass they had set in motion to stop? "No," vehemently exclaimed M. de Remusat in the office of the *Globe;* "no, it was never our intention to produce a revolution; all we purposed was a legal resistance." These words having been keenly replied to by M. Paulin, a violent altercation took place, and threatening exclamations gave reason to apprehend a more serious conflict.

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M. de Remusat, nevertheless, had evinced a firmness that did him honour, as long as matters were confined to constitutional resistance. But he was alarmed at all the contingencies of more reckless daring.

The fact was, that all these bourgeois feared the people still more than they did the court. "Take heed what you do," said a manufacturer of the Faubourg Saint-Marceau that evening to his friends of the *National;* "if you give the workmen arms, they will fight; if you do not give them arms, they will rob."

No arms were given them; they took them, did not rob, and thought only of fighting.

Meanwhile some citizens, among whom were MM. Thiers, Cauchois Lemaire, Chevalier, Bastide, and Dupont were deliberating at the house of M. Cadet-Gassicourt on the means of giving regularity and system to the resistance. The house was in the Rue St. Honoré; the discussion was carried on in hearing of the fusillade, and with more confusion than ardour of spirit. The necessity of having recourse to legal forms was energetically advocated by M. Thiers. In the opinion of most present, the movement going on in the capital was perfectly identical in character, and could not but be identical in result, with that which had broken out in 1827 in the Rue St. Denis. The meeting had no other object than to form in each arrondissement a committee of resistance, which should correspond with the deputies. But revolutions are not accomplished in so methodical a style. A few intrepid men, such as MM. Charles Teste and Anfous, seated apart in a corner of the room, grew impatient at these prolix discussions; they quitted the room without waiting to hear them to an end, and hurried away to concert measures with their friends for the next day's battle.

Another meeting took place at the house of General Gourgaud, at which were present MM. Clavet Gaubert, formerly aide-de-camp to General Bertrand, M. Dumoulin, Colonel Dufays, and the Commandant Bacheville, all men of the empire. They agreed to rendezvous next day in the Place des Petits-Pères, not far from the Palais Royal.

Others thought only of forcing Charles X. to capitulate, the only means, according to them, of steering clear of those two perils, despotism and pillage. The Baron de Vitrolles received a visit from Dr. Thibault, who was on rather intimate terms with General Gérard. The object of this visit was to prevail on M. de Vitrolles to make conciliatory overtures to Charles X., his influence with whom was well known.

But a revolution was become inevitable. Now did that people, which was about to effect it, clearly understand its import, and could it foresee its scope? Did it know where were its enemies? Did it know the men it was to take for its leaders? In the course of that evening a carriage was stopped in the Rue de Clichy by a band of working men armed with sticks. "It is a minister escaping," they shouted, furiously. In the carriage were Madame Danrémont, her

two children, and an unknown individual. The door was opened and the unknown stepped out. He would, perhaps, have been killed, for he dared not disclose his name, when a casual passenger, recognising him, cried out, Casimir Périer! The moment the words were heard, enthusiasm succeeded to threats, and the crowd carried in triumph, as one of the most implacable enemies of Charles X., him who, at that very instant, was pondering only how he might save that monarch's crown. Too often the people fights only for a change of tyrants, and adopts leaders of whom it knows nothing but their names.

Nearly at the same hour the youths deputed by the École Polytechnique, knocked at the gate of the Hôtel Laffitte. They were answered that the master of the house was retired to rest. He was to be awakened the next morning by the noise of a revolution, for things were hurrying down a declivity up which there was no returning.

M. de Polignac on his part was taking his measures, and he despatched orders to two battalions of the 6th regiment of the guards, then in garrison at Saint Denis, to march with all speed on Paris. It was night when the order reached the colonel. The drum summoned the two battalions to their colours; fifteen rounds of ammunition were delivered to the soldiers; and the colonel, addressing the officers, said to them, in a voice of deep emotion, "Gentlemen, we march to Paris. Preserve order in your companies, and if the guards engage, let every one do his duty."

CHAPTER IV.

During the day of the 27th, the people, suddenly startled from its repose by the uproar of passions that were not its own, had made experiments in the way of insurrection. When it turned out into the streets on the 28th, it had not yet taken an exact account either of its affections or its hatreds; but it was suffering, it had smelled powder;—what more was needed? Besides, the love of danger and an appetite for adventure are natural to those who have long bent under the harsh discipline of penury.

As it is through the outward signs of things that human authorities obtain their position, so likewise through them are they pulled down. The people set about, in the first place, proscribing what was most elevated in that society in which it felt itself so ill at ease; and that which was most conspicuous in the high places was its most special object of hostility. It pursued every symbol of monarchy with insult. It obliterated the signs of the court-purveyors, and dragged the emblems of royalty through the mire.

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All this was only disorder. The tricolour flag was unfurled Then began the revolution.

In those three pieces of differently-coloured cloth, the people read a whole history of heroic and affecting import. It meant France about to become again the first nation in the world; it meant the imperial epic about to recommence: nay more, perhaps,—it meant the emperor who was not dead. Two men of the empire appeared at the post of the Bank: one of these M. Dumoulin, wore a hat and feathers, and the uniform of an orderly officer; the other, the Commandant Dufays, was disguised as a working man: he had a red handkerchief wrapped round his head, and a tricolour flag tied round his loins. They marched along, followed by two or three hundred men, who mingled the emperor's name with invocations to liberty. But *Vive la Charte!* was the cry of the bourgeoisie. The men of the people who knew nothing of the charter, threw into that cry all the vague hopes that swelled their bosoms. Many of them died for a word they did not understand: the men who did understand it were to show themselves by-and-by, when the time was come to bury the dead. Some dexterous contrivers even ventured in the very beginning of the strife to have the name of *The Black Prince* whispered about through some groups. They knew how irresistible is the power of mystery, and how poetical is the ignorance of the people.

The invasion of the mayoralty of the *Petits Pères* was one of the first episodes of the 28th. MM. Degoussée, Higonnet, and Laperche had repaired thither early in the morning, armed with muskets, and ready for combat. M. Degoussée wore the uniform of the national guard, and as this courageous group of citizens passed along the boulevards, they were joined by numbers of the people. The post was soon forced, the mayoralty taken possession of, the muskets it contained were distributed to the people, the drum was beat to arms. At the startling sound of the drum announcing insurrection several bourgeois put on their uniforms as national guards, and hastened in arms to the spot. Some of them detached themselves from the main body, and went to join the troops of the line in keeping guard at the bank; others posted themselves in the mayoralty to preserve public order. These were strange auxiliaries for insurgents. Meanwhile agitation was spreading in every direction, and musket-shots were fired in the adjoining streets. Some of those who had seized the post wished to go out and join in the fight: the national guard stopped them, one of them exclaiming, "What are you about? They will fancy we are hostile."—"The very thing I intend they should," replied M. Higonnet, contemptuously, and thereupon he threatened to shoot the other down. Thus the majority of the bourgeoisie brought only distrust and doubts and fears to that horrible *mêlée*, into which working men and children were about to plunge with chivalric blindness. They looked

for order in a revolt, and beheld nothing but the preservation of a few shops in the possible downfal of a throne.

But by this time the sturdy inhabitants of the faubourgs were rising *en masse*, and pouring in towards the centre of Paris. Groups were collecting at the Porte St. Denis and the Porte St. Martin. A barricade was begun at the entrance of the Faubourg St. Denis with a waggon-load of rough stones. The journeymen printers were collecting in the Passage Dauphine, where M. Joubert had transformed his book warehouse into an arsenal. At another point M. Andry de Puyraveau, flinging open the great gates of his waggon office, called the combatants to him with loud shouts, and distributed muskets among them. In the Faubourg St. Jacques the students were sticking their pistols in their belts, and arming themselves with their fowlingpieces. On the Place de la Bourse appeared two long wicker cases filled with arms and imperial uniforms, under the care of M. Étienne Arago. They came from the Théâtre du Vaudeville, where had been performed some days before the play of *Le Sergent Mathieu*, in which a body of actors had to appear in arms. M. Charles Teste distributed these weapons and uniforms in his house, surnamed *La Petite Jacobinière*. The students of the École Polytechnique had broken open the fencing-rooms during the night, possessed themselves of the foils, broken off the buttons from the ends, and sharpened them on the stones of the corridors.* Being made acquainted about ten o'clock with the ordonnance dismissing the school, they left the premises, most of them in full-dress uniform. They were greeted in the Rue de la Montagne-Sainte-Geneviève with shouts of *Vive l'Ecole Polytechnique!* and they replied with shouts of *Vive la Liberté! Vive la Charte!* One of them, holding his cocked hat in the air, tore the white cockade from it, trampled it underfoot, and raised the portentous cry, "Down with the Bourbons!" The example was quickly followed. But the school dispersed; and the exertions of the pupils became almost individual: the consequence was that the families or friends of many of them were able to keep them back from the conflict, so that instead of two hundred and fifty who, not being legitimists, might have taken part in the combat, only sixty actually fought.

About 10 or 11 a. m., MM. Charras and Lothon presented themselves at the house of M. Lafayette, and were told he was from home. Another deputation which had preceded them had received from the general this strange reply, "Advise your comrades to keep quiet." The movement was universal, and those who seemed naturally called on to direct it, remained stricken with stupor. Chatelain, chief editor of the *Courier Français*, on hearing that the people were tearing down the royal arms from the shop fronts of the court tradesmen, and were dragging them through the kennel, had exclaimed that, "The game were a fine one for the Duc d'Orléans if he had the courage to play it."

* Under the Restoration the pupils of the École Polytechnique were unarmed, except the sergeants, who wore swords.

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Meanwhile the Duc de Raguse, in obedience to a summons received at eight in the morning, went immediately to M. de Polignac. It was not till then that the ordonnance appointing the marshal to the command of the first military division was put into his hand. This ordonnance should have been notified to him the preceding day; but M. de Polignac had thought fit on the 27th to put the commandant of the place, by a special order, at the head of the guards stationed in Paris. For on the one hand M. de Polignac believed that what he regarded as a mere outbreak of the mob would be very easily put down; and on the other, he would rather have afforded the honour of that little triumph to a man of his own party than to the Duc de Raguse, who passed at court almost for a liberal.

Be this as it may, Paris having been declared on the 28th in a state of siege, the Duc de Raguse found himself invested with a real military dictatorship, under the *surveillance* of the prime minister. His situation was a cruel one. If he took part with the insurgents he betrayed a king who had relied on him; if he put so many mothers in mourning, without even believing in the justice of his cause, he committed an atrocity; if he stood aloof he was twice dishonoured. Of these three lines of conduct he adopted that which was most fatal to the people.

Having, however, once accepted the dictatorship, he had a very simple means in his hands of putting down the insurrection, and that was to threaten to set fire to Paris. But there are men who have neither the courage of virtue nor that of crime. The following was the duke's plan:

The troops were concentrated round the Tuileries. It was resolved that they should set out thence and march in two main divisions towards the south-east. One of the two divisions was ordered to proceed to the Place de Grève and the Hôtel de Ville, along the banks of the Seine; the other was to traverse the whole length of the boulevards from the Madeleine to the Place de la Bastille, and then to march through the whole Faubourg St. Antoine. Thus it might be said that the royal army, stretching out its too huge arms from the Tuileries south-eastwards, one to the right along the quays, the other to the left along the boulevards, enclosed the insurrection between them in the most important and most tumultuous portion of the city. But it was necessary that a communication should be contrived at some other point than their junction between these two lines, thus separated by the whole breadth of the ground they enclosed. Two battalions of the guards were therefore ordered to occupy the Marché des Innocents in the Rue St. Denis, and to keep that street open, one of them patroling it northwards as far as the boulevards, the other southwards as far as the Seine.

The defects of this plan were manifest. It was easy enough for the troops to traverse the blood-stained route marked out for them on the map, but they were not numerous enough, by a great deal, to occupy so extensive a space. And then to push them into the streets of St. Denis and St. Antoine, from which an infinity of small crooked alleys

branched off right and left, was to expose them to death from all quarters, without the power of retaliating.

But what other plan was practicable? How was it possible to blockade the vast city of Paris with a few thousand men? Had Charles X., when he signed the ordonnances, been able to foresee a revolution; and had he taken care to provide victuals for the troops, it might have been possible for him, no doubt, to recommence the events of the 13th *Vendémiaire;* the royal army closing round the palace of the kings would have awaited the insurrection with bayonets fixed, and with the matches of the cannons lighted; and if the insurgents had confined themselves to running about the city, capturing the posts, taking possession of the public buildings, and breaking the royal arms, the bourgeoisie in the excess of its terrors, would not have delayed long to seek pardon on its knees, only too happy to escape from the fear of pillage by submitting to despotism.

But the soldiers wanted victuals, and they would have been the first to be forced by famine to lay down their arms. Once more I repeat, there were but two alternatives open to a servant of Charles X., either to let the crown of that tottering old man fall into the abyss, or to set fire to the four corners of his capital: for be it known to every body politic that submits to the sway of a monarchy, that to save that monarchy may even cost no less a price!

The troops then put themselves in motion, the cannons rolled along the pavement, and civil war broke out in Paris.

What was to be the issue of that war? The *savans*, the men of letters, and almost all the military men, looked with pity on the popular combatants and their mad schemes. M. Thiers ran off to seek an asylum at the house of Madame de Courchamp, in the valley of Montmorency. M. Cousin talked, at the office of the *Globe*, of the white flag as the only one the nation could recognise; and he reproached M. Pierre Leroux for compromising his friends by the revolutionary tone he was giving the journal. M. Dubois, the chief editor of the *Globe*, was absent. In short, there was nothing on all hands but perturbation, uncertainty, and confusion in the ranks of the higher bourgeoisie.

There was among the most remarkable writers of that time, one of tall figure, abrupt but dignified gestures, retiring but thoughtful forehead. He had been a soldier. At the first report of the musketry he shook his head sadly; he then set off through the city, unarmed, with a black switch in his hand, heedless of the balls that whistled around him, and braving death without seeking triumph. This man, destined to an illustrious and ill-fated career, was then little known: his name was Armand Carrel. "Have you even a single battalion?" was his constant question to the most confident among his friends. On the morning of the 28th, passing along the boulevards with M. Étienne Arago, who was evincing much ardour, "Stay," said he, pointing to a man who was greasing his shoes with

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the oil of a broken street-lamp, " there you have the people—there you see Paris! Levity—recklessness—what represents great things applied to little uses." He was mistaken in one-half. The people was about to take part seriously in the fight; it was indifferent only as to the results of the victory.

The two battalions of the guards, ordered to march along the right bank of the Seine, had set out under the command of General Talon. Falling in with the 15th light infantry at the Pont Neuf, they carried it along with them, and quitting the right bank of the Seine, they advanced by the centre line of the bridge into the isle of the Cité. Then defiling along the Quai de l'Horloge, they reached the entrance of the bridge of Notre Dame, where they halted for a moment.

The Hôtel de Ville had been occupied since daybreak by some intrepid young men, and by many timid citizens, who had gone thither for the protection of public order; the latter had entered because the place seemed empty, and they appeared greatly alarmed at the impetuosity of their companions. But the Place de Grève, and all the streets opening upon it, were thronged with men of unconquerable courage. The tocsin was sounded from the church of St. Severin, and the deep booming bell of Notre Dame returned a still more awful response to that sound of mourning. The drum was beating in the Rue Planche-Mibray, which faces the bridge of Notre Dame, and the crowd was rushing towards the quay.

The guards advanced upon the bridge, and suddenly opening their files, exposed two pieces of artillery. The drum ceased to beat: the pavement of the street was swept of all but the dead. The guards passed the bridge, deployed on the Quais de Gèvres and de Pelletier, left a platoon to guard the entrance to the Rue Planche-Mibray, and spread out over the Place de Grève, driving the Parisians before them, who retreated rapidly by all the streets and lanes that opened on the square, whilst the defenders of the Hôtel de Ville escaped by the back doors, firing as they ran.

The 15th light infantry had remained on the other side of the bridge, covering the Marché-aux-Fleurs. Motionless, with their weapons resting on the ground, the soldiers of the 15th looked on without taking any active part in the fight. Armed citizens passed before them every moment, and the officer contented himself with saying to them, as he pointed with his sword to working men carried away bleeding, " You see! for mercy sake, do not go across!" But sharpshooters from the Passage Dauphine and from the Faubourg St. Jacques were gradually accumulating, in defiance of all resistance, on the Quai de la Cité. The parapet wall of the Seine protected them from the fire directed against them by the guards on the right bank, whilst their balls took certain effect on the soldiers that overspread the Place de Grève. Such, moreover, was the ardent spirit of the men of the people, that several of them rushed upon the suspension bridge leading to the Place, in the middle of which a can-

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non was pointed against them. Several discharges of grape were sent amongst the assailants, and several times in succession was the bridge frightfully swept by the shot. M. Charras, of the École Polytechnique, was on the left bank, sword in hand. A workman, who was shot down by his side by a ball through the chest, bequeathed him his musket, but ammunition was wanting. A lad of fifteen or sixteen, stepped up to M. Charras, and showing him a packet of cartridges, said, "We will divide if you like, but on condition that you lend me your gun, that I may fire off my share." The musket was put into his hands, and he ran to have his shot. Just at that moment a body of guards advanced across the bridge: the insurgents vanished up the streets opening on the quay, and among them the intrepid boy. It was on this same field of battle that a young man, who carried a tricolour flag, uttered the heroic exclamation, "My friends, if I fall, remember that my name is d'Arcole." He did fall; but the bridge that received his corpse has, at least, preserved his name.

Some paces off from this scene of action, the students were erecting barricades. Then came drums of the national guard beating the *rappel* and the *générale*. Curious spectacles were sometimes mixed up with all the horrors of such a drama. A column of fifteen or twenty men was seen, for instance, in the Rue St. André des Arts marching with a violin at their head. The women stood at the windows applauding every armed man that passed. Encouragements of a different kind were particularly addressed to the troops. Small printed papers were scattered about containing these words—"*The country has a marshal's truncheon to bestow on the first colonel who shall make common cause with the people.*" Thus all things concurred to augment the energy of this movement, the most extraordinary that ever seized upon the population of a great city.

But the insurrection was of a totally different character in the rich quarters from that it displayed in those whence issued the combatants of the Place de Grève. The prevailing sentiment in the Faubourg St. Honoré was the love of order, the desire of conservation. This sentiment had guided a great number of national guards to the mayoralty of the first arrondissement: a detachment of the 6th regiment of the guards, under the command of M. Sala, was sent thither, but not a shot was fired. "We are here," cried the national guards, "only to insure the protection of property."—"It is for the same object that we are come hither," replied the officer. The altercation was warm: at last the national guards gave way, and M. Sala, who, according to the orders of General St. Hilaire, should have made them prisoners, sent them away reassured and satisfied. The battalion continuing its march, a demi company was attacked in front of the Madeleine by workmen armed with muskets and pistols. They were vigorously received, and whilst some of the assailants dispersed up the neighbouring streets, others ran for shelter into the church. A company followed them thither

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across the overthrown barricades. The workmen climbed up into the roof: the soldiers threatened to set fire to the scaffolding with the straw lying on the floor of the unfinished building: the men came down, and were shut up in the church. Two hours afterwards another detachment came and set them at liberty. The soldiers who fought at the Madeleine and in the neighbourhood had shed and had lost blood. Their situation was distressing, their gloom was profound. And yet when their usual hour of dinner arrived, they were heard joking about the surprise and impatience they fancied their cooks would feel, who had been left behind at St. Denis. Such was the character of this war,—laughter and tears continually mingled together,—sometimes generous and courteous, sometimes implacable; here grave as on a field of battle, there ludicrous as on a stage in a fair, it set forth in bold relief all the dazzling qualities, but likewise all the unstable versatility of the French nation.

Amidst this immense and confused mêlée, most of the officers of the guards thought it their bounden duty to remain inviolably true to their colours. Some of them, such as M. Lemotheux, recorded their retirement from the service, but still with the full determination of not declaring it openly till the fighting was over. Others interpreted their duty differently. The Count de Raoul de la Tour-du-Pin, for instance, addressed the following letter to Prince Polignac:

"Monseigneur,—After a day of massacres and disasters entered on in defiance of all laws, divine and human, and in which I have taken part only from a respect to human considerations for which I reproach myself, my conscience imperiously forbids me to serve a moment longer. I have given, in the course of my life, proofs sufficiently numerous of my devotion to the king to warrant me, without exposing my intentions to unjust suspicions, to draw a distinction between what emanates from him and the atrocities that are committed in his name. I have the honour to request, monseigneur, that you will lay before the king my resignation of my commission as captain of his guard."*

Meanwhile a column commanded by M. de St. Chamans, and composed of two battalions of the first regiment of the guards, a battalion of the sixth, and about 150 lancers, had set out for the Place de la Bastille by way of the boulevards, accompanied by two pieces of cannon. It marched for a long while without meeting with any very strenuous resistance, but on reaching the Portes St. Denis and St. Martin, it was attacked with extreme vigour. Here fought, at the head of a heroic and ragged multitude, young men who carried with them the old French gaiety into the thickest perils of the conflict, leaders of proletaries, whom one would have taken, from their graceful gallantry and their chivalric ardour, for the heirs of that valiant noblesse that conquered at Fontenoy. The royal troops, attacked on all sides, halted and fired. This time there were none killed or wounded. The assailants perceived this, and re-

* "I never received this letter; I would have sent it back to its author. In the moment of danger, no one's resignation is accepted."—*MS. note of M. de Polignac.*

turned to the charge with shouts of laughter that mingled with the dismal noise of the fusillade. The cannons were brought up. At the moment they were about to be discharged, a boy darted forward upon the soldiers and fired a pistol at them at point blank distance. The troops continued their march, but behind them the crowd came on in heaps; the trees of the boulevards were felled with the axe, and barricades, thrown up with astonishing quickness, cut off all hope of retreat for the soldiers. On the Place de la Bastille M. de St. Chamans found a numerous assemblage composed chiefly of women and children. "Work! Bread!" Such were the cries that issued from this multitude: those who composed it were almost all unarmed. Strange fact! Whilst the people was elsewhere fighting with cries of which it knew not the meaning, on the Place de la Bastille it uttered its own genuine war-cry without thinking of fighting. M. de St. Chamans advanced among the groups and distributed all the money he had about him.

He found the square occupied by a regiment of cuirassiers of the guards, the 50th regiment of infantry of the line, and a squadron of gendarmerie. Though these troops had not been placed under his command, M. de St. Chamans ordered the cuirassiers and the 50th to march to the Place de Grève, in order to keep the communication free between his column and the soldiers sent to the Hôtel de Ville. But the 50th and the cuirassiers, not being able to effect this duty, returned to their position on the Place de la Bastille.

M. de St. Chamans himself advanced into the Faubourg St. Antoine, of which he made himself master after an hour's fighting.

On returning to the Place de la Bastille he found there the 50th and the cuirassiers. Their officer reported to him the impediments that had prevented the execution of his orders, whereupon he immediately resolved to enter the Rue St. Antoine at the head of the same column he had led from the Boulevard de la Madeleine. The passage was long and bloody. Groups of invisible sharpshooters poured a hail-storm of balls on the troops, and broken bottles, tiles, and furniture were flung down on them from every window. Feeble women carried heavy paving-stones up to the roofs of their houses, and hurled them thence on the heads of the soldiers. The number of men of the people who appeared in the open street with muskets in their hands was not in reality very considerable, but the multitude of those who took part indirectly in the combat was immense. In the hottest of the fusillade several men in smockfrocks were seen in the Rue Culture-Sainte-Catherine letting themselves down by ropes from the walls of the pompiers' barracks. These were fighting men, who, having been made prisoners, had been placed for security in the barracks, and whom the pompiers were thus sending back into the action. Several cannon shots were fired, but the extreme magnitude of the occasion that converted a city into a field of battle gave supernatural energy to courage, and filled the very air men breathed with a contagious intoxication. Doors suddenly opened to

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shelter men of the popular party at the moment they were hardest pressed, and were hastily shut to the moment they entered; the wounded were received with alacrity, and their wounds dressed by sympathizing hands; making lint or grinding powder was in every house the occupation of the women—mothers, sisters, or lovers of those who were going to death! Never was the sunshine so intense; its burning heat augmented the universal mental fever.

On reaching the neighbourhood of the church of St. Gervais, the column headed by M. de St. Chamans found its progress arrested by a huge barricade, which was promptly escaladed by the voltigeurs in the advance, but which the soldiers, with all their courage and perseverance, were unable to demolish. Here, then, there was an insuperable obstacle to the march of the cavalry and artillery; so, after expending the last cartridge, M. de St. Chamans turned off to the left to cross the Seine by the bridge of Austerlitz, reach the esplanade of the Invalides by way of the new boulevards, and so arrive at the Place Louis XV. Such were, in fact, the formal orders communicated to him before he entered the Rue St. Antoine, in a despatch which was put into his hands by a person dressed in plain clothes.

During this time the soldiers in the Place de Grève were in a very bad plight, and were defending themselves with great courage. Every house had become a fortress, and shots were rapidly fired from every window. Three men had posted themselves behind a chimney, and thence they kept up a deadly fire on the soldiers, till at last they were discovered. A cannon was pointed against the chimney, but before it was discharged the cannoneer made a sign to the three men to get out of the way. There was not less gallantry and generosity on the part of the assailants. But what were these attacking? What were those defending? Others could tell! Suddenly a loud clattering of arms and horses was heard in the Place de Grève. A detachment of the 50th, preceded by cuirassiers, was advancing thither along the quays. It was marched into the yard of the Hôtel de Ville, and its cartridges, which it refused to use, were distributed among the soldiers of the guards who were more pertinacious defenders of royalty. A Swiss detachment had been sent from the Tuileries to the succour of the Hôtel de Ville, and it entered the Place de Grève at double quick step. The sight of those red uniforms redoubled the fury of the insurgents; fresh combatants rushed forth from every alley, and a barricade was seized and manned by the people. The Swiss sustained this attack with vigour; the guards advanced to support them, and the Parisians were beginning to give way, when a young man advanced to rally and cheer them on, waving a tricolour flag on the end of a lance, and shouting, "I will show you how to die." He fell, pierced with balls, within ten paces of the guards. This engagement was terrible; the Swiss left many of their numbers stretched on the pavement.

The war all over Paris abounded in scenes whimsically odd,

heroic, lamentable. The Marquis d'Autichamp had taken up his post, seated on a chair in the colonnade of the Louvre, opposite St. Germain-l'Auxerrois. Bent under the burden of his years, and hardly able to sustain his tottering body, he encouraged the Swiss to the fight by his presence, and sat with folded arms gazing on the dismal spectacle before him with stoical insensibility. A band of insurgents attacked the powder-magazine at Ivry, on the Boulevard de l'Hôpital, broke in the door with hatchets and pole-axes, rushed into the courtyard, and obliged the people of the place to throw them packages of powder out of the windows; the insurgents, with all the hot-headed recklessness of the moment, continued with their pipes in their mouths to catch the packages as they fell, and carried them off in their arms. The debtors confined in St. Pelagie, using a beam for a battering ram, broke open the gates, and then went and joined the guards at the post, to prevent the escape of the criminal prisoners. A bloody encounter took place in the Rue des Prouvaires, and exhibited the spectacle common enough in civil wars of brothers fighting in opposite ranks. There was throughout the whole city a sort of moral intoxication, the aspect of which it passes the power of human speech to describe. Amidst the noise of musketry, the rolling of the drums, the cries and the groans of the combatants, a thousand strange reports prevailed, and added to the universal bewilderment. A hat and feathers were carried about some parts of the town, said to be those of the Duc de Raguse, whose death was asserted. There was something supernatural in the audacity of certain among the combatants. A workman seeing a company of the 5th of the line emerging upon the Place de la Bourse, ran straight up to the captain, and struck him a blow on the head with an iron bar. This captain's name was Caumann. He reeled, and his face was bathed in blood; but he had still strength enough left to throw up his soldiers' bayonets with his sword as they were about to fire on the aggressor. The men of the people added the most perfect self-denial to their intrepidity, and they ranged themselves by preference under the orders of any combatant whose dress pointed him out to them as belonging to the more favoured classes of society. Furthermore, the young men found at every step guides for their inexperience in the persons of old soldiers who had survived the battles of the empire,—a warlike generation whom the Bourbons had for ever incensed in 1815.

But the magnanimity of the people was not less astonishing than its courage. If it happened in the heat of the fight that the rich man offered his purse to the poor man as he gasped for breath and almost fainted, the poor man accepted no more than was sufficient for the necessity of the moment, and ran, under the shower of balls, to return the remainder of the piece of gold he had received in those hours of intense and transient brotherhood. Sometimes there was mingled with this disinterestedness a tone of poetry, such as can only be conceived by noble hearts that beat beneath rags. Some work-

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men were defending a barricade thrown up in the Rue St. Joseph. A bourgeois who was fighting among them saw one of them lean faintly against the stones of the barricade: he thought the young man was wounded, for his shirt was bloody and his face was deadly pale. The bourgeois bent over him; but the workman said feebly, "I am hungry." A five-franc piece was immediately tendered to him; upon which the young man passing his hand under his bloody shirt, drew out a ragged royalist flag, and said to his benefactor, "Here, sir; take this in exchange."

And, oh! what consoling episodes amidst so many scenes of woe and mourning! In the Place des Victoires, where the troops under General Wall were posted, women of the people were seen carrying pitchers full of wine and water, which they offered to the parched lips of the soldiers. At the same time the general was entering into negotiation with M. Degoussée for the removal of the wounded. The poor fellows were laid on cars, and it was an insurgent leader dressed in a blouse, a foraging cap, with a musket in his hand, who undertook with four men to escort the melancholy procession through the wailing streets of Paris. Unparalleled war, in which every combatant braved death twice,—first to strike down the enemy, and then to save him!

But the Marché des Innocents was the spot were the battle was hottest. The battalion which set out thence to clear the ground as far as the boulevard of the Rue St. Denis, could only accomplish its melancholy task with incredible exertion. On arriving at the Cour Batave it encountered a murderous fire, and it had nearly thirty men killed or wounded before it reached the Porte St. Martin. Its brave colonel, M. de Pleineselve, was wounded; the soldiers carried him on a board. As fast as the soldiers advanced, the Rue St. Denis became blocked up behind them with barricades; there was no possibility of their retracing their steps. General Quinsonnas remained, therefore, in the Marché des Innocents with a small number of men, hemmed in on all sides by the insurgents.

Whilst the battle was thus raging in various parts of Paris, the following is what the deputies were doing:—M. Audry de Puyraveau had appointed them to assemble in his hôtel at noon. M. Audry was powerful and rich; he has since fallen into poverty and neglect; he has felt himself smitten in every sensitive fibre of his heart; and at this day he is a wanderer in a foreign land, not having been able to find a spot where he might rest his head in a land where he had thought to build a home for freedom. M. Audry distrusted the firmness of his colleagues: before he opened his doors to them, he secretly made it known to several students and to a great number of workpeople, that a meeting of deputies was to take place at his house, and that they must be frightened into a determined course of revolution. Accordingly, on their arrival, the deputies found the courtyard filled with a loud and impassioned concourse of people. Some young men endeavoured ineffectually

to get into the meeting-room; but it was on the ground-floor; the windows were open; and the deliberations must necessarily take place under the eyes of the people. M. Mauguin was the first speaker: "It is a revolution we have to conduct," he said; "our choice lies between the royal guards and the people." These words startled MM. Sébastiani and Charles Dupin, who cried out, vehemently, "Let us remain within the bounds of law!" M. de Lafayette smiled disdainfully; and whilst M. Guizot was suggesting to his colleagues that they should interpose as mediators in the insurrection, a false report arrived that the Hôtel de Ville had fallen into the hands of the people. The assembly was thus distracted by a twofold terror, when M. Guizot rose, holding in his hand the draft of a protest, drawn up in these terms:

"The undersigned, regularly elected and deputed by the colleges of the arrondissements and departments hereinafter-named by virtue of the royal ordonnance of ——, and conformably to the constitutional charter, and to the laws respecting the election of ——; and being at this present time in Paris, deem themselves absolutely bound, by their duty towards the king and France, to protest against the measures which the counsellors of the crown, deceiving the intentions of the monarch, have lately caused to be adopted, to the overthrow of the lawful system of elections and to the ruin of the liberty of the press. The said measures, contained in the ordonnance of ——, are, in the opinion of the undersigned, directly opposed to the constitutional charter, to the constitutional rights of the chamber of peers, to the laws of the French, to the privileges and the decisions of the tribunals, and calculated to cast the state into a confusion perilous alike to its present peace and to its future security. In consequence whereof, the undersigned, inviolably faithful to their oath to the king and to the constitutional charter, protest, with one common accord, not only against the said measures, but against all the acts which may result therefrom. And whereas, on the one hand, the Chamber of Deputies, not having been constituted, cannot have been legally dissolved; and, on the other hand, the attempt to form another Chamber of Deputies, after a new and arbitrary manner, is in direct contradiction to the constitutional charter and to the acquired rights of the electors, the undersigned declare that they continue to consider themselves as legally elected and deputed by the colleges of the arrondissements and departments of which they have obtained the suffrages, and as not capable of being set aside for others, except by virtue of elections made according to the principles and the forms directed by the laws. And if the undersigned do not actually exercise the rights, and do not discharge all the duties conferred and imposed on them by their lawful election, it is because they are prevented by a physical violence, against which they will not cease to protest."

Rivers of blood were flowing in Paris at the moment M. Guizot was reading this document. It was variously received. Some, among whom were MM. de Lafayette, Laffitte, Audry de Puyraveau, Bérard, Daunou, de Schonen, Mauguin, Bavoux, de Laborde, and Labbey de Pompières, could hardly understand what was meant by talking of fidelity to the king, and of counsellors *deceiving the intentions of the monarch*, in the midst of a ravaged city, and amidst the din of a hundred combats. Others, such as MM. Charles Dupin and Sébastiani, thought the declaration overbold. M. Casimir Périer made himself prominently conspicuous by his convulsive agitation. Going up to M. Laffitte, he said to him, "We must absolutely negotiate with Marmont. Four millions would not be ill-bestowed in this matter." The idea of trying to effect something with Marmont was quickly caught at by the whole meeting, and M. Laffitte was assigned the

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task of naming the five members who should form the deputation. He named MM. Casimir Périer, Mauguin, Lobau, and Gérard. After appointing to meet again at four o'clock at M. Bérard's, the sitting broke up, and the five commissioners set off for head-quarters, stopping on their way at M. Laffitte's to concert the plan of their proceedings. On setting foot in the Place du Carrousel, M. Casimir Périer could not help saying to M. Laffitte, in the excess of his perturbation, "I very much fear we are going to cast ourselves into the jaws of the wolf."

The deputies had been anticipated in their visit to the Duc de Raguse by M. Arago. That same morning the latter had received a letter from Madame de Boignes, intreating him to go to Marmont, and exert the influence he possessed over him to save Paris from irreparable disasters. M. Arago hesitated, well knowing how prompt and how envenomed is suspicion in times of civil discord. A noble thought occurred to him, and his decision was taken. Calling his eldest son, he desired him to accompany him, as none could suspect a father of meditating an act of perfidy to be done in the presence of his own son. They set out, made their way through the flying balls to head-quarters, and were shown into a room, in the centre of which was a billiard-table, on which M. Laurentie was writing an article for the *Quotidienne*, whilst the most horrible confusion prevailed all round him. The aides-de-camp were running to and fro bewildered, pale, and covered with dust and perspiration; despatches were going off every moment from the room occupied by the commander-in-chief; a thousand tumultuous reports were arriving from without, mingled with the explosion of fire-arms; and superior officers, huddled promiscuously together, were standing with ears bent to listen and dejected features, anxiously following all the fluctuations of the conflict.

When M. Arago suddenly presented among them his tall figure, noble, thoughtful head, and piercing eyes, the agitation was tremendous: they surrounded him on all sides with accents of terror or with threats, as though there were embodied in his person some startling and living image of the uproused people. Upon this M. Komierowski, a Polish officer, going up hastily to him, said, "Sir, if a hand is laid on you, I will strike it off with my sabre."

M. Arago was conducted to the commander-in-chief. But before he opened his lips, Marmont cried out abruptly, with a hurried sweep of his arm, "Propose nothing to me that would dishonour me."

"What I am about to propose to you is, on the contrary, for your honour. I do not ask you to turn your sword against Charles X.; but refuse all command, and set out this instant for St. Cloud."

"What! abandon the post in which the king's confidence has placed me! I, a soldier, fall back before insurgent bourgeois! give Europe reason to say that our brave troops have retreated before a populace armed with sticks and stones! Impossible, impossible! You know my sentiments. You know whether or not I approved of these ac-

cursed ordonnances. But there is a horrible fatality upon me; my destiny must be accomplished."—"You may fight against that fatality. One means remains to you to wipe out from the memory of the Parisians the events of the invasion—off, off, without delay!"

At this moment a man rushed into the waiting-room, dressed in a jacket, with a hairy cap on his head. All was confusion at the sight of this unknown individual; he was on the point of being arrested, and he had hardly time to dash the cap from his head, and cry out, "Do you not know me? I am the aide-de-camp of General Quinsonnas. I cut off my moustaches to enable me to get here." He demanded to speak with the Duc de Raguse; and he told him that the troops posted in the Marché des Innocents had already suffered severely, and that a reinforcement was necessary. "Why, have you not cannon?"—"Cannon, monsieur le maréchal! What can cannon do against the paving-stones and the furniture showered down from every window on the heads of the soldiers?"

Just then a lancer, who had been knocked off his horse, was brought into the adjoining room. The poor fellow was covered with blood; his uniform was partly open in front, and showed his breast stuck with printing-types, which had been used instead of bullets.

Marmont strode up and down the room; his tumultuous emotions were written in his face. "Battalions!" he said, impatiently, to the aide-de-camp. "I have no battalions to send them: they must get out of the difficulty as they can."

The aide-de-camp left the room, and M. Arago returned to his exhortations with increasing warmth. "Well, well," murmured the marshal, "this evening—I will see—" "This evening! Do you know what you say? This evening there will be mourning in thousands of families! This evening all will be over! And whatever be the result of the conflict your position will be terrible. Vanquished, your ruin is certain; victor, you will never be forgiven all this blood."

The marshal appeared shaken. M. Arago went on with increased energy: "Must I tell you all? As I came along, I overheard some ill-boding phrases among the crowd: *They are firing grape on the people; it is Marmont paying his debts.*" At these words, Marmont clutched at the hilt of his sword.

The arrival of the five deputies was announced. M. Arago made way for them, and was a witness, at the same moment, to an extraordinary scene. M. Glandevez, governor of the Tuileries, having shaken hands with one of the five negotiators, M. d'Ambrageac dared to say that he would complain of the act to the king. Seized with indignation, General Tromelin went straight up to d'Ambrageac, and accosted him in a voice of thunder, delighted at having at last an opportunity of unburdening his bosom. So impetuous was this choleric burst, that had it encountered any resistance, swords would have flashed from their scabbards. Such are the burn-

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ing antipathies that smoulder beneath the cold and deceitful uniformity of courtly life!

As he was going away, M. Arago informed M. Delarue, aide-de-camp to the Duc de Raguse, that he had seen in the Place de l'Odéon, soldiers disposed to side with the people. Deeply struck with the news, M. Delarue hastened to communicate it to Prince Polignac, and returned disheartened, saying, "It is his desire that if the troops pass over to the people, the troops likewise shall be fired upon."

The five commissioners were introduced, and found the Duc de Raguse alone. M. Laffitte, speaking in the name of his colleagues, intreated the marshal to stop the effusion of blood; and he represented to him all the fatal consequences, not only to the nation, but to the throne, of an obstinate violation of all the constituent laws of the country. The marshal replied, that it was not for him to judge of the unconstitutionality of the ordonnances; that he was a soldier, and bound, under pain of infamy, to remain at the post in which the king's confidence had placed him; that moreover, before the revocation of the ordonnances could be demanded, the Parisians must be forced to lay down their arms, and that the salvation of his honour depended on his not giving way. As he uttered these words, he turned towards Generals Gérard and Lobau, with looks and gestures of inquiry. "Your honour!" replied Laffitte, with spirit, "Your honour, monsieur le maréchal! but there are not two honours; and of all crimes the greatest is to shed the blood of one's fellow-citizens!" "Can you possibly address this language to me, Monsieur Laffitte; you who know me?" said Marmont, deeply moved. "What can I do? I will write to the king."

M. Laffitte, having inquired of the marshal whether he had any hope in the success of this last effort, the latter shook his head sadly. "In that case," said M. Laffitte, "I am determined to cast myself, body and substance, into the movement."

An officer entered and spoke in a whisper to Marmont, who turning suddenly to the negotiators, said, "Would you object to see Prince Polignac?" On their replying in the negative, he went out, but returned almost immediately. The prince refused to receive the deputies. Such in fact was the invincible infatuation of that man. On the very night succeeding that bloody day, he said to an officer named Blanchard, who had a very fine voice, and who had commanded the discharge of the cannon in the Place de Grève on the 28th, "Sir, I have often admired your voice; but never have I been so heartily delighted with it as on this day."

It was with shuddering aversion, as we have already seen, that the Duc de Raguse had accepted the fatal mission imposed upon him. He had been forced however to issue warrants for the arrest of some men who had long been objects of suspicion at court, such as MM. Lafayette, Laffitte, Audry de Puyraveau, Eusèbe de Salverte, and Marchais. He availed himself of the visit of the depu-

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ties to withdraw those cruel mandates. His good faith served him for a pretext to this act. He then wrote to the king as he had promised. This was the third letter he had addressed to Charles X. since the capital had been declared in a state of siege. The first had miscarried: in the second he said, "Sire, it is no longer a disturbance; it is a revolution. The honour of the crown may still be saved; to-morrow perhaps it will be too late." Lastly, in the third, after acquainting the king with the proceedings of the five deputies, he urged him to withdraw the ordonnances, at the same time informing him that the troops *could hold out for a month*. M. de Polignac read this letter, and relying on the assurances it contained, he wrote on his own part to Charles X. to encourage him to a vigorous resistance. The marshal's despatch was carried to St. Cloud by M. de Komierowski; but he did not set out till some minutes after the courier sent off by Prince Polignac. Thus the marshal's counsels made no impression on the king, who sent him orders by M. de Komierowski to concentrate the troops round the Tuileries, and to act with masses.

But it was now too late to rest the salvation of the monarchy on new arrangements of strategy. The insurrection was increasing every minute; all the quarters of the capital were putting themselves in motion. How was this conflagration, thus blazing in a thousand places, to be extinguished? The revolt had long crossed the Seine. The Passage Dauphine was a real muster-ground, whence fresh combatants rushed forth every moment. An enthusiasm, that bordered on delirium, prevailed there. Armand Carrel, who deplored combats he believed useless, had gone amongst his friends to represent to them the unavoidable sterility of their heroism, and he was haranguing them from a table on which he stood, when a pistol, pointed at his breast, showed him how irresistible the movement had become. Furious clamours resounded in the Rue de Grenelle St. Germain, round the hôtel of the minister of war, and Madame de Bourmont was so terrified that she herself gave orders to hoist the tricolour flag. M. de Champagny had it removed.

That superior officer had for the last two days neglected nothing to enable him to be of service to the cause of his adoption; but he was left in ignorance of every thing, and was never consulted. It was from a man who was perfectly unconnected with the war office that M. de Polignac received the military intelligence he required: and such was the infatuation of the leading men, that no one had even thought of warning the camps of Luneville and St. Omer. M. de Champagny expressly proposed that this should be done; but the telegraphic line was broken. Of the three brothers, who had the direction of the telegraph, two were liberals, the third a royalist. The despatch was carried as far as Ecouen, across the barricades by a poor soldier of the Invalides, with a wooden leg. In short there was an utter want of forethought, an indescribable confusion in the higher quarters whence all orders should have issued. No regular

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distribution of rations had been made to the troops. M. de Champagny hearing that the bakery for the troops was threatened, immediately sent word to head-quarters, and two companies of veterans were sent thither, who were no sooner arrived on the spot than they suffered themselves to be disarmed. M. de Champagny instantly applied to M. de la Tour Mauberg, governor of the Invalides; a sort of new bakery was established at the Ecole Militaire with stores belonging to the Invalides. Labour in vain! When rations were to be carried to the troops, it was found that the communications were cut off, and hunger was added to the sufferings endured by the soldiers on that frightful day.

At four o'clock the deputies met according to appointment at M. Bérard's. Intense anxiety was depicted in every face. M. Laffitte reported what had passed between the commissioners and the Duc de Raguse. So then, royalty did not deem itself in danger; it even believed itself competent to dictate conditions! Was it not very imprudent to brave a power so self-assured? Exclamations bursting from all parts of the room testified the panic fears of the assembly. On the other hand, the perseverance of the Parisians in revolt, the fierce and ominous shouts uttered in the very courtyard of the hotel, the turbulent ardour of the citizens that crowded round the doors, the distant pealing of bells mingled with the discharges of musketry and the roll of the drums, all this proved that St. Cloud was not the sole abode of strength, and that the people, no less than royalty, had its passions. What course was to be taken? That of courage, said Bérard and some of his friends. Two journalists, MM. Andra and Barbaroux, had rushed into the room, and there they stood shaming the weakness of the deputies, and conjuring them to put themselves at the head of the insurgents, and not leave without a leader a population armed for the cause of the bourgeoisie. M. Coste, at the same time, brought in a proof copy of the protest of the journalists, which he had been directed to print; but not content with having struck out from it every expression savouring of monarchy, he refused to publish it unless the deputies affixed their signatures to it. They were called on to decide one way or other. M. Sébastiani was afraid, and left the room accompanied by M. Bertin de Vaux and General Gérard, and by degrees the meeting was reduced to a very small number. To avoid the risk of real signatures, the expedient was suggested of making out a list of names: this would leave every one an opportunity of falling back on a disavowal; and as if this device did not appear sufficiently reassuring, it was proposed to swell the list of names by adding those of all the liberal deputies absent from Paris. "That is a very good thought," said M. Laffitte, sarcastically; "if we are beaten no one will have signed; if we are victors, signatures will not be lacking." M. Dupin aîné, was not present at this meeting. His name was set down in the list, but struck out by M. Mauguin, who seemed to fear a violent remonstrance on the part of

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his colleague in case of failure. The deputies as they withdrew had to pass through a multitude filled with indignation at their conduct. M. Sébastiani among others was pursued with that popular execration which two days afterwards was lost in songs of triumph. Eternally barren lesson!

General Vincent who had gone over several parts of the raging city, in company with General Pajol, set out in the evening for St. Cloud, to state his impressions to Charles X.; to tell him that the aspect of things was becoming more and more gloomy; that no news had been received either of the Comte de St. Chamans or of General Talon; that the troops were without victuals, that they were dying of thirst, and found nothing on their way but threatening looks or closed doors. A courtier whom General Vincent met on the road, and to whom he communicated these melancholy details, found means to arrive before him at St. Cloud, to belie his report beforehand, being well assured of ingratiating himself with the monarch by warning him against the truth. Charles X., therefore, lent a cold ear to the painful, but faithful reports brought him by the general. "The Parisians," he said, "are in a state of anarchy; anarchy will necessarily bring them to my feet." Like all princes, Charles X. had little faith in the devotion of any but those who consented to join in his own illusions; and as no one could flatter these at such a moment without betraying him, the courtiers did betray him for fear of displeasing him.

As the hours rolled on, the anxiety of the men of half measures became more and more intense. Casimir Périer especially appeared panic-stricken. He had said to M. Alexandre de Girardin on the morning of the 28th, "The best thing for France is the Bourbons without the *ultras*." In fact he had then no other thought than how to guarantee the throne of Charles X. M. Alexandre de Girardin, agreeing in his views, hastened to St. Cloud, to urge the king to recall the ordonnances.

Trepidation and alarm prevailed in the royal abode, though they found no tongue. No one was at his post; the routine of service was almost wholly suspended; and the high officers of the household were slinking away one after the other. Among the most practised courtiers, however, uneasiness was tempered by the fear of offending their master; some of them even, with a refinement of adulation which their paleness belied, affected to be full of confidence.

That morning Madame Gontaut ran through the guards' hall towards the apartments of Charles X., hiding her face in her hands, and crying out "Save the king, Messieurs! save the king!" Every one instantly started to his feet; the guards put on their helmets with all speed; M. de Damas, who was walking in the park with his royal pupil, caught him up in his arms, and ran as fast as he could up the Trocadero, followed by M. Mazas supporting the terror-stricken Madame de Damas. The cry, "To arms!" inopportunely raised by

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a sentinel, had been enough to set all the inhabitants of the château in confusion and dismay.

M. de Girardin however found Charles X. perfectly confident of success, and immovable in his purpose. While he was imploring him to recall the ordonnances, the Duchess de Berri made her appearance, and when she talked with passionate vehemence of the necessity of preserving the crown and its dignity by a firm and resolute bearing, "Good God! Madame," cried Girardin, "it is not my own interests I am here to advocate, but yours. The king is not wagering his own crown merely; he wagers that of monseigneur the dauphin; he wagers that of your son, Madame!" He continued to urge his suit, and Charles X. referred him to the dauphin; but the latter answered drily, "I am the first subject in the kingdom, and as such I must have no other will than the king's." The common policy of princes, obedient to servility, or traitors even to assassination.

Other attempts of the same kind were made on Charles X. in the course of the day. The Baron de Vitrolles appeared at the château, and urged the king, in pressing terms, to treat with the factious, representing to him that it was sometimes good policy to yield to circumstances, in order to be the better able to control them at a future day, and that this had been Mazarin's policy, and up to a certain point that of Richelieu himself. Charles X. did not conceal the repugnance he felt at dealing by stratagem and subterfuge with revolt. Besides, he thought he had might on his side, and he spoke with so much assurance of the inevitable triumph of his will, that the baron was, for the moment, convinced. But when he returned that evening to Paris, passing blood-stained barricades, and with the noise of musketry in his ears, he no longer doubted that the voices of lying courtiers lulled the unfortunate king to sleep on the brink of a precipice. He had another interview with Doctor Thibault, who handed him, not exactly on the part of General Gérard, but in his name, a slip of paper, on which were written two names, those of MM. de Mortemart and Gérard. The Baron de Vitrolles undertook to go next day to St. Cloud, and propose those individuals to the king as his ministers. Such was the origin of that Mortemart ministry which was to be so soon swept away by the tempest.

Whilst Charles X. thought only of inspiring all around him with his own fatal security, a bold scheme was concocting almost before his eyes in the apartments of Madame de Gontaut. Convinced of the old monarch's impotence to defend his dynasty, General Vincent had resolved to save royalty without the king's co-operation, unknown to the king, and, if necessary, despite the king. He went to Madame de Gontaut and set forth to her that, in the existing state of things, the fate of the monarchy depended on a heroic resolve, and he, therefore, proposed to her to take the Duchess de Berri and her son to Paris. He suggested that they should take Neuilly in their way, get hold of the Duc d'Orléans, and oblige him

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by main force to take part in the hazards of the enterprise; they should then enter Paris by the faubourgs, and the Duchess de Berri, exhibiting the royal child to the people, should confide him to the generosity of the combatants. Madame de Gontaut approved of this scheme. In spite of its adventurous character, or rather for that very reason, it won upon the excitable imagination of the Duchess de Berri, and every thing was arranged for carrying it into execution. But the infidelity of a confederate put Charles X. in possession of the plot, and it broke down.

Meanwhile the insurrection was raging in all quarters of the city, and everywhere the people had the advantage. A Swiss battalion was posted on the Quai de l'École. The Duc de Raguse, who, as already stated, had received orders to concentrate his forces round the Tuileries, sent directions to the lieutenant-colonel, M. Maillardoz, to march forthwith to the Marché des Innocents and bring off General Quinsonnas, who was hemmed in there on all sides. M. de Maillardoz immediately left the Quai de l'École, at the head of the Swiss, and reached La pointe St. Eustache by the Rue de la Monnaie, but instead of turning off towards the Marché des Innocents, by the Rue Montmartre, he pursued his march through the Rue Montorgueil. This was a fatal error; for before ever he reached the Rue Mandar the pavement was strewed with dead, and when he had to enter that street, which was stopped up by an enormous barricade, it was a horrible butchery. The barricade, however, was passed, but the next day many corpses of Swiss soldiers were seen stretched on the stones that composed it; and that of one of their officers lay across it, a dismal monument of the dauntlessness and of the vengeance of the people! M. de Maillardoz continued his route, reached the Rue Montmartre and passed through it, amidst a hail of musketry, down to the Marché des Innocents. There he formed a junction with the force under General Quinsonnas, and the whole body marched away, by the river side, to take up their position on the Quai de l'École.

As for the troops in the Hôtel de Ville they continued to defend themselves against a constantly augmenting multitude of assailants. Posted at the windows of the building they kept up a constant raking fire on all the surrounding streets. The number of victims at this point was considerable at 11 p.m., that is to say at the hour when the deputies, assembled for the second time, at the house of M. Audry de Puyraveau, were affording another spectacle of their indecision and impotence. MM. Laffitte, Lafayette, Mauguin, Audry, de Laborde, Bavoux, and Chardel displayed, at this meeting, a firmness that did them honour; but M. Sébastiani was, more than ever, a stickler for due order of law. "We are negotiating, Messieurs," said he. "Our functions here are those of mediators, and we do not even possess any longer the title of deputies." "We are conspiring as the people conspires, and with it," replied M. Mauguin, with warmth; and M. Laffitte repeated the same threat he had

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held out to the Duc de Raguse, "If the ordonnances are not withdrawn I will throw myself body and substance into the movement." The room was on the ground floor, and the people heard all that passed, through the windows, which M. Audry de Puyraveau had ordered to be opened. Ere long there was one unanimous shout of indignation against M. de Sébastiani. Several combatants rushed into the courtyard, and reported how murderous had been the conflict. Upon this MM. Lafayette, Laffitte, Audry de Puyraveau, and de Laborde, stung with grief, cried out that the deputies must direct the efforts of the people, join in its dangers, and adopt its standard. M. Guizot remained silent and motionless. M. Méchin's countenance betrayed his dissatisfaction and embarrassment. As for M. Sébastiani, he had no sooner heard mention of the tricolour flag, than, rising with signs of the most violent anxiety, he declared that for himself he could take no part in such discussions, and that there was no national flag except the white flag. Then turning to M. Méchin, "Are you coming?" he said, and they both went out. "We have had enough of idle talking," said Audry de Puyraveau, "the time is come to act. Let us show ourselves to the people, and in arms." Lafayette demanded that a post should be assigned him, declaring that he was ready to go to it that instant. Once more the deputies separated, without having come to any conclusion, after appointing to meet again at six o'clock in the morning at M. Laffitte's. If this sitting served for nothing else, at least it showed what those men were made of, who were afterwards seen figuring among the triumphers.

Some lively acclamations greeted Lafayette as he left the house. Age had enfeebled his body without chilling his heart. Intoxicated, moreover, with popularity, he was ready to sacrifice his life: but his ardour was perpetually counteracted and damped by the persons about him. In that night of the 28—29th, he walked about for a while leaning on the arm of M. Carbonel, and followed by M. Lasteyrie and a domestic, his ear drinking in by anticipation the shouts that would doubtless greet him as he passed on the morrow, and inhaling with ecstasy the odour of revolt diffused throughout the city. He reached his carriage, and was just stepping into it, when a citizen came up and said, "General, I am going to the Cour des Fontaines, where I am expected by some insurgents. I will speak to them in your name, and tell them that the national guard is under your command." "Are you mad, sir?" immediately exclaimed M. de Carbonel. "Do you want to have the general shot?" Such were the influences that beset Lafayette in the midst of a crisis in which it was plainly incumbent on him to venture his head upon the issue. Here was a palpable confirmation of the fact, that the potency of well-known names, however great it be, is not always sufficient; and certainly among the combatants of July, more than one was fully aware that every thing is permitted to the daring of new men in times of popular commotion. For instance, whilst in one part

of Paris, the warmest friends of Lafayette were afraid of allowing his great name to be compromised, the following characteristic scene was taking place at another point. At the very same hour, two citizens, MM. Higonnet and Degoussée were walking in the then deserted Place des Petits Pères, when a stranger accosted them and said, "The fight begins again to-morrow. I am a military man. Do you want a general?"—"A general?" replied M. Degoussée. "All that is wanted to make one off-hand in times of revolution is the help of a tailor." And M. Higonnet added, "You want to be a general? Very well; put on a uniform, and away with you to where they are fighting. The stranger's name was Dubourg: he thought the advice good; acted upon it, as we shall see by and by, and was the next day king of Paris for a time.

Silence had settled on the city with the coming on of night. What a day did it close upon! Paris had never seen any more terrible even during the savage feuds of the Armagnacs and Bourguignons. Now for what had all this blood been shed? *Vive la Charte!* had been shouted, but the cry had terrified within the walls of their dwellings both the deputies and the greater part of those whose power was founded on the charter. *Vive la Charte!* had been shouted; but who were the combatants? They were some young bourgeois, men of heart and resolution, who saw in the charter only despotism ingeniously disguised; they were proletaries to whom the charter was unknown, and who, had they known, would have execrated it; lastly, and above all, they were the boys of the streets of Paris, a harebrained and valiant race, heroic from recklessness, greedy of amusements, and, therefore, martial, for as much as battles are a sort of sport. And as if to put the climax to this huge and awful derision, the commander-in-chief of the royal troops, the Duc de Raguse, condemned the ordinances, for the maintenance of which he poured his volleys upon the people. What of that? the game was to be played out to the end, for human folly is not so quickly exhausted. So then, after the massacres of the 28th, barricades were busily erected in anticipation of the massacres of the 29th: and in that sleepless night how many mothers sat waiting for a son who never returned!

The troops meanwhile had fallen back from all points on the Tuileries. Those that occupied the Hôtel de Ville, having but forty cartridges left at midnight, determined at last to retreat. They sallied forth, carrying their dead or wounded comrades, and marched in doubt and apprehension, with ears bent to catch the least sound, and seeming to suspect fresh assailants behind every barricade. But they encountered no enemies: all they met on their way were the dead they stumbled over in the dark.

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CHAPTER V.

At daybreak on the 29th, some vigilant bourgeois left the house of M. Baude to explore the city; it was silent, deserted, and showed bloody traces of the preceding day's events. On arriving at the Place de Grève, where still lay some corpses, they were struck with the deathlike quiet prevailing there. They then agreed to go severally into the various quarters of the capital, and everywhere to propagate the false report, that an immense assemblage had collected in front of the Hôtel de Ville, with the intention of proceeding to the Louvre.

The working men of the faubourgs were already preparing to renew the fight; but a certain portion of the bourgeoisie were tormented with thoughts of a different kind. M. Baude, followed by a numerous band, with which he had visited several barracks and sounded the fidelity of the soldiery, found a company of national guards drawn up in line of battle in the Place Royale. He harangued them warmly, told them that the troops were everywhere surrendering up their arms, and endeavoured to hurry them with him to the Hôtel de Ville. They obstinately refused to follow; they had armed, they said, solely to save their houses from pillage.

During this time a citizen, named Galle, was making his way through the line of sentinels in the Place du Carrousel, under the guidance of an unknown individual, to whom the soldiers opened a passage. Being introduced to the Duc de Raguse, "Monsieur le maréchal," he exclaimed, in a voice trembling with emotion, "your troops are firing from some balconies in the Rue St. Honoré on inoffensive citizens! can you not put a stop to such atrocities?"—"You insult me, sir, in regarding me as the author of such orders," replied the duke. "I have just given injunctions to the troops to fire only in self-defence. This is about to be made known to Paris by a proclamation."—"How!" resumed M. Galle; "for two days, monsieur le maréchal, you have been keeping up a fire upon the people, and the municipal authority has not yet shown itself!"—"True," said the marshal, dashing his hand against his forehead with the gesture of despair; "it is true!" Then calling his secretary, "Let the mayors of Paris be summoned to attend here within an hour!"—"Within an hour, monsieur! But who knows what will happen within that hour? Perhaps you will not be in existence, nor two hundred thousand Parisians, nor the king, nor I who address you. What must be done, monsieur le maréchal, allow me to tell you: set out instantly; stop the fusillades that you hear from this place; go to St. Cloud, and tell the king that we have torn up the pavement of our streets; that the roofs of our houses are piled with stones; that a hundred thousand of the bravest sol-

diers should not take Paris; and that many persons who understand the art of war, myself to begin with, are about to put themselves at the head of the population, if immense concessions are not made."

The duke replied, despondingly, that the king knew all; but that he would, perhaps, listen to a deputation, provided it were a deputation of the bourgeoisie.*

Immediately after this interview, the Duc de Raguse gave orders to the mayors to assemble. Four of them responded to the summons. The proclamation, of which the marshal had spoken, was printed; and some prisoners were set at liberty, and commissioned to distribute copies among the people.

The royal troops were now far removed from the populous quarters, all access to which was barred them by the innumerable barricades that had sprung up in the course of the night. They now occupied only the cordon extending from the Louvre to the Champs Elysées. Troops of the line were stationed in the gardens of the Tuileries and in the Place Vendôme. The guards covered the Carrousel, the Place Louis XV., the Boulevard de la Madeleine, and the inner court of the Palais Royal; several posts had been established in the Rue St. Honoré; two Swiss battalions defended the Louvre; and the muzzles of the cannons were everywhere pointed in the direction by which the multitude could arrive.

The Swiss appeared restless; but a very different feeling prevailed among the rest of the troops. Exhausted with hunger, worn down with fatigue, sons after all of the people, in whose minds the shame of defeat was combated by the horror of victory, they stood leaning feebly on their weapons, with drooping hearts and leaden looks. Those houses, behind every window of which they were assured of an enemy; those streets, deserted and blazing in the sunshine, through which they had been led, and where lay so many of their comrades slain by invisible assailants; those high barricades; the silence of that vast city, in which there reigned neither tumult nor repose; those shrill and desultory cries of "*Vive la Charte!*" the wild appeal to a system of law of which the majority were ignorant; all this disconcerted the stoutest hearts, and the officers themselves vacillated in utter confusion of soul.

The people, master in its own domain, was quitting the faubourgs in bands, and advancing along the boulevards in dense columns.

A whimsical scene was passing at the same moment in the heart of Paris. Between ten and eleven o'clock, a man of middle height and energetic countenance, marched through the Marché des Innocents, dressed in a general's uniform, and followed by a great number of armed men. It was from M. Evareste Dumoulin, editor of the *Constitutionnel*, that this man had received his uniform, purchased at an old-clothes shop; and the epaulettes he wore had been given him by the actor Perlet: they came from the property room of the

* Evidence of M. Galle at the trial of the ministers, vol. ii., p. 128.

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Opéra Comique. "What general is that?" was asked on all hands; and when those about him replied "It is General Dubourg," *Vive le général Dubourg!* shouted the people, who had never before heard the name. But all had then an immense need of being commanded.

The procession took its way to the Hôtel de Ville, where the general installed himself. Some minutes afterwards the tricolour flag had ceased to float over the building. A man entered the room where M. Dubourg was seated, and where several young men, ranged round a table, were busy writing. "General, the upholsterer is here. What colour is the flag to be?"—"We must have a black flag, and France will retain that colour till she has reconquered her freedom."

M. Baude appeared in his turn at the Hôtel de Ville, to enjoy the privileges offered to the daring. He constituted himself secretary to an ideal government, and sent out proclamations. M. Franque, an avocat, received orders to hasten to the house of M. Seguier, first president of the Cour Royale, arrest him and bring him by force to the Hôtel de Ville. These people wished to place the insurrection under the apparent patronage of the judicial authorities. Thus the two men who had chosen to be the government for some hours, were the government. They were obeyed.

M. Baude was no sooner installed than he took some measures of urgent expediency. He made M. de Villeneuve take an account of the treasury of the Hôtel de Ville, which was found to contain a little more than five millions of francs. He sent for the syndics of the bakers, who informed him that the stock of bread stuff in Paris was enough for a month's supply; and he sent word to the syndics of the butchers that cattle should be admitted into the capital free of toll while the crisis lasted. Lastly he caused committees to be appointed in each of the twelve arrondissements of Paris whose duty it should be to correspond with the Hôtel de Ville.

Whilst busied with the cares of this authority so boldly usurped, M. Baude received the visit of M. Claprote, an attaché of the Prussian embassy. That gentleman informed him that the attitude of the Parisian population during those astonishing days had struck all the members of the diplomatic body not only with amazement but with admiration; that their despatches expressed this twofold sentiment, and were of a nature to render probable the maintenance of peace between monarchical Europe and revolutionary France.

A short time after this, some workmen came with loud shouts, bringing in a man they had arrested at the barriers, and who was found to be the bearer of a despatch, carefully sealed. This individual was questioned, and proved to be a Swedish officer whom Count Loewenhielm, the minister of Sweden and Norway, had sent off in the night with a report to the cabinet of Stockholm of the events that had just occurred. M. Baude sent back the officer and his despatch unbroken to Count Lowenhielm. The Swedish mi-

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nister, touched by such courtesy, hastened to write his acknowledgments to M. Baude; but he did not make his appearance at the Hôtel de Ville, as it was stated at the time that he did, and which he could not have done without imprudently breaking through the reserve enjoined him. For some politicians suspected Bernadotte of having long cherished ambitious hopes; they believed that fortune, by taking him from a camp to set him on a throne, had puffed up his mind to the degree of inspiring him with dreams of the crown of France. The fall of the Bourbons was an event of which he might endeavour to take advantage. Did he entertain the thought? We cannot tell. At any rate events were destined to march with more rapid strides than his desires.

There were two military governments in Paris: which of the two was to remain possessor of the supreme authority? All hope of conciliation was now chimerical. Orders to cease firing had been despatched to the several posts, but it never reached them. The quarter-masters of the companies posted in the Place du Carrousel had been commanded to copy the marshal's proclamation, and had actually done so, some writing on their knees, others on drumheads; but the fusillade was kept up notwithstanding in front of the colonnade of the Louvre and elsewhere with great vivacity. A month and a half's pay was assigned to every soldier, and the distribution which was facilitated by the vicinity of the treasury, was instantly made in the Place du Carrousel. An eight-pounder was pointed at the entrance of the Rue de Rohan. Lastly, the soldiers of the 6th regiment of the guards, posted in the houses adjoining the Palais Royal, made all ready to repel the attack; for the mass of the assailants was swelling; the boding hum of the city was spreading wider and wider, and the barricades in the Rue Richelieu, approaching the position of the soldiers with surprising rapidity, were becoming trenches of attack.

The boldness of the royalist leaders was not commensurate either with the threatening character of the measures taken by them, or with the magnitude of the danger. The Duc de Raguse formally refused to authorize the artillery-men to discharge the cannon planted in the Rue de Rohan; and a young officer of the 6th guards having applied to him for permission to discharge some cannon-shots against the Quai Voltaire, "Sir," said the marshal, passionately, "do you want to make the city a heap of ruins?"

As for the dignitaries of the realm, the peers of France, they were only occupied at this moment in lamenting over their compromised position, their property flung to the ravening populace, their heads, perhaps, threatened! The people was let loose: how was it to be checked? and they outdid each other in cursing M. de Polignac. Possessors of a fortune made up of the wrecks of four revolutions; fortunate for fifteen years in a country whose calamities were typified in their prosperity, they had adhered to absolute monarchy from calculation, not from conviction. For this very reason they had

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been able to exercise a forethought of which M. de Polignac was incapable, because he was disinterested like all fanatics, and honest and sincere in his blindness.

"We foretold all this," said these great personages to each other; "the wild beast should have been lulled, and they have irritated him. Here we are on the brink of a fathomless pit, and why? Because our sage counsels have been rejected; because the court, swayed by the fatal ascendancy of a madman, has not been able to moderate the movement of the counter-revolution. What is to become of us? Who knows but that the repeal of the ordinances would be sufficient to quiet the people? That would be the saving of us."

M. de Sémonville, the grand referendary of the court of peers, set out, therefore, from the Luxembourg to head-quarters, accompanied by M. d'Argout. They found the Duc de Raguse in perturbation and despair. When he saw them come in, the marshal went into the adjoining room where the ministers were assembled, and immediately returned with M. de Polignac. M. de Sémonville heaped bitter and violent reproaches on the prince, who replied calmly and withdrew. Furious at a resistance which left them exposed naked to danger, the two monarchical nogotiators proposed to the marshal that he should arrest ministers who had been guilty of risking for the king's sake the fortunes of the servants of royalty. M. de Glandevez offered his sword; the Duc de Raguse hesitated; M. de Peyronnet reappeared; and, as a last effort, MM. de Sémonville and D'Argout set off for St. Cloud.

Just as their carriage was entering the main alley of the garden of of the Tuileries, a man sprang before the horses' heads, pointing with one hand to St. Cloud, and with the other to a carriage following that of the two negotiators. It was M. de Polignac's, and the man, who, with this mute eloquence, urged M. de Sémonville to make haste, was one of those he had a moment before wished to arrest, M. de Peyronnet!*

An alarming intelligence recently received had caused a consternation in that château of St. Cloud whither the ministers were bound; news had arrived there very early in the morning, that the town of Versailles was in open insurrection. The vicinity of the town gave this event a formidable character. A few hours more, perhaps, and the revolt would besiege royalty in its very palace. No time was to

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* "It was neither the summons of the Duc de Raguse nor that of M. de Sémonville that gave occasion, as has been supposed, to the departure of the ministers for St. Cloud; and this for the very simple reason, that they made none, having no title to do so. The departure of the ministers was occasioned by a letter from Charles X., informing ministers that it was his intention to assemble his council on the following morning. My carriage was waiting for me in the courtyard of the Tuileries long before the arrival of M. de Sémonville.

"The deposition of M. de Sémonville before the Chamber of Peers was only a scene for effect, got up in the silence of the cabinet. I positively disavow the greater part of the things related by him, and in which he makes me figure as an actor; but every one to his mania; that of M. de Sémonville is always to dress up something for the stage."—*MS. note of M. de Polignac.*

be lost in displaying vigour. Two companies of gardes-du-corps were then in the courtyard of the château; they might be marched against Versailles; but there was no captain of the guards at hand to lead the adventurous expedition. On the other hand to put under the orders of some general of the empire a corps which gentlemen of the highest noblesse thought themselves alone worthy to command, were a very rude infraction of court privileges. Such a derogation from etiquette was in the eyes of Charles X. a matter of almost as much importance as the loss of a battle. But there comes a time when matters invincibly force themselves back to their natural level, and when logic prevails over the petty arrangements of human vanity. General Vincent offered to take the command of the guards, and to offer was, under such circumstances, to prescribe. His services were accepted by the dauphin; Charles X. smothered his dissatisfaction; and the general set out for Versailles at the head of the two companies of gardes-du-corps, supported by two or three hundred gendarmes. When he came to the last turn of the road he halted his men, and advancing alone to the gate, he sent to demand an interview with the authorities of the town. The secretary-general and the mayor soon came to him, followed by a numerous detachment of national guards. The group appeared very animated, and what was remarkable enough, the cry that issued from every mouth was, *To the Commune!* To the Commune! the revolutionary cry of the 12th century. General Vincent, who had been knocked off his horse in this same place, when fighting against the Cossacks in 1814, displayed great firmness combined with prudence; and a calmer temper was beginning to prevail, when a column of men of the people, armed with guns or pistols, and with their arms bare, rushed into the road. The shouting was then renewed; the agitation became tremendous. and General Vincent returned to his men. But hardly had rejoined them, when the gendarmes quitted the service, and went over to the people, and he was obliged to lead the gardes-du-corps back to the heights of St. Cloud.

While these things were going on the ministers arrived in the château. M. de Polignac's carriage drove up almost at the same moment as M. de Sémonville's. The Duchess de Berri, who had opened her window at the sound of the wheels, waved a friendly salute to M. de Polignac alone. Shortly afterwards the grand referendary, who had gone in the first instance to the Duc de Luxembourg, was summoned to the king; and as he entered the apartment he met M. de Polignac, who said to him, putting his hand to his neck, "You come to demand my head? No matter. I have told the king you were here: have the first word."

M. de Sémonville expected to find the king in great agitation, and he was struck by the calmness of his countenance and the gravity of his demeanour. Charles X. listened with an incredulous air to the news that was brought him, and even sought to reassure M. de Sémonville as he had done the day before by M. de Vitrolles. He

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said that every measure was taken to smother the insurrection; that he relied on the soldiers; that the revolt would wear itself out, because the people had no leaders, and the order to shoot the instigators had been executed. M. de Sémonville did all in his power to undeceive the king but in vain. "Well then, sire," he exclaimed, at last, "I must tell you all: if the ordinances are not recalled within an hour, no more king, no more royalty."—"Perhaps you will grant me two hours," replied the king with offended pride; and he was retiring, when M. de Sémonville falling on his knees, seized his clothes, and as the king continued to retreat, he dragged himself along the floor in a piteous manner! "The dauphine! think of the dauphine, sire!" he exclaimed. Charles X. was affected, but he remained firm in his resolution.

The ministers, however, held a council together; M. de Vitrolles had also arrived in St. Cloud, bringing with him the strip of paper on which Doctor Thibault had on the preceding day inscribed these two names, unknown to most of the combatants, Mortemart and Gérard.

A change of ministers was under discussion at St. Cloud; at Paris they were no longer fighting for any thing but the overthrow of royalty.

The struggle had recommenced at several points. Pupils of the École Polytechnique went through the Faubourg St. Jacques, knocking at the door of every lodging-house, and calling out "Students, turn out!" A gathering had been formed in the Place de l'Odéon: arms were wanted, and a voice cried out, "To the barracks in the Rue Tournon!" A moment after and the barracks were taken; the gendarmes fled; and the first that rushed in threw out to the eager crowd sabres, small swords, cartridge-boxes, muskets, and carbines. Each pupil of the Ecole Polytechnique, as he received a weapon, cried out, "Who will follow me?" and immediately groups of twenty, thirty, forty workmen ranged themselves behind him; the drums beat, and the march began. One of these detachments hurried off to take the post of the Place St. Thomas d'Aquin from the Swiss; another went to seize a powder magazine near the Jardin des Plantes; a third, consisting of from two hundred to two hundred and fifty men, marched against a depot of the garde royale, in the Place de l'Estrapade. The soldiers appeared at the windows with their muskets in their hands. People called out to them "Do not fire, no harm will be done to you;" the column continued to advance; a young man named Hostel, taking advantage of this moment of hesitation, climbed hastily up to the window, and said some words to the officer, which were not overheard; when instantly the latter took off his coat and put it on the young man, whom he pressed in his arms. The post was evacuated and the arms were delivered to the people.

A nearly similar scene took place at the Prison de Montaigne, a few paces from the Pantheon. The commandant of the post had drawn up his men in order of battle in the street. Maës, a brewer

of the Faubourg St. Marceau, was at the entrance of the street followed by a hundred workmen, and ready to fire, when M. Charras came running up, dressed in his uniform. He spoke a few words warm from the heart; no more was necessary; the officer lowered his sword, and the soldiers swore not to fire on their brethren.

At this moment the Place de l'Odéon was covered with armed men. In a wine-shop, at the corner of the street which opens on the middle of the square, a great number of students and workmen were making cartridges under the direction of some old soldiers. At first there was a want of paper; but upon the people shouting out for a supply, enormous heaps were thrown down from all the windows of the square. Balls were brought every moment from an extemporaneous foundry set up in the Place St. Sulpice, where tin and lead were cast. Close to the portico of the Odeon there was a cart containing two barrels of powder, the heads of which had been knocked in: they came from the magazine of the Jardin des Plantes. Two pupils of the Ecole Polytechnique, MM. Liédot and Millette, continued uninterruptedly baling out the powder with their hats.

During the distribution of the powder, which was accomplished with heroic recklessness, M. Lothon was named by acclamation general-in-chief of the little army, but an unknown individual having claimed the post as an old soldier, M. Lothon cheerfully ceded the authority to him. The stranger put on a red sash; the drum beat the ban, and the whole column was in motion. It consisted of a thousand men.

Thirty or forty men detached themselves under the command of M. Lothon, and took the direction of the Pont Neuf. They crossed the Seine and proceeded by the Rue St. Thomas-du-Louvre towards the Place du Palais Royal. There they were met by a very brisk fire, and retreated. M. Lothon, to rally his men, advanced alone into the square, but he had not gone twenty steps when a ball struck him in the head, and stretched him lifeless. He was not picked up for a long time after; his cocked hat was riddled with balls.

M. Baduel, another pupil of the school, was leading a detachment of five-and-twenty or thirty men to the Tuileries, when he was brought down by a grape-shot nearly at the foot of the Arc de Triomphe.

The main body, from which these two detachments had gone off, marched to the Caserne de Babylone, occupied by the Swiss. As it approached the barracks it separated into three divisions. One of these posted itself in the street fronting the barracks; the second went to the entrance-gate by a street nearly perpendicular to it; the third advanced upon the rear of the building, through an alley then flanked in a great measure by garden walls. This third colonnade, which was commanded by M. Charras, had no sooner entered the alley than a brisk fusillade opened upon it from an unfinished house on its right. Three men fell; five drummers who were beating the charge fled; a workman, in bringing down his weapon, killed the

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man who marched before him ; the column became disorderly, and the ranks fell back precipitately on each other. M. Charras rushed forward, with his hat on the point of his sword, followed by a man of the people named Besnard, enthusiastically waving the tricolour flag. The Swiss redoubled their fire ; fortunately, some Parisian sharpshooters appeared at the windows of the neighbouring houses, and began, in their turn, to fire on the Swiss with such success, that the latter abandoning the unfinished house made their way back to the barracks through the gardens. Charras, Cantrez (another pupil of the Ecole Polytechnique) and Besnard advanced again, followed by some workmen, and soon after by the whole mass. Sharpshooters posted themselves in the gardens and on the roof of a house adjoining the barracks, which were thus surrounded on all sides. The Swiss had placed mattresses against all the windows, and made a desperate defence. The assailants, on their part, almost all working men, sustained the fire with astonishing intrepidity. Three pupils of the school fought at their head, MM. Vanneau, Lacroix, and d'Ouvrier. The first received a ball in the forehead that killed him on the spot ; the two others were severely wounded. M. Alphonse Moutz, a student, received a ball through the thigh, and died five days afterwards. M. Barbier, a professor of mathematics, was shot in the left arm. Others fell whose names have remained in obscurity; these were of the people!

The attack had been going on for three-quarters of an hour, when the thought occurred to one of the assailants to heap straw before the doors of the barracks : it was set on fire, and the Swiss fled through the gardens. Some of them would neither run away nor surrender ; they were killed. Among them was Major Dufay. The drums beat the recall ; the column formed again in the Rue de Sèvres, and marched to the Tuileries.

But the royal palace was already in the possession of the people. The Louvre, which had been constituted a fortress, was taken. This extraordinary event was thus accomplished.

A great mass of assailants, issuing from all the narrow streets adjoining the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, had advanced towards the Louvre, which some young men in a freak of poetic extravagance had talked of capturing with a band of music at their head. The Swiss posted on the colonnade, kept up a tremendous fire, which was vigorously returned by the Parisians.

The Duc de Raguse was, during the time, in the Place du Carrousel, making all ready for a last and desperate engagement. Intelligence was brought him that the soldiers in the Place Vendôme were in communication with the people ; that they were wavering in their allegiance ; and that a defection was to be apprehended. The marshal immediately resolved to withdraw the two regiments from contact with the people, to march them to the Place Louis XV. and the Tuileries, and to replace them with the Swiss, who had neither brothers nor relations among the people whom it was intended to

cannonade. Calling his aide-de-camp, M. de Guise, he said to him, "Hasten to M. de Salis; let him send me one of the two battalions under his command; one is enough for the defence of the Louvre."

When this order reached M. de Salis, there were Swiss in the courtyard of the palace, and in the colonnades; those in the latter position were alone exposed to the fire. M. de Salis, wishing to send fresh troops to act against the people, resolved to send the duke the battalion that was actually engaged, and to supply its place with that which had not yet fought. But, with strange inadvertency, instead of first calling up into the Louvre the battalion that was in the courtyard, he began by marching away that which occupied the colonnade. The people perceived that the fire of the Swiss was silenced; they saw no enemies before them. A bold lad had already climbed up by a spout, and planted a tricolour flag on the Louvre. Some of the assailants entered by a wicket which had been left open, got into the abandoned halls, ran to the windows and fired on the Swiss. Amazement and alarm seized the intrepid mercenaries, the fearful and bloody tradition of the 10th of August rushed upon their minds, and they turned abruptly and fled with all speed across the Place du Carrousel. During this time the people fired pistols into the locks, broke open the doors with axes, and poured in floods all over the Louvre, whilst another portion of the assailants pursued the fugitives. The Duc de Raguse, his face burning with rage and shame, endeavoured to rally his soldiers; he succeeded in bringing some of them back to the Tuileries, but the disorder was immense. M. de Guise who had his sabre in his hand, lost it in this horrible rout, and only found it again, a long way off, hanging from the curb of a gendarme's horse. Musket-shots followed thick upon each other, the men of the people were coming up flushed and wild with success. The Swiss reached the Pavillon de l'Horloge, passed it in disorder, and scattered over the gardens of the Tuileries. The panic spread to the troops posted there, and from these it was communicated to those stationed in the Place Louis XV. Some of these routed soldiers tore off their epaulettes in their confusion, others hastily threw away their uniforms. Some officers, borne away by the irresistible force of the flood, broke their swords in despair. In an instant the rout was become general, and the king's army was in full retreat through the Champs Elysées.

At the moment when the troops were thus hurrying along the line extending from the Louvre to the Arc-de-l'Etoile, a window was gently opened at the corner of the Rue de Rivoli and the Rue Saint-Florentin. "Good God! what are you doing, M. Keyser," cried a broken and aged voice from the further end of a sumptuous apartment. "You will have the hôtel pillaged!"—"Never fear," replied M. Keyser, "the troops are in full retreat, but the people are intent only on pursuing them."—"Indeed!" said M. de Talleyrand, and stepping up to the clock, "Note it down," he added, in a solemn tone, "that on the 29th of July, 1830, at five minutes past

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noon, the elder branch of the Bourbons ceased to reign over France." This was rather prematurely tolling the knell of the ancient monarchy; but to predict great misfortunes, in order to betray them afterwards, was the vanity of that faithless soul.

Whilst the multitude that had captured the Louvre was hurrying through the long gallery of the museum towards the palace of the Tuileries, MM. Thomas, Bastide, Guinard, Joubert, and Ganja were entering it by the wicket of the Pont Royal. In a moment the royal dwelling was wholly occupied by the Parisians, and a tricolour flag was planted by Thomas and Joubert on the top of the building. A combatant opened one of the gates of the garden for General Bertrand, and the companion of the emperor's exile entered, with tears in his eyes, into the place where he had not set foot since 1815.

The people broke statues of kings in the palace halls; portraits of princes were torn with the points of pikes or bayonets, and workmen carried home, as the sole trophy of their victory, some strips of painted canvass. In the hall of the marshals the victors discharged their pieces at some portraits that awakened recollections of perfidy; but many a head was uncovered before the portrait of Macdonald, whom the falling fortunes of his benefactor had found faithful in 1814. A great number of working men had installed themselves in the hall of the throne, each of them sat on the throne in his turn, and then they placed a dead man upon it.

This act of taking possession presented, for several hours, an inconceivable mixture of heroism and heedlessness, of buffoonery and grandeur. Men of the humble classes were seen pulling on, over their bloody shirts, flowered gowns that had pressed the slim waists of princesses, and they stalked about in this odd accoutrement, thus making a joke of their own victory, between their penury of the past day and their penury of the morrow.

But the rumour having spread that the doors of the Tuileries were open to every body, men of various conditions flocked thither. Many robberies evincing a cultivated taste were committed in this medley concourse. The articles which disappeared, and which have not been recovered, were generally rare books, sumptuous editions, elegant slippers, a multitude of charming trifles, all sorts of things calculated to tempt the cupidity of the refined and fastidious. With these exceptions little mischief was done. The rich man went up to the poor man and said to him, " My friend, you have a gun, keep guard over these splendid cases."—" Very well," replied the poor man, and he would have suffered death rather than have failed to fulfil the order. A young man had got possession of a royal hat, ornamented in a very costly manner; some of the people saw him and stopped him. " Where are you going with that? No stealing here!"—" It is only a token I am taking with me."—" All well and good; but in that case the value of the article is of no consequence." So saying, they took the hat, trampled it under their feet, and returned it to the young man. The people therefore kept perfect watch over

themselves. A workman, named Müller, had been appointed chief guardian of valuables by M. de Cailleux, the conservator of the museum: he fulfilled his duties nobly, laboriously, and at the risk of his life. Some days afterwards, when order was restored, a workman, named Müller, presented himself to M. de Cailleux, imploring some assistance. He was without work and starving.

During this time the waters of the Seine were carrying along books, vestments, and hangings, thrown into it from the sack of the archbishopric; and a body of men, among whom pompiers made part, were returning in triumph from the Caserne de Babylone, waving the red coats of the vanquished Swiss on the points of bayonets. The people had broken forcibly into the artillery museum; so that in this insurrection of the nineteenth century figured the casque of Godefroy de Bouillon, the matchlock arquebuse of Charles IX., and the lance of Francis I.

The courtyard of the Palais Royal was full of troops; the house of a clothier, situated on one side of the square, and the Café de la Régence, on the opposite side, were occupied by two companies of the 6th guards, under Captains de Conchy and Moëte. After several attacks gallantly sustained, these two officers were forced to retreat. The former having been wounded by a ball, was carried to the guardhouse, where the insurgents, furious at the loss of their comrades, talked of shooting him; a combatant, named Bazin, saved him. During this time one of the people who had made his way into the courtyard of the palais, entered into a parley with the officer, and the court was evacuated.

The Duc de Raguse had forgotten in the hurry of the retreat a company of the 3d guards in the Rue de Rohan. The soldiers posted in the house of a hat manufacturer, a few paces from the Théâtre Français, fired from all the windows on some men who, under cover of the columns of the portico, or of the angles of the streets, kept up this hot contest with unflinching vigour. Two young men were fighting side by side: one of them was mortally wounded; the other who was loading his gun continued his employment, saying in a low stifled voice to his comrades, "If I am killed, you will pick this poor fellow up, will you not? He is my brother!"

The house was carried after a murderous conflict: Captain Ménuisier was flung out of a window on the third story; several of the soldiers were slaughtered, and the rest were led prisoners to the Place de la Bourse. It was one of the most terrible episodes of the revolution, and it was the last.

The resistance had been obstinate; it provoked acts of vengeance. A soldier had hidden himself in a press; he was discovered there by a manufacturer of the Faubourg St. Antoine, who ran him through with a bayonet.

But if victory showed itself implacable in some, in most it was magnanimous and humane. An officer, named Rivaulx, having

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made his escape over the housetops, had slipped into the alley of a neighbouring house, whence he had entered the shop of a milkman, which was empty at the moment. A penthouse that had been thrown down served him for a place of concealment. Suddenly voices were heard in the dark alley, and the shop-door was opened. "He is in this house," said the armed men who had rushed in; and they accompanied these words with the most frightful threats. The officer heard all from his place of concealment; every word sounded to him like a sentence of death, and he was terrified at the noise of his own breathing. There were some pieces of packing-paper about him; his breath stirred them, and this was enough to betray his hiding-place. A man's foot trod lightly on his arm, and he thought himself lost; he was saved. "What good are we doing here?" cried the man who had discovered him, roughly. "Let us go search the house." He left the place, hurrying his companions with him, and returned a moment afterwards in search of the officer who owed him his life, and who escaped by means of a disguise. Lieutenant Goyon, after having courageously defended himself from story to story, was shut up in a room with some of his soldiers. *Death to the officer!* was shouted on all hands by the incensed crowd of assailants. "Here I am!" he cried, immediately opening the door. Struck by many hands at once, he fell with his face bathed in blood; but two of the insurgents sprang towards him, took him up in their arms and carried him away at the risk of their lives. Another officer, named Ferrand, had a more unhappy fate: he fell mortally wounded; but it was one of the insurgents who waited by him in his last moments, received his last breath, and undertook to execute his dying wishes. The history of revolutions is full of similar traits: they prove that great crises by over-exciting the various powers of the soul, magnify human nature in all its dimensions.

Two hours after this, Doctor Delaberge, one of the combatants of the Louvre, was returning home, when he met, in the Rue Neuve-des-Capucines, a man he could scarcely recognise, so pale and haggard were his features. M. Casimir Périer rushed to him and entreated him to save some gendarmes who had taken refuge in the office of foreign affairs, and who were beset by a frantic multitude shouting for their blood. Doctor Delaberge went into the building, followed by some resolute men, and found eighteen gendarmes in the pantry, who had stripped off their uniforms, and were expecting to be massacred. He made them put on plain clothes; and whilst he stood at the front door haranguing the people and keeping them in play, the poor fellows escaped by the door opening on the Place des Capucines.

About the same time, two large chests, covered with gray cloth, arrived on the Place de la Bourse. M. Charles Teste, who then had the command of the Bourse, had them opened: they contained

the silver plate of the château, and the most valuable ornaments of the chapel. Those who escorted and protected these rich articles had on their persons nothing but blood-stained rags.

The conflict seemed ended, but still the city had not got rid of all its foes. From the Place Vendôme, in which there were two regiments of the line, the garde royale extended as far as the Madeleine along the Rue de la Paix and the Boulevard des Capucines. But an incurable discouragement had seized the troops. Some soldiers had seen, from their station in the Place Vendôme, the rout of the fugitives from the Louvre, the capture of which was no longer unknown in the ranks. Defection was momentarily to be apprehended. General Wall, observing M. Billiard, rode up to him and said, "Monsieur, do you know Casimir Périer? It is important that he should be informed, without delay, that the king desires to speak with him." M. Billiard hurried off to Casimir Périer, but he was not at home.

The news of a truce concluded between him and Charles X. spread rapidly. Unknown agents carried it about among the various groups, and strenuously exhorted the people to lay down their arms. Other citizens, on the contrary, conjured them to distrust these harangues, and not to quit the field of battle till the victory was secured. Such, in particular, was the language addressed to the people near the Rue de la Chaussée-d'Antin by MM. Bérard and Dupin aîné. The ardour of the latter was extreme, and singularly at variance with the attitude he had maintained up to that time: whether it was that the spectacle of the victorious Parisians had fired his imagination, or that he wished to gain forgiveness for having doubted of the people's success by the loudness and vehemence with which he partook in it. Be this as it may, belligerent suggestions prevailed, and indignation was the feeling entertained towards those who talked of accommodation in the midst of the victims of royal obstinacy. A white handkerchief, waved by a man who rode on horseback along the boulevard, exasperated the multitude to the highest pitch. The commandant Roux, and M. Durand, advocates for the pacification of Paris, were quickly surrounded by a furious crowd shouting out for their death. They were saved through the interposition of MM. Gérard and Bérard, who took them away to M. Laffitte's, under pretence of having them tried there.

During this time a column of insurgents was entering the Rue de la Paix by the Rue Neuve-Saint-Augustin. It was preceded by a brave citizen, M. Froussard, who came running up with his musket slung over his shoulder and a pistol in each hand. After threatening General Wall, he delivered a soldier-like address to the troops, conjuring them to remember their origin, and that their enemies in this warfare were their brethren. Several of the people, taking advantage of the hesitation of the soldiers, had gradually approached the ranks, and a thousand energetic or touching appeals were uttered by the excited multitude. The force of persuasion and sympathy soon became irresistible, and the soldiers all along the Rue de la Paix

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turned up the butts of their muskets in the air. Casimir Périer, who was then at the house of M. Noel, his notary, at the corner of the Rue de la Paix and the Rue Neuve-Saint-Augustin, saw this movement of the guards from a window; he hastened down into the street and declared his name, and amidst the cries that hailed his presence, a captain broke his sword.

Casimir Périer now clearly perceived which side of fortune's balance decidedly preponderated, and he made all speed to M. Laffitte's. The moment he entered, M. Auguste Billiard went up to him and said, "I am commissioned to tell you that Charles X. desires to confer with you." Casimir Périer returned a haughty refusal to this proposal. His soul was already pledged to the winning cause.

Many persons of note were at this moment assembled at M. Laffitte's. A great noise was heard at the gate of the hôtel: it was a sergeant, named Richemont, who demanded admission, and when the servants objected to allow a soldier to pass into rooms where such grave matters were in debate, Richemont drew his sword, and taking it by the blade, offered the hilt to the servants, still urging his request. At last he was shown in. He came to announce that the 53d of the line was ready to join the people, and that the body of officers, with the exception of the colonel and the majors, had deputed him to convey the intelligence to General Gérard. At the request of the general, Colonel Heymès went out dressed in plain clothes, and proceeded to the Place Vendôme with Sergeant Richemont. On the way they met M. Laffitte's brother, who was assembling some national guards, and he joined them. They made their way through the lines to the colonel; their earnest words were passed from man to man through the ranks; the officers applauded; the colonel, who resisted at first, was finally overcome. The soldiers stipulated only that they should retain their arms and their colours, a military punctilio which could not be denied them, and the regiment marched to the Hôtel Laffitte with the drums beating before it.

The courtyard of the hotel was soon swarming with soldiers: five officers entered the grand saloon. M. Laffitte, who was reclining on a sofa, having hurt his foot, received them with kindness and dignity. "Messieurs," he said to them, "keep your arms, but vow not to use them against the people." The officers stretched out their hands to take the oath. "No oaths, Messieurs," said Laffitte with emotion; "kings have dishonoured them; the word of brave men is enough." These words were rapturously applauded, and every one was giving free course to the strong emotions of the day, when suddenly a volley of musketry was heard. What language could depict the tumult that then burst forth in the rooms? The royal guards were assuredly victorious;—the enemy would be on the spot forthwith;—and every one took to his heels: the passages were choked up with people struggling to get out; and several persons, M. Méchin among others, jumped into the garden from the windows of the ground-floor. In the twinkling of an eye M. Laf-

fitte was deserted by all those that had surrounded his sofa, with the solitary exception of his nephew, M. Laroche. His wife had fainted: as for himself, as calm as ever, he took advantage of the interval this rout afforded to have his leg dressed by his nephew. What had been the matter after all? The soldiers of the 6th had followed the example of their comrades of the 53d, and going over to the cause of the people, they had discharged their muskets in the air to give assurance of their friendly intentions.

Well, this same Hôtel Laffitte, the theatre of such marvellous alarms, was by and by to be decked with the name of the head-quarters of the revolution.

The battle over, the city, so long motionless and hidden, suddenly became alive again, and everywhere presented an imposing and animated concourse. In a few moments a countless mass had spread like a sea through the streets, squares, and boulevards: the dismal and portentous silence of the preceding day, interrupted only by the roar of fire-arms, was now succeeded by the din of Parisian life in its noisiest mood. But how came it that the capital was free? What mysterious power had made troops so brave, so well disciplined, give way before scattered bands composed in a great measure of workmen and boys? There was something inexplicable to all men in such an event, and astonishment was universal.

The first moments of triumph belonged to joy and brotherly feeling: an enthusiasm unparalleled quickened the pulses of every heart. The man of fashion familiarly accosted the man of the people, whose hand he did not then shrink from grasping. Persons who had never seen each other before embraced like old friends. The shops were that day thrown open to the poor. In many places wounded men passed by borne on litters, and every one saluted them with affection and respect. Blended together in one common feeling of enthusiasm, all classes seemed to have forgotten their old grudges; and seeing the open-handed generosity on the one side, and the reserve and modesty on the other, one would have thought he had before him a society habituated to the brotherly practice of having all things in common. This lasted some hours.

That evening the bourgeoisie kept armed watch for the preservation of their property. The sentiment of fraternity had abruptly given way among the prosperous to a distrust, composed in part of fear of the return of the troops, and of that of the people in a much greater degree. Vigilant patrols traversed the city in every direction. To pass with any freedom from one place to another it was necessary to be furnished with the watchword. A great number of arbitrary arrests were made: the bourgeois in uniform disarmed the workmen in jackets, and even the bourgeois in plain clothes. Two of the combatants of the preceding day, M. Dupont and Godefroi Cavaignac, were arrested in this way at the Croix Rouge,

and only owed it to their determined conduct that they were left in possession of their muskets.

Previously too, on the 28th, national guards had been seen acting as sentinels at the bank conjointly with the troops of the line; and whilst the people were fighting, M. Dequevauvilliers had repaired to head-quarters to obtain the watchword from the Duc de Raguse, and permission for the national guard to act freely for the protection of property.

Property, therefore, ran not the least risk in the month of July: it would have been protected by the providence of the bourgeois, even had it not been so by the disinterestedness of the proletaries.

We must not omit to say that this disinterestedness was not left without stimulus. During the days succeeding the victory of Paris, the journals vied with each other in extolling the self-denial of the poor; the admiration it called forth was loud and unanimous. It was related that a workman had deposited a silver gilt vase at the prefecture of police, and would not even state his name; that another had found a bag containing three thousand francs under the wicket of the Louvre, and had immediately carried it to the Commune. A phrase uttered by an unfortunate artisan was greatly admired, "Equality before the law is all very well; but equality of fortune is an impossibility." Lastly there was no end of magnifying the good conduct displayed by the people in shooting robbers taken in the fact, and the number of these popular executions was designedly exaggerated. A man having been arrested for purloining a piece of plate of very small value, he was dragged away under an arch of the Pont d'Arcole. The wretched man burst into tears and cried out, "What! death for such a little thing! It was poverty that tempted me. Mercy! I have a family. Let me at least embrace my wife and children for the last time. Is there never a man among you that has suffered the pangs of hunger? Mercy! mercy!" He was made to kneel down, and was shot dead. There was nothing spontaneous in this savage act of justice on the part of those who executed it: the order for the murder emanated from the Hôtel de Ville.

Nevertheless, all that was said of the disinterestedness of the people was true; and there was no reason just then for being chary of encouragement to the virtues of which there was immediate need.

At the close of the day M. Charras conducted to the Hôtel de Ville a party of those who had fought at the Caserne de Babylone. He found General Lafayette very composed; and having asked him what should be done with the two hundred volunteers who were waiting below in the Place de Grève, he was answered, "Let them return peaceably to their homes; they must have need of repose." M. Charras observed to the general that many of those brave fellows would find no bread at home on their return. "Well, then, let them have five francs per man," said the general. The offer was

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made known to the workmen. *We don't fight for money* was the cry that burst simultaneously from every mouth. The least poor among these men had not ten francs' worth on his back.

Whilst the fusillade was ceasing in Paris, and they were digging in front of the Louvre two large pits, which were hallowed by a priest, and surmounted with a cross bearing these words, *To the Frenchmen who died for liberty*, those who were assembled at the Hôtel Laffitte were busy founding a new dynasty.

Here begins a series of intrigues, frivolous in appearance, but which are characteristic and were decisive.

All the moneyed men whom the sense of danger had collected in those sumptuous saloons, were disturbed and thoughtful. Already they looked upon their mansions as given up to plunder; and struck by the might the people had displayed, they counted little on its greatness of soul.

M. Laffitte's plan was determined. Going up to M. Oudart, he said, "Yesterday I requested you to go to Neuilly. The prince's reply to the notification I sent him was, *I thank you.** Have the goodness to return to him. Let him take his choice between a passport and a crown. If I succeed I will not charge him banker's commission: if I fail he will disavow my proceedings."

People flocked from all parts to Laffitte's: the apartments, the courtyards, and the gardens were crowded with *grands seigneurs*, capitalists, men of the law, and national guards. Inquisitive spectators posted themselves on the roofs of the adjoining houses. A huge buzzing rose from this incessantly-renewed swarm of persons animated by various passions. Some cartridges having been brought into the courtyard occasioned a violent uproar; for the men of the people scrambled for them, there being yet more shots to fire. M. Degoussée entered, holding a paper in his hand. That intrepid citizen had gone at daybreak to offer General Pajol the command of the national guards. In revolutions, authority belongs to him who lays hold on it. But the general having replied that an authorization from the deputies seemed to him to be necessary, M. Degoussée hastened to the Duc de Choiseul's, where he met M. Dupin, and the latter wrote, "The deputies assembled in Paris authorize General Pajol to take the command of the Parisian militia."—"Parisian militia!" exclaimed M. Degoussée, "why that word?"—"Because the national guard has been legally dissolved," replied M. Dupin, who did not choose to risk his head in this revolution. That same morning, in that same hôtel of the Duc de Choiseul, he had said, on hearing of the success of the royal army, and in presence of the Chevalier de Pannat, "The royal troops are gaining the day on all points, and, *ma foi*, it is very fortunate that it is so."

The deputies assembled at Laffitte's signed the written authorization presented to them by M. Degoussée; but they did so with trouble

* This form of reply is negative in French.—*Translator.*

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and dismay. To give the armed people a chief who was not a deputy, was to set up by the side of the legal authority an authority purely insurrectional. Just as M. Degoussée was quitting the room, M. Baillot, a deputy of Melun, hurried up to him, and asked to see the authorization, as if to look it over, and he did not give back the paper till he had furtively torn off the signatures. This was the style in which the bourgeoisie prepared itself for the management of public affairs.

Meanwhile, the throng was increasing: a man of the people brought news that the Louvre was taken; M. de Lafayette arrived. Audry de Puyraveau had gone to him very early in the morning to urge him to take the command of the troops, and was received by M. Carbonnel, who said to him, "But do you know, you are about to make the general incur great risks?" To which Audry warmly replied, "And I too, sir, have I not been running great risks these two days?" On his way to Laffitte's, Audry de Puyraveau found a great concourse of the people in the Rue D'Artois, and M. Mignet crying out to them, "Make your minds easy, my friends, this evening you will have the Duc d'Orléans for king."

Those who were met at Laffitte's had not all arrived as yet at so definite a plan, but they all heartily invoked the establishment of a regular government; some that the revolution might find a pilot; others, and these were the majority, that it might be rigorously watched and kept in check. Already, too, the necessity of a directing power had been proclaimed in the streets by the combatants themselves. Several citizens had assembled tumultuously in the house of Garnier Pagès, in the Rue Sainte Avoye; and there it had been determined that General Lafayette, General Gérard, and the Duc de Choiseul, should be invited to take the public force into their hands. At the same time, by a singular coincidence, MM. Charles Teste and Tachereau were creating in the offices of the *National* a provisional government, consisting of MM. Lafayette, Gérard, and Labbey de Pompières. Upon the advice of the poet Béranger, the name of the Duc de Choiseul was substituted for that of the latter; and a proclamation which the *Constitutionnel* was erroneously induced to publish, spread through Paris the grand news of a government which existed only in the minds of some courageous forgers, who counted on success for acquittal.

Presently nothing was done in the capital but by virtue of this imaginary power: the most intelligent city in the world was governed by a word.

Men who had received their warrant from themselves alone, installed themselves in the Hôtel de Ville as representatives of the provisional government; and in that capacity they parodied the majesty of command, signed orders, distributed employments, and conferred dignities. Great was the number of those who on the faith of some college reminiscences dreamed then of playing the part of Sylla; and side by side with young men of thoughtful courage,

and disinterested in their daring, were seen ambitious scramblers whose hardihood was mere ignorance of obstacles, or the delirium of vanity. Their reign was short, because those who would dare greatly must be able to do greatly; but it was real, and gave occasion to scenes of unexampled buffoonery. Gentlemen parcelled out the administration of France between them by private contract in the Salle St. Jean, where applicants for office were arriving every moment to bow before the omnipotence of the rulers of the place. There M. Dumoulin* held sway by virtue of his cocked hat and feathers and his brilliant uniform. He had promoted himself to the rank of commandant of the Hôtel de Ville, and he fulfilled the functions of that post up to a certain point. M. Alexandre de Laborde had put in his claim for a place in the victory, and the commandant of the hôtel, with admirable coolness, named him Prefect of the Seine by beat of drum. M. de Montalivet, who had been absent from Paris during the conflict, came in his turn to the Hôtel de Ville to make known his expectations; but it was to M. Baude he addressed himself. He asked for the directorship of the bridges and roads, at the same time declaring that if M. Baude had reserved this for himself he would cheerfully forego his claim. M. Baude replied like a a man who did not think himself empowered either to give or to take. Thus this strange revolution exhibited in the space of a few days all the various aspects of humanity, heroism and meanness, manly passions and childish vanities, grandeur and wretchedness, that is to say the whole man.

During this time a deputation, of which the two brothers Garnier-Pagès made part, entered the Hôtel Laffitte, with an offer of the government to Generals Lafayette and Gérard. The latter replied evasively; the former met the proposal with boyish ardour. He merely asked permission to communicate it to his colleagues; and going among them he said, "Gentlemen, I am strongly solicited to take the command of Paris." But Lafayette master of Paris signified the people master of the thoroughfares.

M. Bertin de Vaux was present, a man without elevation of soul, but of rare penetration, and of a certain reach of mind for evil. Adroit in managing others through the care he took always to avoid making himself prominent or conspicuous, he had long gathered round him, through his brother's instrumentality, several superior writers, who insensibly imbibed his notions, and submitted to his supremacy, the more because he did not suffer them to discern it. In this way he had created in the *Journal des Dèbats* a power with which every successive government had been forced to make terms. M. Bertin de Vaux had no political passions: the egotism of his opinions was cold and thoroughly calculated. Too intelligent not to be very well aware that a change in political forms may after all amount to no more than a new fashion of protection accorded to the

* Qu. Dubourg?—*Translator.*

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same interests, he had served all the successive governments one after the other, without ceasing to be true to his own doctrines, which were those of '89. M. Bertin de Vaux was one of the statesmen of the bourgeoisie.

Admirable, too, was his knowledge of that body. He knew how great was its strength, and how far it was capable of pushing its master passion, the love of property. He knew, therefore, that to stifle the social revolution to which the political revolution was about to give birth, there was but one step to be taken, the reorganization of the national guard, or, in other words, the enrolment of proprietors for the defence of property. When he heard Lafayette talk of wielding the authority of state he began to play the enthusiast, and cried out, "If we cannot resuscitate Bailly, the virtuous mayor of 1789, let us rejoice at finding again the illustrious chief of the national guard." This was an adroit way of recalling to Lafayette's mind one of those recollections that are dear to the vanity of aged men: besides Lafayette had no very commanding range of vision.

Lafayette accepted the proposal made to him, and set out for the Hôtel de Ville, the Tuileries of the people since the era of the 10th of August. Every one pressed forward to see the marquis, who was beloved of the people, as he passed; they helped him over the barriers; and he, leaning on the arms of M. Carbonnel and of M. Audry de Puyraveau proceeded on his way, cheered by the popular acclamations, and smiling at this ovation, which brought freshly back to him the impressions of his young days.

In the Rue Neuve-Saint-Marc he perceived a young man, M. Étienne Arago, who wore a tricoloured cockade in his hat. He sent word to him by M. Paques to take it off, and when Arago manifested his surprise, "Not yet, my friend," he said to him, waving his hand. Thousands of citizens, however, already wore the tricolour ribbon in their buttonholes; but such was the stupor with which this unlooked-for revolution had affected the noblest minds! At the moment Lafayette passed under the archway of the Hôtel de Ville the multitude rent the sky with a long sustained shout of joy mingled with the discharge of musketry. Colonel Dubourg being apprized by M. Étienne Arago of the general's arrival, replied "*A tout seigneur, tout honneur;*" he went to meet the old general, bowed respectfully before him, and an hour afterwards M. de Lafayette held in his hands the destinies of France.

The deputies who had formed a little close committee at M. Laffitte's, to which the public were not admitted, saw clearly how important it was for them that they should counter-balance the power of a man who had received his investiture from the people. To this end they chose from their own body General Gérard to intrust him with the direction of active operations. As for the organization of the civil power, was it expedient to create a *provisional government* as M. Mauguin required, or merely a *municipal commission*, as M. Guizot proposed? The latter opinion prevailed, because it was the

more timid of the two, and decided nothing. A ballot was taken then for the nomination of the members who should compose the commission; and the choice fell on MM. Casimir Périer, Laffitte, Gérard, Odier, Lobau, and Audry de Puyraveau. The latter was put in nomination without his own knowledge, and only heard of his appointment at the Hôtel de Ville. M. Odier refused to act, and his place was supplied by M. de Schonen. M. Laffitte had hurt his foot; but in addition to this, it was necessary to the accomplishment of his plans, that he should make his own house the focus of all the events of the day. General Gérard made the military duties which had just been imposed on him a pretext for not going to the Hôtel de Ville. The deputies applauded his course, delighted to have an *homme d'épée* at their disposal; and the commission finally composed of MM. Casimir Périer, Lobau, de Schonen, and Audry de Puyraveau, completed its numbers by the adjunction of M. Mauguin.

The municipal commission was no sooner formed than it published the following manifesto, a palpable testimony of the distrust that armed against the people that bourgeoisie which was about to lay hold of the rudder of the state.

"The deputies assembled in Paris have felt it their duty to remedy the grave dangers that threaten the security of persons and property. A commission has been named to watch over the interests of all, in the absence of all regular organization."

This manifesto, so insulting to the people, was the first measure taken by the first authority that emanated from the revolution. This was making great haste. The municipal commission, nevertheless, rendered some services, and it would have rendered greater, had it consented to follow the course M. Mauguin wished it to take. Unfortunately, M. Mauguin exercised but a feeble influence over his colleagues: he was regarded with misgiving by the rigid Audry de Puyraveau; M. de Schonen had no sympathy with him; and General Lobau was shy of a superiority to which he could not submit without detriment to his own personal importance. An active and intelligent young man, M. Hypolite Bonnelier, had been among the first to enter the Hôtel de Ville, where the functions of secretary had been assigned to him by Lafayette: he was retained in that post by the municipal commission; but it took likewise as secretary, M. Odilon Barrot, who had been recommended to it by M. Laffitte. This circumstance had no little influence on the attitude assumed by the new authority. There existed between M. Mauguin and M. Odilon Barrot a discrepancy of opinion rendered more intense by a latent rivalship, that neither owned to himself, but which actuated them both.

M. Mauguin, however, was no sooner installed than he displayed all his natural activity. M. Bavoux was named prefect of police, and M. Chardel director of the post-office. A proclamation placed the public monuments under the protection of the French people. Various circulars were drawn up, having for their object to make

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provision for the most immediate necessities. M. Mauguin wished that the municipal commission should assume the title of *provisional government*. General Lobau opposed this in the most decided manner. Meanwhile a notification arrived that many workmen were in want of bread: money was necessary. Application was made to M. Casimir Périer, who replied, "It is past four o'clock, my cash-room is closed."

During this day of the 29th the Hôtel Laffitte never ceased for a moment to be the centre of the agitators of Paris: people flocked to it simultaneously from all parts; deputations succeeded deputations; the people had free admission; and in this vast medley not a single act of violence was committed, not one article was stolen. M. Laffitte's horses were running in every direction, mounted by unknown riders, and in the evening they were all safe again in the stables. But the representatives of the higher bourgeoisie did not the less cherish a deep distrust of the people.

General Pajol, who had entered the courtyard crying out, "I bring you the Waterloo hat," was very badly received: General Lafayette was too popular not to be looked on still more unfavourably. In order to beget for General Gérard an influence which might be turned to account at need, he was strongly urged to put on his uniform, show himself to the people, and visit the barricades. M. Casimir Périer wrote to his son's tutor, "Come without delay to the Hôtel Laffitte, and bring horses with you." M. Gérard hesitated, but the request was urged with increased earnestness. "Just the way with all you military men," said M. Eugène Laffitte, to stimulate him, "you cannot march unless you are followed by red trousers." At last the general gave way, and he set out to show the people it was in no fear of wanting leaders after the battle. He still wore the white cockade, which he took off at the suggestion of M. Sarrans, but he did not put any other in its place.

On the whole, whether it was from fear, indifference, or thoughtlessness, those who had already presented themselves as leaders nowhere evinced any impatient alacrity to hoist the colours for which the people had fought. The manner in which the tricolour flag was hoisted at the Hôtel de Ville deserves to be narrated. M. Dumoulin having perceived one lying rolled up, and all covered with dust, behind a piece of furniture, signified his intention of hanging it out from a window of the Salle St. Jean, and did so upon a sign of assent from M. Baude. Nations are too often led with signs and words; but this was a fact which all the great men of the moment seemed not aware of. M. de Lafayette, seconded by the chief of his staff, Colonel Zimmer, a brave officer, but whose capacity was more limited than his patriotism and zeal, left matters of policy to be disposed of by the hands of subordinates.

A peer of France was hastening, meanwhile, to the Hôtel Laffitte. This was the Duc de Choiseul. He had learned that he governed France, and the news paralyzed him with terror. As none could

foresee what might yet arise out of so sudden a commotion, the Duc de Choiseul took M. Laffitte to witness how innocent he was. He protested above all against the association of his name with that of Lafayette, adding that he would be sole possessor of power or nothing. "At that rate you shall be nothing, M. le Duc," a voice exclaimed. The duke subsequently published a manifesto terminating with these words: "Now that the victory is no longer uncertain, I deem it a duty of conscience to declare that I never made part of the provisional government, and that no proposal of the kind was ever made to me. I accepted, silently, all dangers in the hour of combat; I owe homage to truth in the hour of victory." This was admired.

Meanwhile the royal army, forced to abandon the capital, had continued its retreat towards St. Cloud, but every battalion followed its own route as it were by chance. The Swiss battalions, part of the 3d battalion of the guards, the 15th light, and some detachments of the 1st guards, took the road by Cours la Reine and the Quai de Chaillot. More victims fell at Chaillot. Children started out unexpectedly at the corners of the streets and fired on the troops with a ferocity that was inexplicable. Here fell one of the most accomplished and gallant officers of the guards, M. Lemotheux. No one had more forcibly than he disapproved of the ordinances, and he was preparing to tender his resignation. He fell dead, struck by a ball discharged by an insurgent only ten years of age. Other officers received mortal wounds, and one was on the point of being made prisoner. Being separated from his regiment, he was obliged to pass the night at Chaillot, whence he escaped the next day in disguise. The disinterestedness and grandeur of the end aimed at can alone absolve those who excite the thirst of blood among a people, for there is something in it epidemic. The revolution of July was, even to childhood an encouragement to heroism, but it was also a provocation to cruelty.

The battalions which had not taken the road by Cours la Reine had rallied at the Arc de l'Etoile whence they extended as far as the Porte Maillot. They were close by the house of Casimir Périer; a major and some officers were asked in; they were politely received, and refreshments were set before them. Their distress of mind was poignant and profound. What terrible soldiers are these Parisians! said the major pondering over all the gaps death had made in his regiment. There, as at Chaillot, a band of children assailed some soldiers with firearms, and the latter, pursuing their aggressors, entered a house where some workmen were drinking, and these they slaughtered in their blind exasperation. Some cannon-shots, fired in the direction of Neuilly, threw balls into the park, which the Duc d'Orleans had an opportunity of weighing in his hand; one of these balls killed a villager who was crossing the bridge. Thus the mischiefs that every war produces survived the war.

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The dauphin, who had superseded the Duc de Raguse in the command of the troops, came to the Bois de Boulogne to receive them, but not one opportune thought could he borrow from his grief, or rather from his anger. Going up to a captain, he asked him how many men he had lost. "Many, monseigneur," replied the captain, with big tears rolling down his cheeks. "You have plenty, you have plenty," was the careless remark of the dauphin, who was born a prince. The troops arrived in St. Cloud, dying with hunger, breathless and panic-stricken. They were made to bivouac in the park. The greatest disorder prevailed in the environs of the château. The horses were standing ready saddled and loaded in the courtyard; the pupils of St. Cyr arrived in haste; there were, moreover, round that endangered throne four pieces of cannon, and some schoolboys to work them. The Duc de Bordeaux was at dinner. It is related that M. de Damas having caused the table to be cleared, the Duc de Bordeaux himself took several silver dishes, which he raised with difficulty over his head, and handed to the attendants to carry down to the soldiers. This afforded the young prince much amusement; it was a new kind of game for the child.

The time for compromises was now gone by for Charles X. His enemies had obtained such success, that nothing remained for him but to continue wholly king or wholly to cease to be so: a favourable position, because an extreme one. As long as the chances were on his side, it was allowable for him to yield somewhat; but now, on the point of being struck down, there was but one course left him, one only course, to fight to the death, no longer for royalty alone, but for autocracy. This is the course he would have taken had his soul been as lofty as his rank: for to hearts worthy of empire the excess of disaster is itself a might. But the misfortune of this king was to foster in a vulgar mind the growth of gigantic designs. He was doomed to be crushed beneath the inordinate weight on which he had presumed to try his strength.

The Duc de Mortemart had arrived the preceding evening in St. Cloud. He was a *grand seigneur* half converted to liberalism. Being a soldier, he had acquired in camp-life a bluntness of language and a simplicity of manners that ill consorted with the habits of the aristocracy; he had served with General Sébastiani, the friend of the Duc d'Orléans; at Waterloo he had almost saved the life of a son of the people, General Mouton; as ambassador at St. Petersburg, he had been the medium of the constitutional recommendations addressed to the cabinet of the Tuileries by the Emperor Nicolas. For all these reasons, Charles X. little liked him. He sent for him however. In a first interview they had had together, Charles had said, à propos to the danger of concession, "I have not forgotten the events that took place forty years ago. I do not wish to ride in a cart like my brother, I choose to ride on horseback." But the old monarch's feelings were now no longer the same, and he declared to the Duc de Morte-

mart that he named him his prime minister. The duke respectfully but strenuously declined the honour, alleging his natural disinclination for public affairs, his incapacity, his love of repose, and a fever that he had carried with him from the banks of the Danube. Charles X. persisted, and at last exclaimed impetuously, "You refuse then to save my life and that of my ministers?"—"If that is what your majesty demands of me—" "Yes, that very thing," said the king, interrupting him, and he added, with an involuntary outbreak of distrust, "Lucky still that they impose upon me only you!"

M. de Polignac appeared in the hall where MM. de Vitrolles, de Sémonville, and d'Argout were awaiting some decision. M. de Polignac would only admit M. de Vitrolles to the king; but M. de Sémonville going up to him took hold of his hands affectionately, and said, "You know, my dear prince, what confidence we repose in you, but the circumstances are momentous; it is absolutely necessary that we should speak to Charles X." M. de Vitrolles seconded this entreaty, and the three negotiators were introduced to the king. A dignified resignation was manifested in all his deportment; but his countenance betrayed that inward bitterness which human vanity ineffectually disavows. "Messieurs," he said, "you have so willed it; go, tell the Parisians that the king revokes the orders; but I declare to you that I believe this to be fatal to the interests of France and of the monarchy."

The three negotiators set off in an open carriage for Paris, followed by the Comte de Girardin on horseback. On the road M. de Sémonville continually cried out, "My friends, the ministers are down," and he accompanied these words with coarse oaths, flatteries as he thought them, when addressed by a *grand seigneur* from his coach to the people. In this way they reached the Place de Grève. Several times on the route, M. de Vitrolles had felt his hand cordially grasped by men, who, had they known his name, would have stretched him dead on the spot.

The Hôtel de Ville presented at this time the twofold aspect of a club and of a camp: it was the rallying-point of all the daring spirits, the place of bivouac of the insurrection. A shudder ran through the three *gentilshommes* at the sight of those bold determined faces, those brawny figures dressed in rags, those muskets, swords, and patches of gore. What was the style of language befitting this palace of equality? Ought they not to make use of the word *citizen*, which '93 had inscribed in its formidable vocabulary? Meeting on the steps of the hôtel M. Armand Marrast, whom he did not know, M. de Sémonville said to him, dubiously, "Can we speak with M. de Lafayette .... *young man?*" Thus he cloaked, under the dignity of his great age, the obstinate pride of his rank.

The negotiators were kindly received by the municipal commission, which had been joined by M. Lafayette. Incalculable conse-

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quences might have been expected from this first attempt at reconciliation between royalty and the bourgeoisie. But to aspire to save the throne was hazardous at such a moment, above all in such a place: for the multitude was chafing below, and demanding in payment for their blood not something better, but something new.

M. Baude, however, having announced to the crowd that Charles X. consented to revoke the ordinances, one of the people shouted, "Long live our good king who capitulates!" but the cry was not responded to by those about him.

When the three were introduced to the commission, M. de Semonville was the first to speak. His voice was very weak, whether it was that fatigue had really exhausted his strength, or that he wished to excite in the minds of the commissioners that sort of interest which is felt for the devotedness of an aged man. He apologized for the presence of the too famous Baron de Vitrolles; then he commended to the generosity of the victors that royalty which had been so often smitten, and which had tearfully suffered itself to be disarmed. Though the nomination of MM. Mortemart and Gérard was all that had as yet been talked of at St. Cloud, he gave it to be understood that the king would readily assent to give them Casimir Périer for colleague, and he pointed to that individual as he spoke. Then turning to M. de Lafayette, he reminded him that forty years before, the dangers that beset Paris had brought them both together in that same Hôtel de Ville. Suddenly a messenger enters, and delivers a letter to Casimir Périer, from the Comte Alexandre de Girardin, informing him that negotiations had been opened. The surprise this caused was extreme. What meant this playing at cross purposes? Was the commission made the dupe of some intrigue? Uneasiness and misgiving were depicted in the austere and noble countenance of Audry de Puyraveau. M. de Vitrolles, who was seated next M. de Schonen, vainly tried to sooth him, saying, as he slapped him on the knee, "*Eh, mon Dieu!* I am more a friend to the charter than you yourself; it was I that suggested the declaration of St. Ouen." M. de Schonen had been implicated too deeply to look for impunity to any thing else than the downfal of a monarchy, from which Ney's death had snatched the prerogative of mercy. He spoke out all the agitation of his soul in these terrible words: "It is too late! The throne of Charles X. has foundered in blood!" As for M. Mauguin, whose natural ardour was tempered by judgment and forethought, he did not regard the monarchy as yet lost, and he wished that an ear should be lent to negotiation. "Have you written powers?" he asked. This unexpected question disconcerted M. de Sémonville; whereupon the frank and uncompromising Audry de Puyraveau, starting up, and running to the window, cried out, "Say not a word more of accommodations, or I will call up the people!"

The envoys of Charles X. withdrew; but Casimir Périer, who still retained some hopes, entreated them to go to Laffitte, and make a

last effort on behalf of Charles X. M. de Sémonville was discouraged, and refused; the two others consented; and the colleague of M. de Mortemart gave them a pass, in which the name of Arnaud was substituted for that of Vitrolles, which might have called up dangerous recollections. With that scrap of paper, the negotiators passed freely through the city, in which, as I have already said, were arrested that very evening several young men, who had fought gallantly, but to whom M. Casimir Périer had not given a safe conduct!

M. d'Argout presented himself alone to M. Laffitte. The heat was suffocating, the windows were open, and the rooms were full of people. M. d'Argout drew M. Laffitte aside into a window recess. The negotiator's voice was hollow and broken, and when he spoke of Charles X. it was almost with tears in his eyes. "The ordinances are withdrawn," he said, "and we have a fresh ministry." "This decision should have been taken sooner," replied Laffitte. "At present—"—"The exigencies remain the same—"—"No doubt, but the situations are changed. A century has elapsed within twenty-four hours." M. Bertin de Vaux was in the room. He thought he could guess that there was a compromise in hand, and he cried out joyously, "So then at last we shall be able to negotiate." These words, repeated amongst the crowd that thronged the hotel, produced the most violent agitation. Some men of the people, covered with dust and worn down with fatigue, were stretched on the seats in the dining-room. One of them abruptly threw open the door between that room and the one in which Laffitte and Argout were conversing, and making his musket ring on the floor, he called out with a a terrible voice, "Who dares to talk here of negotiating with Charles X.?"—"No more Bourbons," was shouted at the same moment in the vestibule. "You hear them," said Laffitte. "Then you would refuse to listen to any proposal?" replied Argout. "Is your visit official?"—"Officious only, but were it official?" "Then as it might be." M. Argout withdrew. The Louvre was taken; the cause of Charles X. was lost.

That evening M. Laffitte received likewise a visit from M. Forbin Janson, who came to ask a safeconduct for M. de Mortemart, his father-in-law. M. de Mortemart was waited for till midnight, but he did not come.

M. d'Argout had been enabled to judge, from the result of his visit, of the real state of things; but by pursuing his mediation, even though it should lead to nothing, he was providing for his future prospects under either party. He went, therefore, in search of Baron de Vitrolles, who was waiting for him in company with M. Langsdorff, and they all three took their way back to St. Cloud. MM. Charles Laffitte and Savalette accompanied them, and served them as a safeguard.

The day of the 29th had been doubly remarkable. On that day the people made the throne vacant, and the bourgeoisie took its measures

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to dispose of it. On one side the labour, on the other the recompense. Then, as ever, nameless victims served as stepping-stones to the heartless ambitious.

When darkness was gathering over Paris, General Pajol was ascending the Rue de Chabrol in a melancholy mood. Turning to M. Dagoussée, who accompanied him, he said, "You led determined men to the fight; can you reckon on their zeal?"—"Undoubtedly."—"Enough to give them orders to arrest the deputies?"—"Oh, for that I could venture to pledge myself."—"In that case the revolution is a failure."

The alarms at the château de St. Cloud had ceased for some hours. The great saloon looking towards Paris presented an astonishing spectacle. The king was seated with M. Duras, gentleman of the bedchamber, M. de Luxembourg, captain of the guards, and the Duchess de Berri, at a card-table. The dauphin, who always suffered himself to be engrossed with little things, and never thought of great ones, was poring over a map. M. de Mortemart, restless among all these composed personages, was every moment going to the balcony, and listening anxiously to every distant sound.

The rubber of whist played that evening by Charles X., was speedily recounted in the capital, where it excited a great burst of indignation, very reasonable in those who desired no more royalty, puerile in those who were employed in making another king.

The Duc de Luxembourg had given orders to a lieutenant of the guards to put himself at the head of some cavalry, and reconnoitre the road to Neuilly. The officer on his return informed him that he had observed an unusual bustle in the park of Neuilly and about the château; adding, that had he been authorized to do so, he could easily have carried off the Duc d'Orléans. Charles X. overhearing the last words, said sternly to the officer, "Had you done that, sir, I would have loudly disavowed the act."

Night was come, and the party was about to separate, when the Duc de Mortemart went up to the dauphin, and begged him, as he, the duke, was going to Paris on a mission from the king, that he would revoke, at least as far as himself was concerned, the order cutting off all communication between Paris and St. Cloud. "Eh? What?—the order—very well—we will see." The duke could obtain no more definite reply. He withdrew, therefore, to his chamber more distressed than surprised, for the words of Charles X. hung heavy at his heart. "Lucky that they force only you upon me;" bitter words to be addressed to a man who believed he was risking his head for the safety of his king. But Charles X. trusted only in those who had a sufficiently ample stock of baseness to make their own opinions wholly subservient to his. This showed but little knowledge of the art of reigning, which consists, not in annulling the power of original thought in others, but of making it the monarch's own, as did Louis XIV. and Napoleon.

After all, by one of those contradictions easily to be accounted

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for in days so full of unexpected contingencies, Charles X. showed as much hesitation when the Duc de Mortemart proposed to fulfil his mission, as he had before shown eagerness to impose it upon him. "Sire," said the new minister, "time presses; I must be gone." And the king answered, "Not yet, not yet; I expect news from Paris."

MM. d'Argout and Vitrolles arrived during the night: they hastened to M. de Mortemart to request he would come to a prompt decision. "But how am I to obtain recognition in the capital?" he objected. "Would you have me appear there as a political adventurer? I must at least have the king's signature." The newcomers insisted: they had seen Paris in one of those violent situations in which a single minute is enough to give or to take away an empire.

It was therefore decided that ordinances should be hastily drawn up, revoking those of the 25th, re-establishing the national guard, the command of which was intrusted to Marshal Maison, and naming M. Casimir Périer to the ministry of finance, and General Gérard to that of war. But every thing was wanting, pens, ink, and paper: there was not even a protocol at hand to serve as a model. A great deal of difficulty was felt in getting out of these petty embarrassments,—imperceptible threads on which God is pleased to hang the destiny of royal families! The difficulty increased when it was necessary to obtain the signature of Charles. Several lines of gardes-du-corps had to be passed in order to reach his apartments. The Duc de Mortemart did all he could to bend the rigour of etiquette in that critical moment, but in vain. The gardes-du-corps thought themselves the more strictly bound to obey the letter of their orders, as royalty was in danger. Vexed and exasperated at this, the Duc de Mortemart went to the valet-de-chambre on duty, and said to him with extreme warmth, "Sir, I hold you responsible for all that may happen." At last he was introduced into the bedroom of Charles X. The old king was in bed: he sat up feebly, and said, in a despondingvoice, "Ha! it is you, Monsieur le Duc." M. de Mortemart told him he must make haste; that the ordinances required to be signed forthwith, and that for his own part he was ready to set off. "Let us wait awhile," replied Charles X. "But, Sire, M. d'Argout is here; he will tell you the state things are in at Paris."—"I will not see M. d'Argout," said the king, who did not like him. "Well then, Sire, the Baron de Vitrolles is with him. Is it your pleasure he should be brought in?"—"The Baron de Vitrolles? Yes, let him come in." M. de Vitrolles was sent for; he came from M. de Polignac's bedroom, where he found the prince half-asleep; and when he asked what inconceivable rashness could have prompted him to give so haughty a challenge to the revolutionary spirit, when he had but seven thousand men at his disposal, "The lists showed thirteen thousand," was the prince's reply.

M. de Vitrolles having gone up to the king's bed, Charles X. made a sign to the Duc de Mortemart to withdraw: the offended minister

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said in a low tone, "If it were not that the king's head is to be saved—" and left the room.

Seeing before him under such circumstances the man who had always exercised so potent an influence over his mind, Charles put on a stern countenance, and said, "What! is it you, M. de Vitrolles, who come to urge me to give way before rebellious subjects?" M. de Vitrolles earnestly replied that, in the existing state of things, he thought he could not give a stronger proof of devotedness to his king, and that it would be deceiving him were he to attempt to make light of the case. "I go still further," he added, "and I question whether your majesty can now enter your revolted capital; I am sure the dignity of your crown would suffer severely: but what is to be done? How is a whole population of insurgents to be put down? It would be a hundred times better to transfer the centre of this horrid war elsewhere. Do you think you can reckon on La Vendée? I am ready to prove my devotedness to the last." Charles X. appeared to reflect for a moment. "La Vendée!" he said, musingly, "it would be very difficult!—very difficult!"

The Duc de Mortemart was called in again. The king's temper seemed to him to have undergone a complete change: his dejection had given place to a singular kind of nervous excitement; he showed almost an eager alacrity to sign the ordinances, at the same time narrowing his concessions within certain limits. Such was the manner in which the monarchy surrendered its sword.

It was almost day when the Duc de Mortemart left the king's bedroom. He met M. de Polignac on the terrace. This was the first time he had ever seen him dressed in the uniform of a general officer. The prince was in a state of great excitement. Before them lay Paris hidden in a cloud of mist and smoke; and the firing of the advanced posts was heard at intervals. Suddenly M. de Polignac, stretching out his arms towards the capital, cried out like one inspired, "What a misfortune that my sword broke in my hand; I was in the act of establishing the charter on indestructible bases!" Then turning to M. de Mortemart, "Do not fear that I shall throw impediments here in the way of your mission. You are going to Paris; I to Versailles."

A carriage conveyed M. de Mortemart, with MM. d'Argout and Mazas, to the Bois de Boulogne, where they were stopped and refused permission to proceed. The dauphin, who had taken the command of the troops the day before, and who was bent on preventing concessions at all cost, had written to the officers of the advanced posts, forbidding them on their lives to allow any one to pass who came from St. Cloud. After a very sharp altercation, M. de Mortemart obtained leave to proceed; but he had to pass the Bois de Boulogne on foot, making a long bend out of his way, lest he should be arrested at the barrier of Passy. He observed that from the Pont du Jour to the Pont de Grenelle all was lonely and silent. He got into Paris by climbing a wall in which a breach had been

made for the purpose of smuggling wine. He walked on without a cravat, and with his coat on his arm, falling in with different groups of working men, whose suspicions he disarmed by a few off-hand soldierly phrases, and in this style he reached the Place Louis XV. It was now about eight in the morning; the city was silent, and all the windows were closed; no one was seen in the streets but a few persons quietly passing along. "It is the calmness of strength," said the Duc de Mortemart to those who accompanied him.

The Parisians had spent the night in constructing barricades to secure the city from all assault. *Lampions* placed in the windows and on the piles of stones gave light to the busy groups at work from point to point. What was the condition of life of these workers? For whom did they keep watch beside those heaps of stones? What were their hopes? Strange clamours, followed by long intervals of silence, were heard bursting from the remote quarters of the city; and the bourgeois patrols halted to hearken to that voice of the people in the night. Watch was likewise kept at the Hôtel Laffitte.

CHAPTER VI.

The monarchy was vanquished! The people was encamped in the streets and thoroughfares: what was to ensue?

At daybreak on the 30th, M. de Glandevès called on M. Laffitte, and the following important and memorable conversation took place between those gentlemen:

"Well, sir," said the governor of the Tuileries to the banker, "here you are, master of Paris these twenty-four hours. Will you save the monarchy?"—"Which monarchy, sir? That of 1789, or that of 1814?"—"The constitutional monarchy."—"There is but one means by which it can be saved, that is by crowning the Duc d'Orléans. "The Duc d'Orléans, sir, the Duc d'Orléans! But do you know him?" "Yes, these fifteen years."—"Be it so. What are the duke's titles to the crown? The boy reared in Vienna may at least appeal to the memory of his father's glory; and it must be owned Napoleon has written his annals in characters of flame upon men's minds. But what prestige encompasses the Duc d'Orléans? Does the people even know his history? How often has it heard his name?"—"I consider that an advantage rather than otherwise. Deriving no strength whatever from his influence on men's imaginations, he will find it the less easy to overstep the limits within which it is desirable that royalty should be confined. And then the prince has private virtues which to me are warrant for his public virtues. His life is exempt from the scandalous impurities that have sullied that of many princes. He shows his self-respect in respecting his wife;

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he makes himself loved and feared by his children."—"Common place virtues, and surely not so exalted that they cannot be adequately recompensed save by the gift of a crown! Are you not aware, too, that he is accused of having openly approved of the homicidal votes of his father, and having been implicated, in the evil days of our history, in schemes having for their purpose for ever to exclude the direct heirs of the unhappy Louis XVI. from the throne, and of having maintained in London, during the Hundred Days, an attitude that made him an object of the strangest suspicions? That he may have been calumniated when he has been represented as caressing all parties since 1815, procuring the restitution of his appanage in defiance of the laws, casting dismay among the purchasers of national estates by his numerous lawsuits, cringing at court, and out of court flattering all the mischief-makers; this is possible, probable if you will. But one thing at all events is certain,—namely, that Louis XVIII. put him in possession of vast domains; that Charles X. personally interceded to procure him an independent appanage sanctioned by law; and, lastly, that the title of 'royal highness,' which he so coveted, has been graciously accorded him. Loaded with favours by the elder branch, he is not in a position to allow of his gathering up their heritage; and would he himself permit, were he aware of it, that his name should be used to kindle the conflagration that must consume his family!"—"We are not to discuss the personal interests of the prince, monsieur le baron; what we have to look to is the interests of the country, threatened as it is with anarchy. I do not enter into the question whether the situation of the Duc d'Orléans is painful or not to his feelings, but simply whether or not his advancement to the throne is desirable for France. Now what prince is freer than he from the prejudices that have just hurried Charles X. to his downfal? What prince has made more open and decided profession of liberalism? And what course can you suggest preferable to that of placing the crown on his head?"—"If you believe Charles X. guilty, at least you will admit that the Duc de Bordeaux is innocent. Let us preserve the crown for him. He will be trained up in good principles. Does Lafayette very sincerely desire a republic?"—"He would wish for it, if he were not afraid of too deep-searching a convulsion."—"Well then, let a council of regency be established. You would take part in it with Lafayette."—"Yesterday that might have been possible; and had the Duchess de Berri, separating her cause from that of the old king, presented herself with her young son, holding a tricolour flag in her hand—" "A tricolour flag! Why it is in their eyes the symbol of every crime. Rather than adopt it they would suffer themselves to be brayed in a mortar."—"In that case, monsieur, what is it you have to propose to me?"

M. de Glandevès took his leave. The plan he had suggested accorded with the secret hopes of many great personages, who were unwilling that the chain of tradition should be entirely broken.

One single scheme could effect the twofold purpose of preventing the principle of legitimacy from being overthrown in France, and hindering royalty from too openly provoking the revolutionary spirit: this was, whilst respecting the divine right of Henry V. to confide the destinies of the monarchy to the prudence of the Duc d'Orléans.

Such was for a moment the view taken by M. de Talleyrand. Laffitte went further. Surprised at the political influence of a man, whom he had till then looked on as a mere banker, the old diplomatist could not help giving way to a feeling of vexation, which, contrary to his habits of reserve, he suffered to show itself that very night in presence of his intimate acquaintances: "Really," said he "M. Laffitte counts me for very little."

But M. Laffitte relied on the advice of a man far superior to Talleyrand in range of vision and acuteness of intellect. Béranger had too keen an eye, too inexorable a sagacity to be accessible to enthusiasm. When he saw the throne of Charles X. tottering, he immediately asked himself where lay the strength. It was in the bourgeoisie, and of this he might have found proof, if needful, in his own person. Had he contented himself as a poet with celebrating the greatness of the people, as linked with the recollection of the imperial glory, his genius would long have remained unrecognised; but with the lines in which he sung of the emperor, he had put forth others against the stupidity of legitimate kings and the insolence of the nobles; in this way he had come to be adopted by the banking and high commercial classes:—thence his literary fortune. His renown made its way from the saloon to the workshop, and his popularity was immense. It was impossible, therefore, that he could shut his eyes in 1830 to the preponderance of the bourgeoisie; and as that class could have but one possible head, the successor of the regent, as moreover Napoleon was not on the spot, Béranger became the soul of the Orleanist party. He did little personally, it is true, but a great deal through others. He hardly let himself be seen at all prominently; but by his counsels, which were religiously hearkened to, he acted strongly on the leading men of the bourgeoisie. But for him it is doubtful whether M. Laffitte, for instance, would have so steadily and perseveringly exerted himself for the realization of their common wishes.

As for the motives that prompted Béranger to this determination, should history condemn or acquit him? Neither the one nor the other.

Whilst he upheld Laffitte's steps in the ways of Orleanism, Béranger took care to put him on his guard against their royal creature. Fearing his friend's weakness, the sagacious poet advised him not to consent to be made a minister, but to reserve himself, in case of need, for another revolution. Béranger's decision was therefore neither egotistical, nor altogether shortsighted; but he is open to reproach for not having understood that in a movement that

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shuffled all things promiscuously together, nothing was impossible with the help of energy. The people, turned out into the streets, too little knew what itself would have, not to bestow on those who should have resolutely placed themselves at its head the reward of intelligent and virtuous daring. Great deeds, after all, never sprang but from a sublime madness. Unfortunately not to know how to dare is the fatal defect of the too quicksighted. Béranger desired a king, even whilst he distrusted royalty, because he saw clearly and promptly that it was easier to make a monarch than to establish a republic. He was sincere, he was true-hearted; but he was the dupe of his own clearsightedness.

The Duc d'Orléans had, therefore, in his favour, the day after the people's victory, the power of names and that of ideas, Jacques Laffitte and Béranger.

M. de Glandevès had just left M. Laffitte when the latter was visited by MM. Thiers, Mignet, and Laréguy. The draft of an Orleanist proclamation was drawn up by M. Thiers, and it was agreed that it should be published in the *National*, the *Courier Français*, and the *Commerce*. It had required the whole strength of a people to overthrow one dynasty, and were one deputy and three journalists enough to create another?

Nevertheless the indifference of the people, which was favourable to the projects of the Orleanists, might become a source of serious impediments to them according to circumstances. When MM. Thiers and Mignet set out on the 30th, with some friends from the office of the *National* to the Bourse, distributing printed strips among the crowd, containing eulogies upon the Duc d'Orléans, they must have been much struck by the astonishment their proceedings occasioned, and when they reached the Place de la Bourse they must have felt this still more strongly, for there they were received with hisses.

The elevation of the Duc d'Orléans to the throne naturally found opponents in those young men who had sided, in the affairs of *charbonnerie*, with Lafayette against Manuel; accordingly they ran all over Paris propagating their own apprehensions and antipathies. When M. Pierre Leroux, for instance, announced to the combatants of the Passage Dauphin the plot that was in hand, one unanimous burst of rage was heard. "If that be the case the battle is to be begun again, and we will go and cast fresh balls."

On witnessing the explosion of anger which he had himself provoked, M. Pierre Leroux hurried off to the Hôtel de Ville to warn Lafayette. He vividly depicted to him what was going on, reminded him of his own former efforts to give a wholly republican impulse to *charbonnerie*, and of the duty thence imperatively prescribed to him under existing occurrences; and he ended by representing to him that the accession of another Bourbon to the throne would be the signal of a new and terrible conflict.

Seated in a large arm-chair, his eyes fixed, his body motionless,

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Lafayette seemed like one stunned. Suddenly M. de Boismilon came in and requested the liberation of the eldest son of the Duc d'Orléans, who, having quitted his regiment at Joigny, had been arrested by M. Leullier the mayor of Montrouge. "You must at least be allowed time to deliberate," said M. Pierre Leroux to Lafayette; and M. de Boismilon having left the room, Leroux hastily wrote an order to uphold the arrest. He placed the paper before Lafayette, who was on the point of signing it, when M. Odilon Barrot made his appearance in the uniform of a national guard. He drew the old general into another room, and bringing him round to more timid measures, he prevailed on him to send off M. Comte to Montrouge with an order for the young prince's liberation.

The rumour of this arrest had reached the peristyle of the Théâtre des Nouveautés, where a band of violent and daring men were bivouacked under the command of M. Etienne Arago. "A prince!" they shouted, "let us go and shoot him." And they began to march. Their young commander, not being able to restrain them, wrote to M. de Lafayette, that the life of the Prince de Chartres was in danger, and that he must make haste if he would save him. For his own part, he took care to lead his men by a great round. At some paces from the Barrière du Maine, he made them lie down in the ditches by the side of the road, under pretext that they needed rest, and he hastened to the officer on guard at the barrier, and begged that he would not allow the men when they came up to pass through with their arms. He then pushed on to Montrouge, where M. Comte was already arrived. The Duc de Chartres immediately set off, preceded by MM. Boudrand and Boismilon, for the Croix-de-Berry, where M. Leullier was obliged to exert his authority as mayor to procure him post-horses. The young man trembled from head to foot, though he was not aware how much his life had been in jeopardy. For what would have been the event had M. Etienne Arago taken as much pains for his destruction as he had to save him? And who can say what course things would have taken in that case? Could the Duc d'Orléans have picked up a crown out of his son's gore? A quarter of an hour gained, a quarter of an hour lost,—on this alternative hung the destinies of a race! A hard lesson this to pride!

The Orleanists did not fail to give out that the Duc de Chartres had left Joigny to offer his sword to the cause of the insurrection. Their adversaries affirmed on the contrary, that he had set out to receive orders from Charles X. One thing is certain, that M. Leullier, who had converted a patriotic arrest into a generous hospitality, rendered in this affair an incalculable service to the house of Orleans, which it very quickly forgot.

Be this as it may, victory could not long remain in suspense between the republicans and the Orleanists. The latter had the immense advantage of a government all ready to their hands.

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M. Laffitte could therefore assume with impunity all the prerogatives of sovereignty, and it was he who sent Carrel to Rouen to direct the revolution there. It was at his house, too, that the deputies assembled on the morning of the 30th, when, under the momentary presidence of M. Bérard (M. Laffitte's hurt preventing his being present), was read the following proclamation, which, thanks to the zeal of the Orleanists, already covered all the walls of Paris.

"Charles X. can never return to Paris: he has shed the blood of the people.

"A republic would expose us to horrible divisions: it would involve us in hostilities with Europe.

"The Duc d'Orléans is a prince devoted to the cause of the revolution.

"The Duc d'Orléans has never fought against us.

"The Duc d'Orléans was at Jemappes.

"The Duc d'Orléans is a citizen king.

"The Duc d'Orléans has carried the tricolour flag under the enemy's fire; the Duc d'Orléans can alone carry it again. We will have no other flag.

"The Duc d'Orléans does not declare himself. He waits for the expression of our wishes. Let us proclaim those wishes, and he will accept the charter, as we have always understood and desired it. It is from the French people he will hold his crown."

This proclamation was drawn up with great art. It repeated the name of the Duc d'Orléans again and again, in order that this name, little known to the people, might nevertheless be deeply imprinted on its memory. By talking of the tricolour flag and of Jemappes to a multitude who troubled themselves little about political forms, it engaged on behalf of the elect of the bourgeoisie that national feeling that had been exalted to so high a pitch by the victories of the Republic and of the Empire. Lastly, it invoked the sovereignty of the people, the better to destroy it,—an old trick of courage-lacking ambition.

The reading of such a manifesto could not but produce a sensation in the assembly. Eulogies on the Duc d'Orléans passed from mouth to mouth. What more was wanting to create a powerful party among these men? The Duc d'Orléans was monarchy and a name.

General Dubourg having presented himself, at this stage of the proceedings, in the uniform of a general, and with a whip in his hand, the deputies looked upon his visit only as an audacious piece of impudence. They refused to listen to him, or even to receive him. Legal authority was already organizing itself above the wreck of the insurrectional powers, and the dominion of men altogether new to fame was beginning to wane before the might of established reputations.

But it was essential to turn to the advantage of monarchy the moral force of that revolution, the physical force whereof was then stationed in the Place de Grève. The deputies resolved to set up the Palais Bourbon against the Hôtel de Ville; and, under the pretext that no deliberation of serious moment could take place in the house of a private individual, they resolved to assemble at noon in the legislative palace. This showed a perfect understanding of the exigencies of the moment. Power never possesses so much prestige

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as immediately after violent and sudden perturbations; for what most embarrasses and confounds men congregated together is to see themselves without masters.

It was not possible, however, to give the crown to the Duc d'Orléans without first knowing how far the wings of his ambition might carry him at need. Some messages had already been despatched to him. The following letter,* written at the Château de Neuilly, at a quarter past three in the morning of the 30th of July, by one of the messengers M. Laffitte had sent thither the preceding day, will give an idea of the way of thinking which prevailed at that time in the château:

"The Duc d'Orléans is at Neuilly with all his family. Near him, at Puteaux, are the royal troops; and an order issued by the court would be enough to snatch him from the nation, which may find in him a sufficient warrant of its future security.

"It is proposed to wait on him in the name of the constituted authorities, suitably accompanied, and to offer him the crown. Should he plead family considerations or scruples of delicacy, it will be answered him, that his abode in Paris is important to the tranquillity of the capital and of France, and that it is necessary to place him in safety there. The infallibility of this measure may be relied on. Furthermore, it may be set down for certain that the Duc d'Orléans will not be slow to unite himself fully with the wishes of the nation."

This note was doubtless intended to point out to the partisans of the duke the course they were to pursue. They were to offer him the crown with a show of forcing it upon him, and under pretext that his presence in Paris was necessary to the maintenance of order. But they were given to understand beforehand that they would not incur the twofold risk of the offer and of a refusal.

M. Thiers had reappeared at the Hôtel Laffitte. On hearing that he had been forestalled at Neuilly, he complained, with ill humour, of having been forgotten. "Why it is a matter of course that the absent should be forgotten," said Béranger, in a tone of quiet sarcasm. "After all, who stops you?" M. Thiers had his mission authenticated by M. Sébastiani, and set out accompanied by M. Scheffer. He went to woo fortune.

On arriving at the Château de Neuilly, the two negotiators were received by the Duchesse d'Orléans, her husband being absent. Whilst M. Thiers was unfolding the purport of his message, great uneasiness was depicted on the austere countenance of the duchess; and when she learned that it was proposed to convey into her family a crown snatched from the head of an old man who had always proved himself a faithful kinsman and a generous friend, "Sir," said she, addressing M. Scheffer, with an emotion full of true greatness, "how could you possibly take upon you such a commission? That M. Thiers should have done so does not so much surprise me: he does not know us much; but you have been admitted to our intimacy, who have had opportunities of appreciating us—ah! we can never forgive you this." A rejection of their suit, prompted by such noble

* This letter, published in the *Mémorial de l'Hôtel de Ville*, is still in the possession of M. Hyppolite Bonnelier.

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sentiments left the two envoys speechless, when Madame Adélaide entered the room, followed by Madame de Montjoie.

Madame Adélaide had too masculine a mind, and too little pious fondness of heart, to yield to family considerations. Nevertheless, feeling acutely the dangers that encompassed her brother, she hastened to say, "Let them make my brother a president, a national guard, any thing they please, provided they do not make him an outlaw." These words were the plain and genuine expression of the prince's own feelings at that moment. But what M. Thiers came to offer was a crown, and Madame Adélaide was not prepared to repulse so tempting an offer. Thoroughly devoted to her brother, whose views she shared, and over whom she possessed some influence, she had dreamed for him of honours she deemed him worthy to enjoy. One only fear seemed still to haunt her. What would Europe think? To seat himself on the throne which Louis XVI. had quitted for the scaffold—would not this carry alarm into every royal house, and place the peace of the world in jeopardy?

M. Thiers replied that these fears were groundless; that England, still full of the recollection of the vanquished Stuarts, would clap her hands at an issue of which her own history furnished the precedent; and that as for the absolute kings, far from reproaching the Duc d'Orléans for fixing on his own head a crown that hung tossing in the storm, they would be thankful to him for having made his own elevation serve as a bulwark against the impetuous flood of lawless passions; that there was something great in being the saviour of France; and that if it was too late for legitimacy, the time for monarchy was not yet gone by; that after all nothing was left the Duc d'Orléans but a choice between dangers, and that in the existing state of things, to recoil from the possible perils of royalty, was to run full upon a republic and its inevitable violences.

Such arguments were not of a nature to move the humble and pious soul of the Duchesse d'Orléans, but they found easy acceptance with Madame Adélaide. As a child of Paris, as she herself said, she offered to go among the Parisians. It was agreed that word should be sent to the duke, and M. de Montesquiou was despatched to him.

He was then at Raincy, where he had taken refuge. Hearing of the events in preparation he stepped into his carriage, and M. de Montesquiou rode on before him on horseback. Presently the latter thought the sound of the wheels was growing fainter, and turning round he saw the prince's carriage making its way back to Raincy as fast as the horses could go. The natural effect this of the uncertainties that perplexed the prince!

The time was come when he should be resolved and determined; it found him vacillating and weak. Not to run after the distributors of empty popularity, but to attract them to him by degrees; to avoid every conspicuous step, whilst at the same time managing to be thought pledged; to refuse nothing, to appear to promise much; to

keep fair with influential agitators as future conservators of a new reign; to contrive that he should be carried by the movement of parties without letting himself be borne away by it, such had been during the Restoration the part attributed by the court to Philippe Duc d'Orléans. Endowed with that kind of courage which when taken unexpectedly makes head against the emergency, but not with that which looks with unruffled equanimity on distant perils, he had passed many years in foreseeing a catastrophe and in dreading it. Not wishing at any price to be involved in some great shipwreck, and his not being one of those strong minds to which illfortune is welcome, provided it be illustrious, he at first gave the court interested but sincere advice. When his counsels were rejected, he applied his thoughts only to creating for himself an existence apart in the royal family. He temporized with his destiny. To seize the spoils of his kindred at the peril of his head was a crime above his courage. He wished to preserve himself from sharing their downfal: that was all. He would never have staked his all but a cast, and was incapable of those acts of heroic rashness that make up the life of the ambitious. At the first sound of a revolution he had foreseen, it was necessary to persuade him that his surest means of preserving his property was to become king: for by taking a crown he preserved his domains.

On his return to Paris M. Thiers everywhere related with enthusiasm the gracious reception he had met with from the princesses; not omitting from the list of all the delightful things he had experienced a thousand puerile and perhaps inexact details, even to the glass of water presented to him by hands almost royal. Was this a snare set for the credulous vanity of his bourgeois hearers? or had he really been the dupe of that patronising goodnature, which is the last form put on by the pride of the great?

The deputies met at noon in the Palais Bourbon, as previously resolved. M. Laffitte was not ignorant how important it is in times of trouble to offer a clear and definite mark to the minds of men. To bring about revolutions it is essential to be well aware what men would *not* have; but the sure means towards swaying them is to know better than any one else what men *would* have. Those, therefore, who were privy to M. Laffitte's purpose went about everywhere propagating the news that all was ready for the installation of the Duc d'Orléans; that he alone was competent to prevent the return of despotism, and to bridle the turbulence of demagogues. These assertions adroitly promulgated, reassured the timid, encouraged the weak, fixed the wavering, and created in reality the strength of the party that was represented as so strong, for as much as the courage of the bulk of mankind is largely made up of cowardice.

M. Laffitte, voted president by acclamation, opened the sittings, and M. Bérard announced the approaching visit of the Duc de Mortemart. Deep must have been the feelings of bitterness and pity that seized those who then beheld the manner in which all those

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pale legislators awaited the arrival of an envoy from the king. On the one hand they could hear the victorious shouts out of doors; on the other their old master seemed still to watch them from St. Cloud. Suspended between these two perils the majority arranged their looks and attitudes so as not to risk their fortunes, whatever might turn up.

A single member took his seat on the benches reserved to the defenders of the old monarchy: this was M. Hyde de Neuville. He rose and in a saddened voice demanded that a committee of peers and deputies should be appointed to propose measures calculated to reconcile all interests, and to put all consciences at peace. This proposal was perfectly suited to the uncertainties that hung over all those vacillating minds; it was favourably received, and the commissioners were about to be chosen and nominated, when General Gérard announced that fifteen hundred men from Rouen had just arrived, bringing with them several pieces of cannon, which they had placed on the heights of Montmartre. These images of war cast into the midst of the assembly, caused a sort of shuddering sensation; and in the midst of the most restless bustle and agitation, the following names were drawn from the balloting urn: Augustin Périer, Sébastiani, Guizot, Delessert, Hyde de Neuville. The choice of such commissioners proved plainly enough that in the eyes of the deputies Charles X. had not yet ceased to be king. The commissioners took the road to the Luxembourg. M. Laffitte's uneasiness was manifest; he felt the victory escaping out of his hands. Suddenly M. Colin de Sussy enters, holding in his hand the last ordinances of Charles X. Had they been received the hopes and pretensions of the Duc d'Orléans would undoubtedly have been extinguished: the president was therefore invincibly firm and determined, and M. de Sussy was obliged to retire. But dangers of another sort threatened the Orleanist faction. The people assembled round the chamber demanded admission, and a letter energetically expressing that desire was put into the president's hands. Now the publicity of the sittings at such a moment would have been tantamount to democracy. M. Laffitte, who had wished that the assembly of deputies should be held in the hall of the legislature, so that their debates might have a character of greater solemnity,—M. Laffitte negligently let fall the words, "This is not a sitting (*séance*), but a simple assemblage (*réunion*) of deputies," and there the matter ended.

The peers of France had met in the Palais du Luxembourg. There, surrounded by MM. de Broglie, Molé, Pastoret, de Choiseul, de la Roche Aymon, de Coigny, de Tarente, de Deux Brézé, were remarked the Duc de Mortemart, still pale from a long fainting-fit, the old Marquis de Sémonville, and the poet of all ruins, the Vicomte de Chateaubriand. He had arrived in that palace of a degenerate aristocracy amid the acclamations, and borne on the arms of an enthusiastic body of youths. Yet he had come only to save for a last blow the majesty of the things that had long outlived

themselves. Seated apart, melancholy and triumphant, he remained awhile silent and as if a prey to all the conflicting energies of his soul. But soon shaking off his revery he earnestly exhorted his colleagues to undaunted fidelity. "Let us protest," he exclaimed, "in favour of expiring monarchy. Let us, if necessary, quit Paris; but withersoever force may drive us, let us save the king, messieurs, and let us put our trust in all the good chances of courage." Then, as if the ovation he had just received had caused some disturbance to his thoughts, "Let us think also," he added, with warmth, "of the liberty of the press. It involves the salvation of legitimacy. A pen! two months! and I raise up the throne again;"—a poet's illusions. The ambassadors of the bourgeoisie entered, demanding the lieutenant-generalship of the kingdom for the man of their choice; and few voices in that assembly of dukes were raised in favour of a falling power. Human baseness loves to nestle under the pomp of high station; the most illustrious perfidies are the most frequent.

Meanwhile the return of the commissioners was anxiously awaited at the Palais Bourbon. M. Dupin set forth all the danger that existed in the violent situation of Paris. M. Keratry demanded that a decision should be come to, and Benjamin Constant that the decision should be radical. Lastly, Lafayette sent word to the deputies, from the Hôtel de Ville, where he was beset by a thousand various rumours, not to be in a hurry, and not to give up the crown without making conditions. Things were in this state when the commissioners appeared. General Sébastiani reported the manner in which they had fulfilled their mission; and he, who that very day had uttered these words, *There is nothing national here but the white flag*, drew up, in conjunction with Benjamin Constant, the following declaration:

"The meeting of deputies at this time in Paris, has deemed it urgently necessary to entreat his royal highness the Duc d'Orléans to repair to the capital, to exercise there the functions of lieutenant-general of the kingdom, and to express to him their desire to preserve the tricolour cockade. It has, moreover, felt impressed with the necessity of applying itself, without intermission, to the task of securing to France, in the approaching session of the chambers, all the indispensable guarantees for the full and entire execution of the charter."

The reading of the document produced a great agitation in the assembly. Those who, like M. Laffitte, knew the Duc d'Orléans, counted too little on his hardihood not to seek to compromise him. They feared that a simple invitation would too much magnify in his eyes the dangers of the moment, and that he would hold out longer than would be expedient in a crisis in which every thing depended on a prompt decision. They would have wished that the chamber, by declaring him lieutenant-general in a solemn and peremptory manner, should have so forced him into the ways of revolution that he could not recede. Knowing his ambition to be more deliberate than courageous, more ardent than active, they would have wished to crown his hopes without leaving him under the necessity of ex-

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erting any degree of daring. For those, on the other hand, whose minds were not yet made up, to express a desire which might seem revolutionary, was already carrying things much too far. Amidst this fluctuation of thought and feeling, M. Laffitte's voice was heard demanding that the declaration should be signed in consideration of its importance. The agitation redoubled. "You have not the right to dispose of the crown," cried M. Villemain. "For mercy's sake," said old Charles de Lameth, in a whining voice, "recollect the revolution, and the danger of signatures."—"For my part," said M. Delessert, "what I vote I sign." Finally the conclusions imbodied in the report were adopted, and a deputation of twelve members, of which M. Gallot was named president, was directed to set out for Neuilly, and to lay before the Duc d'Orléans the resolutions, or rather the wishes of the chamber.

It is to be remarked that neither the deputies nor their president had ventured to affix their signatures to the declaration cited above. A copy of it having been sent to the municipal commission, M. Mauguin considered the document, as adopted by the chamber, so counter-revolutionary in substance, and so ambiguous in form, that he wrote instantly to M. Laffitte that such a document could not be published as an act of the government, unless bearing the signatures of its authors. He was right.

For as the *dénouement* drew near, the republicans redoubled their efforts. Assembled at the house of Lointier, the restaurateur, they deliberated with their muskets in their hands. Political science, knowledge of business, position, reputation, great fortunes, all these things they wanted: this was their weakness, but it was also their strength. Inasmuch as they could brave every thing, they could obtain every thing. Their convictions were intractable, because men must have studied much, and have had much practical experience, to arrive at doubt; they felt the less hesitation, as they took but little account of obstacles; and, prepared as they were for death, they were thereby prepared for command.

The Orleanist party feared them, but durst not combat them openly. It had sent some of its most ardent emissaries among them to discourage or divide them. No efforts were spared by MM. Larréguy and Combe Siéyès to gain approval in Lointier's rooms for the arrangement that called a new dynasty to the throne: and it must be owned that these efforts derived great force from the poet Béranger's adhesion. A stormy debate soon began. The honest and sincere republicans foamed with indignation at seeing what they called their victory filched from them by intrigue. Some of these, with that excess of distrust peculiar to conflicting parties, already whispered accusations against M. Chevallier, the president of the assembly, charging him with wishing to prolong the sitting, and to spin out the discussion to a wearisome length, in order to let the glow of generous passions die away. An Orleanist orator had a musket levelled at him by a member of the assembly. At last it

was decided that a committee should be appointed to present to the provisional government, then sitting in the Hôtel de Ville, an address beginning thus:

"Yesterday the people reconquered its sacred rights at the cost of its blood. The most precious of these rights is that of freely choosing its own government. Means must be taken to prevent any proclamation from being made which designates a chief, when the very form of the government cannot be determined.

"There exists a provisional representation of the nation. Let it remain in permanence till the wish of the majority of Frenchmen can have been known," &c.

M. Hubert was chosen to carry this address to the Hôtel de Ville: he set out in the uniform of a national guard, and accompanied by several members of the assembly, among whom were Trélat, Teste, Charles Hingray, Bastide, Poubelle, and Guinard, all of them men full of energy, disinterestedness, and ardour. The deputation made its way through the immense crowd in the Place de Grève, Hubert carrying the address on the point of a bayonet.

Admitted to the presence of General Lafayette, the republicans surrounded him with a sort of grave and even somewhat imperious deference. Hubert read the address in a very emphatic manner: then pointing to the fresh marks of balls in the ceiling, he adjured Lafayette, by the recollections of the fight, not to let the fruits of the popular victory perish. He added, that Lafayette was bound to reckon with the people for the potency he derived from a revered name; that to hang back would be weakness or perfidy: and he concluded by strongly urging him to assume the dictatorship. This was presuming too much upon Lafayette's hardihood. Inwardly perturbed, but still master of his emotions, he delivered a long speech, in which his embarrassment only betrayed itself by the incoherence of his thoughts and by his verbosity. He talked of the United States, of the first revolution, and of the part he had played in those great events; and soon, thanks to him, the solemnity of the proposal just made to him was lost in the details of a familiar and disjointed conversation. A voice demanded, "May we at least count on the liberty of the press?"—"Who doubts it?" replied M. de Laborde, with an oath. Some of the persons present then stated that they had drawn up a proclamation for which they could not find a printer, and that those they had applied to had shown them an express prohibition bearing the signature of the Duc de Broglie.—"Take care, messieurs," said the incredulous Lafayette, with a smile, "there is no sort of means but is employed at certain epochs. How often during our first revolution was my own signature calumniated!" Such was the idle talk in which M. de Lafayette wasted at the Hôtel de Ville the precious hours that were turned to such profitable account in the Hôtel Laffitte. But an extraordinary incident presently aroused all energies. The door of M. Lafayette's cabinet was opened, and the visit of a peer of France was announced to the general in a whisper. "Let him come in." "But he wishes for a private interview." "Let him come in, I tell you; I am here among my friends, and whatever he has to say to me they may hear." The

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peer of France was introduced: it was the Comte de Sussy. His countenance seemed wobegone, and tears stood in his eyes. He held out to M. de Lafayette the ordinances which the chamber of deputies had refused to receive. M. de Lafayette made a few remarks to him on the connexions of blood between the Lafayettes and the Mortemarts, that savoured of the republican *grand-seigneur*, and taking the papers from him, he spread them out like a hand of cards before his young friends. No sooner were the contents known, than a furious shout rent the hall—"We are tricked! What does this mean? New ministers named by Charles X.! No! no! no more Bourbons!" And all the republicans present stared anxiously in each other's faces. One of them, M. Bastide, rushed at M. de Sussy, to pitch him out of the window: "What are you about?" said M. Trélat, holding him back, "a negotiator!" Upon this M. de Lafayette, still calm amidst all this uproar, turned to M. de Sussy with an expressive gesture, and requested him to go before the municipal commission; and General Lobau, coming in at the moment, offered to show the count the way. Some minutes after, the members of the republican deputation, uneasy as to what might be the result, left M. de Lafayette, and followed De Sussy. Some of them lost their way in the building; others found the room where the municipal commission was sitting with the door locked. They demanded admission; no answer was made them; incensed at this they began to batter at the door with the buts of their muskets; it was opened at last from within, and entering the room they found M. de Sussy chatting amicably with the members of the municipal commission. M. Audry de Puyraveau alone exhibited an impassioned attitude. "Take back your ordinances," he exclaimed, "we no longer know Charles X." At the same time the sonorous voice of Hubert was heard, reading for the second time the address from the Lointier meeting.

M. Odilon Barrot hastened to reply in the name of the municipal commission: he combated, with moderation and ability, the opinions expressed in the address; and it was he who, on this occasion, uttered the words subsequently attributed to General Lafayette: "The Duc d'Orléans is the best of republics." Whilst he was speaking, M. Mauguin's countenance showed signs of marked disapprobation, and his gestures more than once bespoke his dissatisfaction.

The Comte de Sussy, discouraged by his reception, applied to M. de Lafayette for a letter to the Duc de Mortemart, and the republican deputation was taking its departure, when Audry de Puyraveau, going up to Hubert, and drawing a paper from his pocket, said, with warmth, "Stay, here is a proclamation which the municipal commission at first approved of, but which it now declines to publish. It must be circulated." The moment he got into the open square, Hubert stood up on a stone post, and read the proclamation to the crowd. It ran thus:

"France is free.

"She demands a constitution.

"She grants the provisional government only the right of consulting.

"Till such time as she shall have expressed her will by new elections, respect to the following principles!

"No more royalty;

"The government carried on only by mandatories elected by the nation;

"The executive power confided to a temporary president;

"The co-operation, mediate or immediate, of all citizens in the election of deputies;

"Liberty to all religious denominations; no more state religion:

"Appointments in the army and navy guaranteed from all arbitrary acts of dismissal;

"The establishment of the national guards all over France. The guardianship of the constitution is confided to them.

"Those principles for which we have recently exposed our lives we will uphold at need by legal insurrection."

This proclamation fixes very precisely the limit at which the most adventurous spirits stopped in 1830, excepting, however, some few disciples of St. Simon. That the state religion should be abolished; that a president should be substituted for a king; that universal suffrage, in one degree or in two degrees, should be established; this was the whole extent of changes contemplated by the most daring innovators. But would society be more happy when the right of morally directing it should have been wrested from the state? Would the overthrow of royalty suffice to hinder thenceforth the existence of tyranny in the civil relations between the capitalist and the labourer? Whether was universal suffrage to be proclaimed as the recognition of a metaphysical right, or as a certain means of arriving at a change in the whole system of social order? Such questions were too profound for the times; and more than one tempest was destined to break forth before any one should think of solving them. In 1830 no one even thought of propounding them.

Be this as it may, the republicans had this immense advantage in presence of a people in movement, that the objects they sought were the most definite and the newest of all at that time presented to the public. But they wanted organization, and above all, a leader. To judge of the impulse, M. de Lafayette was competent to give to events, it is enough to compare the circumstances under which it was written, with the following letter addressed by him to the Duc de Mortemart, and sent by the hands of M. de Sussy:

"Monsieur le Duc,—I have received the letter you have done me the honour to write me with all the sentiments I have long entertained for your personal character. M. le Comte de Sussy will give you an account of the visit he had the goodness to make me; I have fulfilled your intentions in reading what you addressed to me to many persons about me; I requested M. de Sussy to go to the commission then small in number, which was sitting in the Hôtel de Ville. He saw M. Laffitte,* who was then with several of his colleagues, and I will deliver to General Gérard the papers with which he has commissioned me; but the duties that keep me here render it impossible that I should go to you. Should you come to the Hôtel I should have the honour of receiving you there, but without advantage as to the object of this conversation, since your communications have been made to my colleagues."

* M. de Lafayette made a mistake here. There is, however, an erasure in the MS. at this place.

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There was in this letter a sort of veiled sincerity not easily endured by party passions. A leader capable of writing such lines at such a moment would very soon have been calumniated: when once suspicion had fallen upon him, it would not be long after but he would be dealt with as a traitor. In times of revolution men have not leisure to suspect long.

After all the field was open to all that had daring and discernment. What might not the seeming madness of a mighty heart have effected in that moment of disorder? They talked indeed of a provisional government in Paris; but the following fact shows what was the inanity of that power so oddly feared:

The national guard of St. Quentin asked for two pupils of the Polytechnique to command it; and to this end it sent a deputation to Laffitte, which mentioned to him at the same time that it would be easy to bring over the regiment quartered at La Fère. Lafayette summoned two pupils of the Polytechnique, and sent them before the municipal commission, accompanied by Odilon Barrot. M. Mauguin, the only member present, was walking about the hall. Being informed of the purpose of their visit, he took up a pen and began a proclamation addressed to the regiment at La Fère, when his colleague, Odilon Barrot, said to him, "Leave it to them; they understand those things better than we do." M. Mauguin ceded the pen to one of the young men; the proclamation was drawn up, and General Lobau entering the room, it was handed to him to sign. He refused, and went out. "He will not sign any thing," said M. Mauguin; "it was but just now he refused to sign an order relating to the seizure of a powder depot."—"He hangs back, then!" said one of the pupils of the Ecole Polytechnique. "Nothing is more dangerous in revolutions than men who hang back. I will go have him shot."—"You do not mean it?" replied M. Mauguin, eagerly. "Shoot General Lobau, a member of the provisional government!"—"The very same," replied the young man, drawing M. Mauguin to the window and showing him some hundred men he had headed at the capture of the Caserne de Babylone. "If I were to tell those brave fellows to shoot *le bon Dieu* they would do it." M. Mauguin smiled, and signed the proclamation in silence.

It was on that day that a packet addressed to the English ambassador, Lord Stuart de Rothsay, was delivered at the Hotel de Ville. One only of the members of the provisional government was of opinion that its contents should be examined. It was sent to Lord Stuart with the seal unbroken.

Whilst every one was seeking to realize his wishes or his belief in this party arena, hardly were a few voices heard uttering the name of the emperor in a city that had so long echoed to that sound. Two men, without influence, military reputation, or celebrity of any kind, MM. Ladvocat and Dumoulin, conceived for a while the idea of proclaiming the empire. MM. Thiers and Mignet easily persuaded one of them that fortune gives herself to him who hastens

to seize her: the other appeared dressed as an orderly officer in the great hall of the Hôtel de Ville; but being politely requested by M. Carbonel to pass into an adjoining room, he was there locked up and kept prisoner. Thus the parade of a laced coat on the one side, and a piece of boyish roguery on the other, made up the whole history of the struggle between the Orleanist and the Imperial party! This is one of those curiosities of history the key to which is found in the grovelling nature of most human ambition. The son of Napoleon was far away. For those who were actuated by vulgar hopes, to wait was to run the risk of losing those first favours, which are always the easiest to obtain from a government that has need to win forgiveness for its accession. Nevertheless, Napoleon's memory lived in the hearts of the people. What was requisite to the crowning of the immortal victim of Waterloo in the first-born of his race? That an old general should appear in the streets, draw his sword, and shout *Vive Napoleon II.!* But no. General Gourgaud alone made some tentative efforts. On the 29th he protested at the Hôtel de Ville against the nomination of the Duc d'Orléans; and on that night he assembled some officers at his house to consult on measures for the next day. To conspire in the midst of open revolution was, to say the least of it, superfluous: but it would seem that civil conflicts disconcert the judgment of men of war. Napoleon, besides, had pigmied all minds round his own. The imperial régime had kindled in the plebeians he abruptly ennobled a burning thirst for place and distinction. The Orleanist party recruited itself among all those, whose promptitude to revive the empire needed perhaps but one flash of hardihood, a leader, and a cry! Of all the generals whose fortunes were of imperial growth, Subervic alone gave his voice for a republic in M. Laffitte's saloons; at least he was the only one that was remarked. Thus all was over as regards Napoleon: and some little time after this a young colonel in the service of Austria died beyond the Rhine, the frail representative of a dynasty whose last breath passed away with him.

At some leagues distance from tumultuous Paris, St. Cloud presented a gloomy and afflicting spectacle. From the pale faces and drooping attitude of the soldiers it was easy to guess what was passing in their minds. Many of them had left friends and relations in Paris: what was their fate? for dismal rumours were heard from time to time; and mysterious emissaries arriving by the public conveyances, which passed freely over the Sèvres bridge, spared no pains to excite the troops to desert. Sometimes the tale was that Paris was given up to pillage; sometimes that M. Laffitte had offered fourteen millions of francs to ransom the city. Tormented with all these absurd or lying reports, the soldiers abandoned themselves to gloomy despondency. Had not their leader too set them the example of hesitation? And then the disorganization was complete. Baron Weyler de Navas, whose duty it was to provide for the sustenance of the troops, wore himself out with fruitless endeavours.

Bread was brought from a very great distance in small cartloads, and was doled out with the most rigid parsimony. M. de Champagny, on his return from Fleury, where he had passed the preceding evening, wished that a large herd of oxen he met on the road should be seized and paid for in bills. No one would venture to do this. They had ventured to do a great deal more!

To all these embarrassments were superadded the uncertainty arising from ignorance of what was passing, and the danger of misconceptions. Thus it was that war was on the point of bursting out afresh under the very eyes of royalty, and amongst its defenders themselves. A company of *gardes du corps* covered St. Cloud, on the side of Ville d'Avray; and in the woods beyond that village were encamped the remains of a regiment of the line, commanded by Colonel Maussion. Seeing the ravages desertion was making around him, the colonel called together the non-commissioned officers and the privates that still remained faithful, appealed to their honour as soldiers, and pointing to the flag, exclaimed, "Can it be that no one will remain to render back that flag to him who has confided it to us?" At the word the men instantly began their march. The *gardes du corps* heard of this movement; the rumour had already run among them that the line, having sided with the insurgents, was only waiting the fit moment to charge them. Alarm seized all hearts, and soon gave place to the blindest fury. Several of them drew their sabres and rushed forth to the gate of Ville d'Avray, which they were just about to enter, when a sous-lieutenant of the company of Croï, Colonel Lespinasse, sprang forward to stop them. His voice was disregarded, such was the intense exasperation of the moment. Upon this he put his horse across the road, and declared that none should pass but over his body. A few words were enough to clear up the misunderstanding; but royalty had perhaps been exposed to an enormous danger.

In this immense disorder of the troops to march on the capital was very difficult, perhaps impossible: nevertheless the dauphin insisted on this step. General Champagny, his confidant, solicited a private audience of Charles X., in which he laid before him the following plan. The king was to betake himself to Orléans, where the troops would have been concentrated; Marshal Oudinot and General Coëtlosquet were to take command of the camps of Lunéville and St. Omer, which it was supposed were already on the march; some fifty and odd millions of francs from the Casbah of Algiers, just arrived in the roads of Toulon, were to be seized; General Bourmont, recalled from Africa, would bring bring back two regiments, and hasten through the royalist provinces of the South, to support the trusty population of the West. The scheme contemplated setting the whole kingdom in a blaze.

Charles X. ran his eye, in an absent and melancholy mood, over the paper presented to him by M. de Champagny, and said, after a brief silence, "You must talk of this to the dauphin." But the sound of his voice, and the expression of his face, belied the meaning

of his words. What was passing in the king's mind? This question has been answered by himself at a subsequent period. Charles X. believed that he was acting upon his rights when he sought to render the crown independent. When news was brought him on the 28th that blood was flowing in Paris, he thought that the whole matter concerned only some factious persons whose audacity it would be enough to quell with a high hand; but when he saw that the resistance was general, dauntless, and persevering, he asked himself had he not committed some error that demanded expiation? He was then seized with abject despondency, and sinking under that bitterest and most utter helplessness of soul that afflicts the proud in their hour of dismay, his only thought was to humble himself beneath the hand of God.

The dauphin had none of his father's austere and somewhat morbid devotion; so he talked of nothing but entering Paris at the head of an army, to which end he demanded a formal sanction from his father, who refused to grant it. The dauphin, who possessed that sort of headstrong wilfulness that is common to narrow intellects, withdrew to his apartment, and giving way to one of his occasional fits of boyish frowardness, he dashed his sword on the floor; but Charles X. knew nothing of this scene.

The dauphin's ill-humour soon found an opportunity to vent itself. He conceived the idea of rekindling the ardour of the soldiery by publishing a proclamation, and one was drawn up by M. de Champagny in glowing and impassioned terms, complimenting the troops on their devotedness, and encouraging them to be steadfast. This proclamation was not yet published when word was brought the dauphin that a superior officer desired to speak with him. This was General Talon, who, on the day but one before, had borne the whole brunt of the insurrection at the Hôtel de Ville. General Talon put on a grave demeanour in addressing the prince; his looks bespoke at once indignation and grief. He spoke of a proclamation which had been read to the troops, and which, whilst calling on them to be true to their colours, announced to them, as a welcome intelligence, that the ordonnances were revoked. He added, that for his own part, his devotedness was such as could sustain the utmost trial, as he had already proved, but that it was not sufficient to enable him to endure dishonouring treatment. The dauphin's surprise was extreme; but when he learned that the proclamation complained of by the general bore the signature of the Duc de Raguse, he burst into a most violent fit of passion. He ran to the king, acquainted him with what had passed, and hurried over the château, searching for the Duc de Raguse, who was then in the billiard-room. The dauphin burst into the room and ordered the duke to follow him into one adjoining it. The upshot of this meeting was anxiously awaited. Suddenly loud voices are heard; the door of the room is violently thrown open; the marshal appears hastily receding, and the dauphin pursuing him with his head bare and his eyes wild with passion.

Springing upon Marmont, as he still fell back, the prince snatched his sword from him, but with such intemperate haste, that the blood started from his fingers as he clutched the blade. "Guards! this way, guards!" he cried upon this, like one bewildered. The guards surrounded the marshal, arrested him, and led him off to his apartment, where he was kept prisoner. In an instant the news of this arrest spread among the soldiers; a thousand ominous commentaries passed from mouth to mouth through the ranks, and the word treachery was loudly uttered. What a melancholy and singular destiny was that man's!—denounced at Paris as a murderer, at St. Cloud as a traitor, and on both hands held accursed.

More equitable than the dauphin, Charles X. broke the marshal's arrest, sent for him, and did all he could to sooth his wounded feelings. It was an affecting sight to behold the old king, himself so rudely smitten, thus taking on him the part of a comforter, and forgetting his own misfortunes, to repair the wrong done by his son to one of his servants! The Duc de Raguse was deeply moved; but he could not bring himself to forgive so outrageous an insult. In obedience to the king, he went to the dauphin, and offered and received an apology; but when the prince held out his hand in sign of reconciliation, the marshal drew back, bowed low, and left the room.

The hour was approaching when the whole royal family was to have nothing august belonging to it but the very excess of its abasement.

On that day, as on the preceding, M. Laffitte's house had been the hostelry of the revolution: numbers flocked thither from all parts of Paris. There was not an intriguant who did not repair thither to recapitulate the tale of his services: this one had captured a cannon; that one had brought about the defection of a regiment; all had erected barricades. Some went as far as Neuilly, to show their faces, and record the date of their visit. Decidedly, the Orleanist party was triumphant.

But these things soon wore an altered aspect. About eight o'clock in the evening the deputation appointed to offer the lieutenant-generalship to the Duc d'Orléans presented itself at the Palais Royal, where it found only a few bewildered servants, who either knew not, or dared not disclose the retreat to which their master had betaken himself. It was necessary to despatch a message to Neuilly.

When the result of this visit was known at the Hotel Laffitte, it produced a great sensation there. What was the meaning of the duke's prolonged absence under such pressing circumstances? Was he afraid? Did he mean to return a refusal to the perilous overtures of the revolution? Such was the substance of every conversation. Is he come? was the question every moment asked. M. Laffitte, whose presence of mind never forsook him, made himself guarantee for the prince, and endeavoured to revive in those about him a confidence in which, perhaps, he did not himself partake. M. Thiers went from one person to another, repeating words of encouragement

and hope to all. But the hours were rolling on. It was reported that they were carrying off the furniture from the Palais Royal—a significant and ominous proceeding! The word republic, only whispered before, now began to be uttered aloud: lastly, Béranger, who had gone to the Lointier meeting to try the force of his influence there, Béranger himself had been coldly received, it was said, by the young men. And now, with one of those sudden shiftings of the sails that so sadly exhibit, in all its glaring deformity, the baser side of human nature, the saloons of the Hôtel Laffitte were rapidly evacuated. Every one found some pretext for moving off. At eleven o'clock, in that astonishing week when sleep had fled from all eyes, at eleven o'clock there remained with M. Laffitte only the son of Thibaudeau, the conventionist, and Benjamin Constant. They were about to separate, when the Duc de Broglie entered, followed by M. Maurice Duval. The duke was apprehensive of being pushed too far into the perils of revolution. M. Laffitte omitted nothing he could possibly say to fortify the courage of that high personage. But before the latter had well got beyond the outer gate of the court, Laffitte, turning to Benjamin Constant, said, "Well, what will become of us to-morrow?"—"We shall be hanged," replied the other, in the tone of a man no longer capable of strong emotions. He had become, in fact, insensible to all but those of play.

At one in the morning M. Laffitte was visited by Colonel Heymès, who came to announce the arrival of the Duc d'Orléans. The prince had entered Paris about eleven at night, dressed in plain clothes, and accompanied only by three persons. What may have been his feelings as he thus walked in darkness towards his palace, fatiguing himself with climbing over barricades, and forced to reply with the war-cry of an insurgent people to the restless *qui vive* of the sentinels?

We have seen the manner in which the Duc de Mortemart had entered Paris. There he was not even the testamentary executor of the monarchy. His authority, disowned in the office of the *Moniteur*, rejected by the chamber of deputies, and insulted at the Hôtel de Ville, was but a useless burden to him. Personally, too, he laboured under a painful oscillation of mind. He entertained but a half-liking for that expiring monarchy, to which, nevertheless, he owed the exertion of all his energies, since it had relied on the integrity of his heart. He was suffering the full force of these distressing thoughts, when he received an invitation to the Palais Royal. What could that Duc d'Orléans, who the moment he arrived had sent a complimentary message to Lafayette, and an invitation to Laffitte, what could he want with a minister of Charles X.? It was night; the Duc de Mortemart followed the messenger, and was introduced through the roof of the palace into a small closet opening to the right on the court, and not belonging to the apartments occupied by the family. The duke was lying on a mattress on the floor, in his shirt, and only half covered with a shabby quilt. His face was bathed in perspiration, there was a lurid fire in his eye, and all about him bespoke extreme fatigue and extraordinary excitement of

mind. He began to speak the moment the Duc de Mortemart entered, and expressed himself with great volubility and earnestness, protesting his attachment to the elder branch, and vowing he had only come to Paris to save the city from anarchy. At this moment a great noise was heard in the court, where people were shouting *Vive le Duc d'Orléans!* "You hear that, monseigneur," said de Mortemart, "those shouts are for you."—"No! No!" replied the Duc d'Orléans, with increased vehemence, "I will suffer death sooner than accept the crown." He seized a pen and wrote a letter to Charles X., which he delivered sealed to de Mortemart, who carried it away in the folds of his cravat.

Strange coincidence! Almost at the very hour these things were passing in Paris in the palace of the Duc d'Orléans, the Duchess de Berri started out of bed at St. Cloud, agitated by a thousand terrors, and ran half-dressed to awaken the dauphin, and to reproach him for an obstinacy that endangered the lives of two poor children. It would be impossible adequately to convey the character of that nocturnal scene. Distressed and overcome by the cries and tears of a mother, the dauphin acquainted Charles X. that St. Cloud was threatened, and that the seat of the monarchy must be moved a little farther; and some minutes afterwards, before daybreak, Charles X., the Duchess de Berri, and the children, were on their way to Trianon, under the protection of an escort of *gardes du corps*. At Ville d'Avray, the fugitives might see the word *royal* obliterated from all the public-house signs. That word, three days before, had been almost a means of fortune to these oblivious publicans.

The dauphin was to pass the night at St. Cloud, along with the troops. The departure of Charles X. had produced a great sensation among the troops, and a general movement took place. The 6th guards, which were at daybreak on the road to Ville d'Avray, were recalled by a counter order to the bridge of St. Cloud, and returned by the grand avenue to the alley leading from the Fer-à-cheval to the Lantern of Diogenes. Sèvres was covered by two battalions of the 3d Swiss and the lancers, with a battery. The aspect of the camp boded ill; and bitter thoughts were written in the faces of all those armed servants of fugitive royalty. The remains of the royal kitchen, distributed among the soldiers, sent some flashes of gaiety through this dense and dismal gloom, but whilst the 1st guards and the artillery were dividing this unexpected booty among them, with laughter, the Swiss posted at the Sèvres bridge were abandoning their colours, and scattering their arms over the road as they fled.

CHAPTER VII.

At eight on the morning of the 31st, the deputation from the chamber presented itself at the Palais Royal. M. Sébastiani entered the room where it was waiting, and passing his colleagues, without

a word, went straight to the apartment of the Duc d'Orléans, which he entered, unannounced. The duke appeared; the moment was a solemn one; the deputation acquainted him with the purpose for which it had come, but the prince's confusion was visible, and the obsequious smile that played on his lips ill disguised the agitation of his mind. He knew that Charles X. was still but a few leagues from Paris, that an army of twelve thousand men could be set in motion by a word uttered by a monarch not yet fallen; he knew, too, that with nations as with individuals all violent exertions end in weariness, and that reactions are mortal to those who have not known how to anticipate them. Charles X., too, whom he was to dethrone, was his kinsman, and the duchess had not concealed from her husband her strong conscientious scruples. The language held by the duke savoured of the difficulties of his position. He laboured painfully to avoid the danger of any precise affirmation. *To wait*, having always been his motto, he halted between the inexpediency of too hastily accepting a crown, and that of too formally refusing it. He kept up this game as long as possible; and therein he was seconded by M. Sébastiani, who was the confidant of his doubts. But those who did not rightly guess the prince's feelings, sought to pay their court to him by affecting to overbear his scruples by force. Some cunningly affected bluntness, reproached him with favouring by his hesitation the establishment of a republic, and so compromising the welfare of the country; a sort of reproach more pleasing to the heart of a prince than a less subtle and more downright form of adulation. At last, beset on all sides, the Duc d'Orléans appeared to suffer himself to be overcome; but true to the last to the part he had played all along, he demanded a few moments yet, saying he required to take advice, and he retired to his closet, still followed by M. Sébastiani.

M. de Talleyrand was then in his hôtel in the Rue St. Florentin and was in the act of dressing. The door was opened, and M. Sébastiani was announced. He entered, and presented to M. de Talleyrand a sealed note, which the latter glanced over with the flippancy of a political coxcomb, and immediately returned saying, "Let him accept."

Some moments after this the Duc d'Orléans returned to the hall where he was waited for, and made known his acceptance to the impatient deputies.

The document announcing this decision to the Parisians was drawn up in the following terms:

"INHABITANTS OF PARIS,—The deputies of France, at this moment assembled in Paris, have expressed their desire that I should betake myself to this capital, to exercise there the functions of Lieutenant-general of the kingdom.

"I have not hesitated to come and partake your dangers, to place myself in the midst of this heroic population, and use all my endeavours to preserve you from civil war and anarchy. On entering the city of Paris I wore with pride those glorious colours you have resumed, and which I had myself long carried.

"The Chambers are about to assemble: they will consult on the means of securing the reign of the laws, and the maintenance of the rights of the nation.

"A charter shall be henceforth a true thing.

"LOUIS PHILIPPE D'ORLÉANS."

This proclamation, so skilfully drawn up, was approved by all the members of the deputation, with the exception of M. Bérard, and being carried to the chamber it was read there amidst loud acclamations. It was expedient to take advantage of this moment of delight, and to pledge the chamber irrevocably. M. Laffitte addressed the assembly: "I will not recite, messieurs," he said, "the measures you have adopted, and which have secured the welfare of the country, but I think it is right that this history should be recorded, and the whole set forth with accuracy and precision." The proposition was unanimously agreed to. Any man that should have hesitated would have compromised his position under the new order of things.

But what was the declaration to contain? Should it stipulate for certain guarantees to the people? Such was the opinion of MM. Eusèbe Salverte, Bérard, Corcelles, and Benjamin Constant. M. Augustin Périer asserted "that it was not the fit time to enter into discussions on principles that would prove interminable." The drawing up of the declaration was intrusted to MM. Benjamin Constant, Bérard, Villemain, and Guizot. The two latter, as we have seen, had figured in the three days only as conservatives; but seeing the balance incline to the side of the Duc d'Orléans, they only the more sensibly felt the necessity of obtaining pardon for their opinions of yesterday. M. Guizot was prepared with a ready made draft of a reply: it was the programme of the bourgeoisie, and an appendix as it were to the constitution of 1791. Here are the principles for the triumph of which so many Frenchmen had lost their lives:

"Frenchmen, France is free. Absolute power unfurled its flag. The heroic population of Paris has laid it low. Paris assailed has rendered triumphant by force of arms the sacred cause that had before triumphed in the elections. A power usurping our rights, perturbing our repose, threatened at once both liberty and order. We resume possession of order and liberty. No more fear for our acquired rights; no barrier now between us and the rights we yet lack.

"A government that shall without delay guarantee us those blessings is at this moment the first want of our country. Frenchmen, those of your deputies who are already in Paris have assembled, and, for the present, till the Chambers can regularly interpose their voices, they have invited a Frenchman, who has never fought but for France, M. le Duc d'Orléans, to exercise the functions of Lieutenant-general of the kingdom. This is in their eyes the means of promptly accomplishing by peace the success of the most legitimate defence.

"The Duc d'Orléans is devoted to the national and constitutional cause. He has always defended its interests and professed its principles. He will respect our rights for he will hold his own from us. We will secure to ourselves by laws all the guarantees necessary to render liberty strong and lasting;

"The re-establishment of the national guard with the intervention of the national guards in the choice of their officers;

"The intervention of the citizens in the formation of the municipal and departmental administrations;

"Trial by jury for offences of the press;

"The legally organized responsibility of the ministers and secondary agents of the administration;

"The re-election of deputies promoted to public offices.

"We will, in concert with the head of the state, give our institutions the development of which they have need.

"Frenchmen, the Duc d'Orléans himself has already spoken, and his language is that which becomes a free country. The Chambers, he tells you, are about to assemble. They will consult on the means of securing the reign of the laws and the maintenance of the rights of the nation.

"The charter shall be henceforth a true thing."

The proclamation was signed by ninety-one deputies.

Meanwhile the proclamation of the Duc d'Orléans had been sent out through all Paris. It excited the most intense dissatisfaction in some quarters; one of the bearers of it was assailed by an angry group in the Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau, and only owed his life to the interference of a pupil of the Ecole Polytechnique. The feeling excited at the Hôtel de Ville was particularly stormy: the republicans, who had been established there since the preceding day, and those who were spread over the Place de Grève, were deficient in numbers, but they were energetic and full of enthusiasm. They considered the prince's reply ambiguous, and they talked of it, some with anger, some with contempt. What are these dangers the Duc d'Orléans comes to share with us? On what day did he enter Paris? On the 30th, after the fight, after the victory, when there was nothing left us to do but to bury the dead. At what hour did he present himself at the barriers? At the approach of night; he stole in to us in the dark; he entered furtively into his own palace. But where was he, and what was he doing, on the 28th and 29th, between St. Cloud threatened and Paris on fire? If a friend of the court, his place was by his king's side. If a friend of the people, why was he not at our head before the Hôtel de Ville, at the Marché des Innocents, at the Porte St. Denis, in front of the Louvre, in every place where we fought and our brothers fell?

Others pointed out how warily every word of the declaration seemed to have been weighed. The danger, they said, is not quite gone by, since there are twelve thousand soldiers encamped within a few leagues of the capital. So what does the Duc d'Orléans do? He does not declare himself plainly and distinctly for either party. The declaration talks of laws violated, but does not say by whom violated. The duke represents his own interference as a preservative against anarchy: could Charles X. complain of this were he to return as victor? The declaration is not dated: why is that?—It was further said, that if the prince aspired to the crown he ought to have the courage to stretch out his hand towards it, and that it was making a mock of the revolution to presume to finesse with it. There were some who went the length of roundly declaring that the Duc d'Orléans was but a Bourbon, and that he ought to be included in the same malediction as his family; and they asked ironically if being the son of a regicide were enough to entitle a man to become a king.

To all this the partisans of the prince replied that allowance ought to be made for the painful situation of a man obliged to behold in his kinsmen the oppressors of his country; that he already sufficiently compromised himself in the eyes of the elder branch of the family, by surrounding himself with persons who had applauded the insurrection; that it was not just to forget that for fifteen years the prince's saloons were open to all the adversaries of the Congregation, to all the victims of the tyranny of the château; and that instead of

so harshly assailing a man who was potent both by his position and his wealth, it was advisable to place him on the throne, as the sole means, perhaps, of irrevocably barring the road to it against Charles X.

To these reflections and counsels some replied by showing their wounds, their hands begrimed with powder, and their garments stained with dust and blood. A dangerous fermentation prevailed round the Hôtel de Ville, and a prolonged angry hum arose from that dense multitude.

It was important that this temper should be mitigated. M. Barthe having been introduced to the hall where the municipal commission was sitting, drew a vivid picture of what he had seen, and gave an animated report of what he had heard, and M. Audry de Puyraveau having requested him to imbody his impressions in an address to the expectant people, he drew up a proclamation beginning with these words, "Charles X. has ceased to reign over France."

While he was writing, General Lobau stepped up to M. de Schonen, and pointing to a brace of pistols in his girdle, he said, "My friend, I know it is my death-warrant I am about to sign. One of these pistols is for me; I will leave you the other."

But already all was prepared at the Hôtel de Ville for the reception of the Duc d'Orléans. M. de Lafayette had been surrounded ever since the 29th by the representatives of the Orleanist party. Knowing his easy temper, and his natural susceptibility to generous exhortations, they had organized an active and vigilant surveillance about him. The noble old man was as it were under the eye of keepers. A sentinel posted at the door of his closet had orders to admit no one to him with the exception of the members of a little camarilla, of which M. Carbonel was the soul, M. Joubert the man of business, and M. Odilon Barrot the orator. M. Audry de Puyraveau was received but with distrust in the sanctuary, and whenever he entered it M. de Lafayette contented himself with shaking him by the hand with the air of a man exceedingly pressed with business. On the day the municipal commission installed itself in the Hôtel de Ville, it had been placed in a room to the right of the great hall of St. Jean, not far from a passage leading to the closet of the commandant-general. On the 30th, in order completely to isolate M. de Lafayette, the municipal commission was removed to a room at the other extremity of the building. MM. de Schonen, Mauguin, and Lobau, were nevertheless not republicans. Thus, kept remote from all the men of strong convictions and hardihood, from all the young men whose fiery language he was fond of hearing, M. de Lafayette was subjected to a constant blockade on the part of the Orleanists. The austere duties of the dictatorship, and the difficulty of checking the people in the headlong descent of a republican career, were set before his eyes in magnified proportions. His well-known horror for *coups d'état* was dexterously turned to account, and drums beating the charge, and grenadiers entering the Palais Bourbon with

fixed bayonets, were represented to him as the inevitable consequence of proclaiming the republic in opposition to the wishes of the deputies. Desiring neither an 18*th Brumaire* nor another William III., Lafayette was uncertain what course to adopt. He would certainly have decided for a republic had he been surrounded by none but republicans; not but that he feared unbridled democracy; but his love of popularity would have been too strong for his fears, for this was always his most potent spring of action. He knew not that it is the part of a vulgar mind to love the people for the sake of its applause. Great hearts devote themselves to the cause of men whilst disdaining them.

The news of the agitations at the Hôtel were not slow to reach the Palais Bourbon, where it was made known at the same time that it was the prince's intention to go and allay the effervescence by a visit to M. de Lafayette. M. Bérard was sent to the duke to inform him that the deputies wished to accompany him to the Hôtel de Ville. The duke was dressing when he entered, and he received the messenger in his dishabille, whether from an affectation of popularity or from confusion of mind: his face showed marks of care. He talked to M. Bérard, as he made him help him in his toilet, about his aversion for the splendours of royalty, and above all of that old republican feeling that lurked at the bottom of his heart, and that cried to him, bidding him refuse a crown.

During this time the chamber of deputies was on its way to the Palais Royal: and such was the terror with which the bourgeoisie regarded that people that had armed in its quarrel, that M. Delessert trembled lest the procession should be stoned in passing through the streets. They arrived at the Palais Royal, the approaches to which were filled with a dense crowd. In addressing him on whom he came to bestow a crown, M. Laffitte appeared neither grave nor labouring under any emotion. A smile was on his lips, and before reading the declaration in his capacity of president, he whispered in the prince's ear, pointing to his own hurt leg, "Two slippers, one stocking! Lord! if the *Quotidienne* saw us! It would say we were making a king *sans culottes*." How much blood was shed on the 29th to overthrow a throne! On the 30th a new one was erected with a jest. It is not by its tragic side that history instructs us most.

M. Laffitte having read the declaration of the chamber, the duke ran to him with open arms, and pressed him to his heart. Then he wished to lead him to the balcony of the palace; but M. Laffitte, who had now caught the infection of the prince's emotion, modestly hung back. The duke took him by the hand, and appeared with him before the crowd, which sent up mingled shouts of *Vive le Duc d'Orléans! Vive Laffitte!*

Such was the part of the bourgeoisie in the revolution, but the sanction of the Hôtel de Ville was still wanting to the new dynasty. The Duc d'Orléans and the deputies set out for the Place de Grève. The shouts of joy and triumph were numerous enough as they left

the Palais Royal. The Duc d'Orléans, on horseback, preceded M. Laffitte, who was carried on a chair by Savoyards, who were obliged to walk slowly; but the duke stopped from time to time for them, and, turning back and leaning on his horse's croup, he talked to M. Laffitte with very ostentatious goodwill. The bourgeois seeing this, applauded. "Things are going on well," said Laffitte. "Why, yes," replied the Duc d'Orléans, "they don't look amiss." Oh, the paltriness of grandeur! From the time the procession had passed the Carrousel the acclamations had become much less vehement; and as it proceeded along the quays the attitude of the people became more and more grave. At the Pont Neuf the shouting ceased altogether; and the Place de Grève presented a startling aspect when the procession reached it. It was filled with a great multitude, and every countenance was louring. It was alleged, for certain, that men were posted in the dark streets opening on the Place de Grève to kill the Duc d'Orléans on his way. In the interior of the Hôtel de Ville indignation was at its height, and some important persons partook in it. Doctor Delaberge having brought word that, at some paces from that spot, a few young men seemed disposed to brave every thing, and that the fear of missing their aim and injuring Benjamin Constant, Laffitte, and some beloved citizens, was hardly sufficient to restrain them, "As for me," cried General Lobau, with soldier-like impetuosity, "I want to have no more to do with this one than with the others. He is a Bourbon." It is certain that the invitation addressed on the preceding day to the Duc d'Orléans, by the deputies, had excited, even among the members of the municipal commission, such intense dissatisfaction, that M. Odilon Barrot had just been directed to go and meet the prince and prevent his coming. Such was the fatigue undergone by every one in those days of consuming exertion, that he fell asleep on a stone post whilst they were bringing him a horse. They woke him and he set out. What would have been the result of that mission had it been fulfilled? But the Duc d'Orléans was already on his way, and every thing was to depend on the reception he was about to meet with. Some intended that it should be a terrible one. A young man had sworn to immolate him the moment he set foot in the great hall. The design was frustrated; for when the young man seized his pistol, he found it useless; an invisible hand had drawn the charge.

Thus formidable events seemed to be impending. The Duc d'Orléans advanced slowly through the barricades, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, and full of suppressed emotion. When he appeared in the square the drum beat the march in the interior of the Hôtel de Ville, and it ceased suddenly before he was well halfway across. He held on his course for all that; but it was remarked that his face was very pale as he ascended the steps of the Hôtel de Ville. M. de Lafayette appeared on the landing-place of the grand staircase, and received his royal visiter with the polite-

ness of a gentleman delighted to do the honours of a wholly popular sovereignty to a prince. They went in together to the great hall, where the staff was assembled. Some pupils of the Ecole Polytechnique were in attendance, with their heads erect and their swords bare. A sullen grief was depicted in the faces of the recent combatants, some of whom shed tears. M. Laffitte, as president, should have read the declaration of the chamber, but one of the deputies who accompanied him stepping forward took the paper out of his hands to read it. At the moment when the deputy pronounced these words, "Trial by jury for offences of the press," the Duc d'Orléans, leaning towards M. de Lafayette, said, goodhumouredly, "There will be no more offences of the press." The harangue being ended, he laid his hand on his heart and replied in these ambiguous, and, under the circumstances, curious words, "As a Frenchman I deplore the evil done to the country, and the blood that has been shed. As a prince I am happy in contributing to the happiness of the nation." The deputies applauded; the masters of the Hôtel de Ville thrilled with indignation. General Dubourg now advanced, and stretching out his hand towards the square filled with armed men, he said, "You know our rights, should you forget them we will remind you of them." Imboldened by the good will of Lafayette the Duc d'Orléans replied with suitable firmness, and like a man justly indignant at having his patriotism called in question. Nevertheless the prince was not perfectly reassured on quitting the Hôtel de Ville. Finding himself for some minutes separated from his suite, and seeing near him only a young man on horseback, M. Laperche, who seemed not unknown to the combatants, he motioned to him to approach and ride by his side. What could he fear? The thing was done, the revolution had just been wound up. A tricoloured flag had been brought; the Duc d'Orléans and M. de Lafayette had appeared together at the window of the Hôtel de Ville with that magic banner. Till then the cry had been only *Vive Lafayette!* When the general had embraced the duke, *Vive le Duc d'Orléans!* was likewise shouted. The people's part was ended, the reign of the bourgeoisie was begun.

That very day, and at no great distance from the Hôtel de Ville, a boat moored close under the Morgue, and bearing a black flag, received the corpses carried down to it on hand-barrows. They were piled in lairs with straw between them: and the multitude ranged along the parapets of the Seine, looked on in silence.

The lieutenant-general of the kingdom returned to his palace by one route, and M. Laffitte to his hôtel by another.

M. Laffitte has since related, that on returning from the Place de Grève he experienced a great sinking of the heart, and as it were a confused regret at the events of the day. There are men who expend a great deal of power to arrive at a worthless result; when their work is finished it humiliates them; and missing the excitement of the struggle they remain struck with the puerility of their

triumph. A feeling of this kind must have taken hold of M. Laffitte, if, while labouring for the creation of a new dynasty, he had believed in good faith that he was about to give new foundations to society. But if on the other hand his only aim had been to secure the middle class in the possession of paramount power, it was wrong in him to repent, even vaguely, of what he had done, for he had succeeded; and thanks to him, the *ancien régime* having been dissolved, and democracy put down, the bourgeois revolution of 1789 was about to resume its course.

As for M. de Lafayette he might have done any thing in those days, and he did nothing. His virtue was pre-eminent and fatal: by creating for him an influence more than commensurate with his capacity, it served but to annul in his hands a power, that, wielded by a stronger arm, would have shaped other destinies for France. Lafayette had, notwithstanding, not many of the qualities essential to command. His manners as well as his language exhibited a singular mixture of fine polish and good-natured simplicity, of suavity and strictness of dignity without haughtiness, and familiarity without meanness. In the eyes of the one party he had remained the *grand seigneur*, though he had mingled with the multitude; in those of the other he was a man of the people born, notwithstanding his noble lineage: it was his happy privilege to retain all the advantages of high birth, and to be freely forgiven his superiority. Add to this, that he possessed at once the penetration of scepticism and the warmth of a believing soul, that is the twofold power of persuading and restraining. In the meetings of the *charbonniers* he could speak with fiery force: in the chamber he was an agreeable and ingenious talker. What then was wanting to him? Genius, and more than that, will. Lafayette's will was never strongly bent on any thing, because not being able to guide events he would have been mortified at seeing them guided by others. In this respect he was afraid of every body, but most of himself. Power enchanted and frightened him; he would have braved its dangers, but he shrank from its perplexities. Full of courage, he was absolutely destitute of daring: capable of nobly suffering violence, but not of employing it with advantage, the only head he would have given without dismay to the executioner, was his own.

As long as a government of transition had been in question he had been adequate to it, and even delighted with it. Surrounded, at the Hôtel de Ville, by a little court, the buzzing of which was pleasant to his ear, he enjoyed, with somewhat childish simplicity, the noisy veneration bestowed on his old age. In that cabinet, which was the focus of news from all points, whence proclamations issued every moment, where the business of government consisted in signing one's name, there was much ado and little done,—a condition of things exceedingly congenial to weak minds, because unproductive bustling helps them to conceal from themselves their dread of all that bears the stamp of decision. That dread actuated Lafayette in the highest

degree, and it was manifest in him when the time came in which he should declare himself positively. To the danger of doing what he wished, he preferred that of doing what he did not wish. A crown was placed before him; he did not refuse it, he did not give it away; he let it be taken.

Nevertheless, it was not without some alarm he recollected the promises with which he had flattered his young friends: he anticipated their reproaches. Would they not accuse him of having betrayed the cause of the revolution? And he who, as a *charbonnier*, had declared himself the implacable enemy of monarchy; he who had so energetically protested, in the secret meetings under the Restoration, against the candidature of the Duc d'Orléans, supported, it was said, by Manuel,—what answer should he give to the men who had followed his banner, when they should call him to account for the revolution stifled in its cradle, for their illusions destroyed, their blood shed in the hope of far other results? Tormented by these perplexities, and trembling for his popularity, he resolved to attenuate by tardy conditions the immensity of the concession he had made. A scheme to that end was drawn up by him in concert with MM. Joubert and Marchais. The true history of this document, which was afterwards the subject of so many controversies, is as follows:

After a tolerably close and thorough discussion, a paper was drawn up at the Hôtel de Ville, containing the substance of the conditions on which M. de Lafayette consented to humble himself beneath the power of a king.

Furnished with this paper, which might have changed the destinies of a nation, Lafayette repaired to the Palais Royal with the intention of obtaining the signature of the Duc d'Orléans to the contract. But the prince stepped forward to meet him the moment he entered, and accosted him with honeyed words. They talked of a republic, and of that of the United States, M. de Lafayette declaring that it possessed his entire sympathy, and the duke suggesting doubts as to the possibility of applying American theories to such a country as France. The prince, nevertheless, did not deny that he was a republican at heart, and he coincided with Lafayette in thinking that the throne France required "was a throne surrounded with republican institutions." Lafayette was so enchanted with these declarations, that he did not even think of showing the paper he had brought with him. The word of a gentleman appeared to him a stronger guarantee than a signature, which he could not have asked for without evincing an offensive distrust of the duke. At a subsequent period he said to Armand Carrel, on the latter's bitterly reproaching him for his conduct in this famous interview, "Well, well, it can't be helped; but at that time I thought him a plain, honest fellow." (*Je le croyais bon et bête.*)

Another fact must not be overlooked,—namely, that political opinion had received a very bad education under the Restoration. A republican throne was the last chimera engendered by the desire of

change; and it must be added, that it captivated the minds even of some reflecting men; for when the old Abbé Gregoire, who was then residing at Passy, heard from M. Civiale the news of the revolution of July, and of its intended conclusion, he clasped his hands, and exclaimed, with fervent enthusiasm, "My God! and is it true? and are we, indeed, to have at the same time a republic and a king?"

Men of superior intelligence could hardly share in this puerile ecstasy, and nothing more plainly showed this than an experiment tried at that time on Lafayette by Bazar. The latter was a man of bold and vigorous mind: deeply read in the works of St. Simon, he had imbibed from the writings of that aristocratic innovator an impatient and greedy desire for reform. On being admitted to Lafayette, he laid before him his own ideas, which aimed at nothing short of unsettling the very foundations of society. "The opportunity is a fine one," he said to him; "fortune has armed you with omnipotence. What impedes you? Be yourself the power of the state, and be the instrument of regenerating France." Lafayette listened with inexpressible amazement to this man, his junior in years, but one whose intellectual superiority overawed him. Never had such daring words entered his ears; never had he been carried by any guide so deep into the profundities of thought. But it was too soon for a social renovation, and M. de Lafayette, who hardly understood its necessity, was not the man to encounter its hazards. This conversation was the only effort of a really philosophical complexion that issued from the convulsion of July, and it was doomed to fail, like every thing that comes before its time.

The government of the bourgeoisie was almost constituted; all it had yet to do was to beget for itself a popularity that should enable it to resist the perils of a first establishment. Emissaries were sent out through the most populous quarters. They mingled in every group, and with all the assurance which a commencement of prosperity bestows, and which always imposes on the multitude, they boasted of the courage of the Duc d'Orléans, his patriotism, his virtues; and identifying the cause of the revolution itself with his, they denounced all who dared to utter a word against the prince as agents of the expelled dynasty. Bills were soon posted up all over the town, displaying these lying words: "THE DUC D'ORLÉANS IS NOT A BOURBON; HE IS A VALOIS." Republican manifestoes had appeared; they were indignantly torn down, and their authors were represented as men who thirsted for pillage. "To the *Tribune!* to the *Tribune!*" cried some voices, and a knot of men in rags rushed to the office of the republican journal: they broke into the editors' room, and levelled their muskets at the writers of the paper. The intrepidity of these young men saved them. The chief editor, Auguste Forbe, standing calmly before the frantic men, whose bayonets almost touched his breast, kept them in awe by the dignity of his bearing and the menacing firmness of his language. His coolness and presence of mind gained

time for a friend to run for aid to the guardhouse of the Petits Pères: but the square was filled with a dense multitude, and some miscreants shouted, in order to excite the people, "Out with them here, these republicans! out with them here, till we shoot them!" It was with some difficulty the young men were saved. M. de Lafayette, hearing of what was going on, caused the square to be cleared.

The Duc d'Orléans had escaped at the Hôtel de Ville from the greatest danger he could encounter: he had stood face to face with his most formidable enemies. Then, and not till then, he had faith in himself, and in the prospects of his race. An hour had sufficed to prove to him that the most impetuous men would, ere long, exhaust themselves by their own violence; that baseness, which has its contagion no less than heroism, would drive the ambitious and the sceptical to him in shoals; that the multitude, in its uncertainty and ignorance, was quite ready for servitude under new names; and lastly, that he could count on the public imbecility. Besides, M. de Lafayette had communicated to him, by one embrace, all the power of an honoured name, and of a popularity unequalled. He had still some precautions to take as regarded Charles X.; but he felt that he had nothing more to fear from the republican party.

Accordingly the evening of that memorable day was marked by a scene the minutest details of which are deserving of record. M. Thiers sent word to some young men who combined great personal bravery with prompt and vivid intellectual powers, that the lieutenant-general of the kingdom desired an interview with them. They met, therefore, in the office of the *National*, and M. Thiers left no art untried to make those souls of proof bend and accommodate themselves to a revolution of palace-make. He even dared to say, pointing to M. Thomas, *There is a handsome colonel:* but all these insinuations, the suggestions of a vulgar cunning, were repulsed with disdain.

The party proceeded to the Palais Royal. The visiters were MM. Boinvilliers, Godefroi Cavaignac, Guinard, Bastide, Thomas, and Chevallon: they were introduced by M. Thiers. They waited a long while in the great hall between the two courts of the Palais Royal, and they were beginning to give angry expression to their impatience when the lieutenant-general entered with a gracious air and a smile on his lips. The scene took place by candlelight. The duke politely expressed the pleasure he felt at receiving these gentlemen, but his looks seemed to question them as to the motive of their visit. They were astonished at this, and M. Boinvilliers pointed out the person who had invited them in the lieutenant-general's name. M. Thiers appeared slightly embarrassed, and the duke made an equivocal reply. These trifles served as a prelude to a serious conversation.

"To-morrow," said M. Boinvilliers to the prince; "to-morrow you will be king."

The Duc d'Orléans made almost a gesture of incredulity. He said he had not aspired to the crown, and that he did not desire it, though many persons pressed him to accept it.

"But, after all," continued Boinvilliers, "supposing you become king, what is your opinion as to the treaties of 1815? It is not a *liberal* revolution, you will observe, that has been made in the streets; it is a *national* revolution. The sight of the tricolour flag was what stirred up the people, and it would certainly be easier to push Paris towards the Rhine than upon St. Cloud."

The Duc d'Orléans replied, that he was no partisan of the treaties of 1815; but that it was important to observe a very wary discretion in presence of foreign powers, and that there were sentiments which it was not expedient to utter aloud.

The second question M. Boinvilliers put to him related to the peerage.

"The peerage," said Boinvilliers, "has no longer any roots in society. The Code, by parcelling out patrimonies, has extinguished the peerage in the germ; and the principle of hereditary nobility has now had its day."

The duke spoke in defence of an hereditary peerage, but languidly. He considered it as forming the basis of a good system of political guarantees. "After all," he said, "it is a question open to examination, and if the hereditary peerage cannot stand, *I am not the man who will build it up at my own expense.*" The duke then spoke of the royal courts, and of the necessity of leaving their organization untouched, at the same time mentioning the lawsuits he had lost; he then spoke his mind very decidedly against a republic, avowing that he had been a republican; but declaring his condemnation of the system, particularly as applied to France.

"Monseigneur," said M. Bastide, with almost ironical smoothness, "for the sake of the crown itself you ought to convoke the primary assemblies."

The prince withdrew the hand that rested negligently on M. Bastide's arm, fell back two steps, changed countenance, and breaking out into a rapid flow of words he dilated on the revolution, on its excesses, on the many dismal pages to be contrasted with a few glorious ones; and he pointed to two pictures of the battles of Jemmapes and Valmy. He then went on to attack in very explicit terms the system pursued by the Convention, when M. Godefroi Cavaignac bending on him a fixed and stern look, that abashed the prince's, exclaimed roughly, "Do you forget, Monsieur, that my father was a member of the Convention?"—"So was mine, Monsieur," replied the Duc d'Orléans, "and I never knew a more respectable man." The bystanders gave attentive ear to this altercation between two sons of regicides. The Duc d'Orléans complained of the calumnies propagated against his family, and M. Boinvilliers having expressed his apprehension that the Carlists and the clergy would be found besetting the avenues to the palace, "Oh! as for

them," said the duke, energetically, "they have struck too roughly at my house; there is an eternal barrier between us." Then carried away by the illusive force of his own words, and quite forgetting his interview with M. de Mortemart, he talked of a rivalry, a long and terrible rivalry. "You know the nature of family quarrels? Well, that which subsists between the elder and the younger branch of the Bourbons is not of yesterday's date; it goes back to Philip, the brother of Louis XIV." He then eulogised the regent: the regent had been horribly calumniated; people had not been aware of all the services he intended and was able to render; many blunders had been unjustly imputed to him, &c. &c. He touched on many other subjects besides, expressing himself on every topic lengthily, without brilliancy, without depth, but not without maturity of views, and with a remarkable facility of elocution. Perhaps in so doing he gave way to an impulse of vanity: perhaps too he was glad of an opportunity of showing how his education had differed from that of other princes: in this however he showed less tact than M. de Talleyrand, who was given credit for genius by all Europe, because he had passed half his life in uttering monosyllables, and the other half in saying nothing.

When the republicans were about to take their leave, the Duc d'Orléans said to them in an engaging tone, "You will come again to me: you will see!" And the word *never* having struck his ear, "You must never pronounce that word," he said, quoting a vulgar aphorism, and like a man who had little faith in intractable convictions.

The young men, who had fought side by side with the people in the three days, withdrew with heavy hearts. "Only a *two hundred and twenty-one*," said M. Bastide, as he left the palace.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE day of the 31st was decisive. The revolution betrayed on the one hand, deserted on the other, had sent forth from its own bosom a power strong enough to destroy it. The municipal commission, however, was still standing; but one would have said it was impatient to dissolve. One only of the members composing it, M. Mauguin, expressed himself strongly on the necessity of continuing the popular government of the Hôtel de Ville. The courageous and loyal Audry de Puyraveau was on this occasion insnared by his own disinterestedness. "We must not suffer a pretext to exist for accusing us of ambition," was his constant cry, and he joined with MM. de Schonen and Lobau in breaking the only instrument of resistance the Duc d'Orléans had thenceforth reason to fear.

Nevertheless, before declaring itself extinct, the municipal commission deemed it its duty to provide for the public administration, and it drew up the following list:

"The undernamed are appointed provisional commissioners:—MM. Dupont (de l'Eure), of justice; le Baron Louis, of finance; le Général Gérard, of war; de Rigny, of naval affairs; Bignon, of foreign affairs; Guizot, of public instruction."

Casimir Périer having entered the hall, the ministry of the interior was offered him by M. Mauguin. The unexpected offer perplexed him, and he stammered out his acceptance: but an hour afterwards he was with M. Bonnelier, the secretary of the commission, imploring of his generosity, of his pity almost, the favour of an *erratum* in the *Moniteur*. He represented to him that having been but yesterday the minister of Charles X., he could not accept office on the very day after a revolution effected against Charles X., and he was overwhelmed with despair as he uttered the words. Thus this man, who had always been possessed with a pride, the violence of which sometimes amounted to madness, was suddenly become humble and suppliant. His wishes were complied with; but his uneasiness was so great, that he went that evening to the office of the *Moniteur* to have ocular assurance of the omission of his name, for which that of M. de Broglie was substituted. Casimir Périer, however, as he soon proved, was not the man to repulse the advances of fortune: but it was at the hands of a prince, a new comer in the revolution, that he awaited the realization of his secret hopes. Ardent and pusillanimous, the cares of a cowering ambition racked, and at the same time debased his soul. Others showed more vigour in their degradation, and at least rushed with head erect towards power and servitude.

The selections made by the municipal commission were ratified at the Palais Royal; but out of doors they were variously animadverted upon. On the whole it was thought very strange that a power emanating from the revolution should have designated, to represent that revolution, men like the Abbé Louis and M. Guizot. It is true, that during the three days, the former had put himself forward at M. Laffitte's as the financier of the revolution with an unreserved freedom that was not without courage: he had talked openly of certain measures to be taken for raising taxes in case the revolution should be prolonged. As for the latter, his part in the movement had not been of a nature to justify his ambition. At any rate there was something odd and inexplicable in the association of these two names with that of Dupont de l'Eure, so well known for his struggles against the elder branch of the Bourbons.

Dupont de l'Eure refused at first to take office: he felt no taste for it, and his modesty made him fear its burden. It was M. Laffitte that determined him. Laffitte had long been subjugated by the Duc d'Orléans, but he had become more strictly devoted to him since the important service he had rendered him; in the first place, because he had need of exalting himself as much as possible in the

person of his royal protégé; and afterwards, because it is one of the artifices of our vanity to attach us to those who owe us much in the very ratio of the service we render them. But as in M. Laffitte's mental constitution an extreme subtlety of mind served as the natural provision for tempering the sensibility of a very susceptible heart, he was won without being quite convinced, and decoyed without being deceived. He sought, therefore, to forearm himself against his own impulses, by calling to his side a man whose friendship was courageous and austere. He could not have made a better choice than in selecting Dupont de l'Eure; the more so as in the eyes of the people the adhesion of such a man was a guarantee in favour of Laffitte, and an excuse, whatever might be the upshot.

Hence the pertinacity with which he pressed his friend to accept the ministry of justice. He supplicated him, grasping both his hands, and invoking in support of his entreaties every thing capable of moving a generous nature. Dupont de l'Eure yielded at last, and consented to be presented to the lieutenant-general, whose reception of him was full of goodnature and cordiality. The new minister began by expressing his distaste for the practice of a ministerial life; he said he was not a courtier, and that his habits and affections were republican. The prince replied that there would be no court, and that for his own part he regretted that he could not live in a republican country like America. Dupont de l'Eure made no secret of his apprehensions, and during all this interview his language was that of a free man.

But what fitting place could there be for a citizen of this mould in a new monarchy, and among *parvenus* making their incipient essays in flattery, in fine manners, and in intrigue? Straightforward judgment, inexorable common sense, a frank demeanour, goodness of heart blended with honourable bluntness, great application to business—these are not qualities sufficient to give their possessor the mastery over the complications that arise, in a corrupt region from the clashing of interests and the play of the passions. Dupont de l'Eure took office with qualities similar to those of Roland, but under circumstances much more unfavourable. Now it is well known that Roland could not make himself acceptable to Louis XVI., who yet was well qualified to appreciate simple and modest virtues.

Another member of this ministry was M. Guizot, a man of sour and haughty temper, steeped in pride, impassioned under an outward appearance of calmness. You could easily recognise the man by his noble but melancholy forehead, his drily cut lips, his cold disdainful smile, and a certain drooping of the body, the index of a troubled soul. We have since seen him in the chambers, his bilious and worn features distinguishable far off from those around him. When provoked by his adversaries he bent upon them a look of piercing scorn, and erected his head upon his bent frame with an indescribable expression of anger and irony. His peremptory gestures, and his dogmatic

tone (he was a protestant and a professor), gave him something of the air of one who was not to be put down; but his firmness was all apparent; in reality he possessed no activity of mind or vigour of will. The consistency even which was remarked in M. Guizot's writings had in it something of the pertinacity of the master, who will not condescend to contradict himself before his pupils. He was thought to be cruel; perhaps he was so only in his speeches; but in the refinement of his pride, he was fond of compromising himself, and whilst he wilfully and designedly let his virtues be overlooked, he made a parade of vices artificially put on. The versatility of his political conduct was no secret to any one in 1830, and the recollection of the part he had played in 1815 had made him the object of keen attacks. He took little heed of them: faithful in friendship, that none might have cause to repent of having trusted in his fortunes, he had always affected to despise his enemies that he might not be suspected of fearing them. His talent consisted in veiling under the solemn pomp with which he enunciated them, a great poverty of views, and sentiments devoid of grandeur. His word nevertheless had weight; and his disinterestedness, the grave tenor of his life, his domestic virtues, and the austerity of his manners, marked him out from the frivolous and greedy society in which he moved. Add to this, that he had the art, like Casimir Périer, of ennobling mean designs, and of serving whilst appearing to reign.

Paris had suddenly changed its aspect: the shops opened again, and business was beginning to flow back into its usual channels. One of the last acts of the municipal commission was to postpone for ten days the falling due of bills of exchange. The suspension of all commercial relations, which had been to some persons an actual cause of ruin, was to others a pretext for dishonesty. The agitations that affect society always throw up some mud to the surface.

At five o'clock on the 31st Charles X. arrived at Trianon: the dauphin had remained at St. Cloud, which he did not leave till noon. But before he set out he wished to try a last effort. A company was posted at one end of the bridge of Sèvres, and several musket-shot were fired from the opposite end. The Duc de Lévis was ordered by the dauphin to go to the troops and prevail on them to make resistance. The chef de bataillon who commanded them was standing motionless at the head of the bridge, with his arms folded, like one deep in thought. The duke addressed him: it was to no purpose. The dauphin, informed of this scene, gallops up and begins to harangue the troops. Not a movement—not a cry. Frantic at this indifference, he spurred his horse towards the bridge; but seeing that he was not followed, he returned to St. Cloud with feelings divided between rage and shame.

The company whose zeal the dauphin had thus put to the proof was commanded by M. Quartery. His defection put the people in possession of a piece of artillery and of the bridge of Sèvres.

At St. Cloud the prince gave orders for the departure. So much humiliation had left its trace upon his features, and augmented the confusion of his ideas. As he passed along the front of the 6th guards, he stopped before the colonel and said, "Well, the 3d has gone over; can you reckon on your men?" The colonel replied with dignity that every one would do his duty. The prince proceeded some paces further without uttering a word; but seeing a soldier whose stock was carelessly fastened, he shouted to him, "Your stock is very badly put on." There was an involuntary movement of indignation in the ranks: the soldiers could judge for themselves what all these rulers of nations are worth on close inspection.

The signal to retreat having been given, the artillery and the 1st guards took the road by Villeneuve l'Etang, whilst the voltigeurs of the 6th endeavoured to check with their fire the skirmishers that pursued them up the grand avenue of the château. This precipitate flight without striking a blow deeply mortified the troops that had remained faithful. With all their respect for their superiors, the grenadiers could hardly suppress the bitterness of their feelings, and many of them turned their bearskin caps the wrong way, as if to show front, as far as was in their power, to the insurgents that pursued them. The officers marched with downcast faces, and many of them shed tears.

On arriving at Versailles, the regiments were huddled together pell mell, partly on the exercise ground, partly on a plain in front of the Grille du Dragon. No provident measure had been taken, and the officers had much difficulty in procuring provisions for their soldiers, harassed in mind and body. Sorrow was by this time passing into anger, and desertion began. The bivouac lasted some hours, as yet no review of the troops took place: the men murmured in the ranks, and asked each other with surprise what kept the princes away from those whom their presence would have cheered and stimulated. M. de Sala and another officer of the 6th guards, seeing how rapidly discontent was becoming general, proceeded to the gates of Trianon; but meeting MM. de Guiche and de Ventadour on the way, they learned that the march was to be resumed. The two officers loudly complained of the inconceivable confusion in which the royal army was left. "No one commands," they said: "at the very most a few generals come, and walk about carelessly amongst us, with epaulettes stuck on plain coats. There is no regular allotment of duty; no attempt is made to repair the blunders that have produced universal discouragement. What is intended to be done with the army? let us be told plainly. Is it not time that court doings should be at an end, and that camp doings should have their turn?" An order to march was the only reply made to these military remonstrances.

Though a new ministry had been nominated, the old ministers had not ceased to accompany the king and to deliberate. They held a council at Trianon. M. de Guernon Ranville was of opinion that the king could not enter Paris before the submission of

the rebels; that there remained to him only one course, namely, to retire to Tours, and instantly convoke thither the two chambers, all the generals, the highest public functionaries, and the dignitaries of the realm. This he considered the best means of disorganizing the insurrection and disconcerting its leaders. The advice was approved of, and several circulars were drawn up accordingly. All that was wanting was the king's signature, and he seemed disposed to give it; but he changed his mind all at once, and his ministers, rendered desperate by his endless vacillation, tore up the circulars, and threw the pieces into the basin of Trianon.

The king was absolutely incapable of adopting any fixed course. A thousand ties attached him to Trianon, but his abode there was beset with multiplied dangers. At last at the urgent advice and entreaties of M. de La Rochejaquelin and General Bordesoulle, he at last consented to abridge the first halt, and to set out for Rambouillet. The troops were ordered to march towards Trappes, and they put themselves in motion, after first tearing up the cartridge-boxes of those who had deserted, and throwing several of the muskets that lay scattered over the plain into the park canal. The disorder of this nocturnal retreat could only be compared to that following an actual defeat. Artillery, infantry, and cavalry, floundered on promiscuously in the dark. Musket shots discharged in the air or into the woods, every moment excited apprehension of some fresh attack. It was more than a retreat, it was a rout.

The royal family had made every preparation for its own departure. It was settled that General Bordesoulle should remain at Versailles at the head of his division, that the dauphin should go and pass the night at Trappes, and that Charles X. should set out on horseback by one road, whilst the Duchess de Berri and her children should travel in a carriage by another, so as to rejoin the king beyond the wood on the way to Rambouillet.

Before leaving Trianon the king heard mass in a large room where there was a chapel contained in a press. When his attendants came to tell him that it was time to depart, they found him immersed in pious and melancholy meditation. He paced slowly through the lonely halls of Louis XIV.'s palace, stopping from time to time as if his gaze was arrested by some affecting subject of remembrance. It was midnight when the condemned family reached the Château of Rambouillet, whither, scarcely sixteen years before, a no less terrible catastrophe had driven the Empress Marie Louise, a fugitive from the fate of battles, from her father, and carrying with her the *penates* of the empire. In those gardens where young Henri went to play till the fast coming hour of exile should arrive, the boy king of Rome had romped, with equal lightheartedness, in almost similar circumstances of misfortune. But such parallels are endless in history; they are become mere commonplace repetitions of destiny. The fugitives alighted in the lonely and silent courtyard: the moon alone lighted the windows of the tower. The little Duc de Bordeaux had fallen asleep in his governor's arms; Charles X., ex-

hausted with fatigue, let his head drop on his chest and wept. Sufficiently prepared—he proved this afterwards—for an utter downfal, he bent beneath the first pressure of his misfortunes.

The next day the troops arrived from Trappes. There is at the entrance of the forest of Rambouillet a small village named Le Péray, where several regiments halted, others reached the town. The 2d foot-guards, encamped right and left of the road, formed the rear-guard with the 3d and the gendarmerie. Here some precautions were taken, and advanced posts were thrown out. But an incurable despondency had already seized on part of the troops. Mail-coaches and diligences passed every moment, decked with the tricolour flag, and insurgents rode by on horseback before the eyes of the soldiers without any order being given to arrest them; in fine, the army, destitute of a leader, ignorant of the actual state of things, uncertain what was to become of it or what it had reason to hope or fear, now resembled only a mob of fugitives. There was a moment when the rear-guard broke ground, and seemed disposed to return to Versailles, whereupon General La Rochejaquelin galloped up; he ordered the drums to beat, and the men to fall into the ranks, and, addressing them, with eloquent emotion, he appealed to their honour, and brought them back to remember their oaths and their flag. *Vive le roi!* shouted the soldiers, and so vivid was the revulsion to military fidelity, that when a voltigeur of the 2d attempted to desert, his comrades drew their sabres against him.

A scene of enthusiasm had taken place in the morning: the dauphine had arrived at Rambouillet from Dijon, escaping from many dangers by means of a disguise. This princess had a harsh voice, a stern countenance, and a freezing demeanour; the misfortunes that had smitten her in childhood seemed to have dried up in her all the springs of sensibility. Still the guards loved her; for she had always displayed an active and thoughtful care for the welfare of the more immediate defenders of the royal family. When she passed through the camp, the men flocked round her: she saluted them with tears, and they returned her greeting with brandished weapons and shouts of attachment. But this was the last outburst of a devotion that was soon to die away for want of encouragement.

When Charles X. beheld the princess, whose eyes had been the fountains of so many tears, he hastened with open arms to the daughter of Louis XVI., and their sobs were mingled in their first embrace. "And now we are together again, I hope, for ever," said the dauphine.

At Rambouillet, the sumptuous abode of royal leisure, where so many princes had forgotten, amid their pleasures, how much the people must suffer that a king may be amused; at Rambouillet, whither, on the 26th of July, Charles X. himself had gone to refresh him from the fatigues of the chase whilst his ordonnances were kindling a conflagration in Paris, there was, at this moment, barely the means of sheltering the fugitive family. In order to defray the victualling expenses, the king of France was reduced to sell his

plate. The dauphine could not procure new clothes, and complained of a want of linen. Lastly, as if to put the climax to so many poignant afflictions, the colonel of the 15th light infantry that day gave back his colours into the king's hand. Thirteen men accompanied him; all the rest had deserted.

The *gardes du corps*, having scattered through the park, killed a great number of pheasants and other game in the preserve. This occasioned Charles X. one of his most acute distresses; for, wanting the strength of mind requisite to his situation, he clung more to the petty advantages of greatness than to greatness itself. The king was resigned, but the sportsman was almost inconsolable.

On the 1st August the Duc d'Orléans received the following ordonnance from Charles X.:

"The king, desirous to put an end to the troubles existing in the capital and in another part of France, and counting, moreover, on the sincere attachment of his cousin the Duc d'Orléans, names him lieutenant-general of the kingdom.

"The king having thought fit to withdraw his ordonnances of the 25th of July, approves of the chambers meeting on the 3d of August, and he desires to indulge the hope that they will re-establish tranquillity in France.

"The king will wait here for the return of the person commissioned to carry this declaration to Paris.

"Should attempts be made to assail the life of the king and his family, or his liberty, he would defend himself to the death. Done at Rambouillet the 1st day of August. "CHARLES."

This message arrived at seven in the morning at the Palais Royal, where M. Dupin aîné, was already with the Duc d'Orléans. Trembling lest he should lose the advantage of a royal friendship, M. Dupin advised the prince to send back an answer of so determined a tone to the message of Charles X., as would distinctly sever the cause of the house of Orleans from that of the elder branch; and he even went so far as to offer to draw up the reply. The letter he wrote was rude and merciless. The Duc d'Orléans read it, put it with his own hands under an envelope, and lighted the sealingwax to seal it, when all at once appearing to bethink him, he said, "This is too serious a matter to be despatched without consulting my wife." He went into an adjoining room, and returned some minutes afterwards with the same envelope in his hand, which was delivered to the messenger. The letter that was actually enclosed breathed affection and fidelity, and it soothed and touched the old monarch; so much so, that from that moment all his doubts and uncertainties vanished. Charles X. had never felt so much repugnance for the Duc d'Orléans as had many men about the court. He had recently given a striking proof of this in ordering General Trogof to confiscate all the copies of the *Mémoires de Maria Stella*, a libel against the Duc d'Orléans, which the courtiers took a spiteful pleasure in circulating at St. Cloud. He was therefore delighted to find in that prince the protector of his grandson, and feeling assured that the honour of the Duc d'Orléans was the best guarantee of the Duc de Bordeaux's royal expectations, he put in execution, without delay, a project that before this had but vaguely presented itself to his mind. Not content with abdicating the crown, he used the absolute control

he possessed over the dauphin to make him also abdicate, and he believed in the salvation of his dynasty.

Meanwhile, after the scene we have just described, the Duc d'Orléans gave audience to all the high personages who came to pay early homage to his fortune. The prince had sent for M. Laffitte, but his arrival was anticipated by MM. Casimir Périer, de Broglie, Guizot, Dupin, Sébastiani, Molé, and Gérard. This rather surprised M. Laffitte, who thought he had a right to the first reception: but the Duc d'Orléans advanced to meet him with marked alacrity, and treated him with the most cordial familiarity, whilst the bystanders, in order to please the prince, outdid each other in offering homage to the power of the favourite. The Duc d'Orléans knew how irresistible are flatteries from high quarters: he knew moreover the character of Laffitte. Taking him by the arm with an air of friendly familiarity, and turning to the other persons present, he said, "Follow us, Messieurs," and he went into the next room arm and arm with the opulent plebeian, whom he had charmed and fascinated by that one word, that seemed to promise him so large a share in the management of public affairs After a few words, intended no doubt to throw a softening hue. of seeming modesty over the glare of sudden elevation, the Duc d'Orléans recounted with an air of mystery the message by which Charles X. named him lieutenant-general of the kingdom. All this, he said, was done only to compromise him in the eyes of the revolutionists, and such a proceeding was perfectly characteristic of the elder branch of the Bourbons. So exceedingly bitter did he wax on the the subject, that M. Laffitte took upon him the defence of Charles X. before the face of the man who was about to seize his crown.

On the same day the Duc d'Orléans received the municipal commission which came to deposit in his hands all the powers of the revolution. The prince had obtained very early intelligence of this intended step by a letter which M. Mauguin's colleagues carefully concealed from his knowledge, because they feared his opposition. Thus every one was hastening towards the newly-created power. The Duc d'Orléans gave a very gracious reception to the deputation, at the head of which was General Lafayette. Just as the commissioners were retiring an aide-de-camp whispered a word in M. Mauguin's ear, and led him to a closet where M. Guizot was drawing up a reply to the letter in which the municipal commission had resigned its authority. M. Guizot showed his colleague the reply he was drawing up in the lieutenant-general's name. The prince (so ran the document) thanked the government of the Hôtel de Ville for the patriotism it had displayed, accepted its resignation, but requested it to remain constituted until further orders. "Orders!" vehemently ejaculated M. Mauguin. "Oh! you think the word too strong," said M. Guizot; "well, I will say *instructions*." What an idle mockery of deference to an authority that had just voluntarily proclaimed its own nothingness!

To obviate, however, any possible danger there might be in this forward haste to disarm the revolution, the leaders of the bourgeoisie were loud and conspicuous in their patriotic demonstrations. The journals celebrated the greatness of the Parisians in the epic vein. Subscriptions were opened on all sides,—a bitter solace for the mourning that had stricken so many families! The numbers killed were counted, the condition of the wounded was attended to with solicitude: in a word, the people was fooled with its own enthusiasm. The stratagems and intrigues of the ambitious were the less observed whilst the public mind was called off from them by so many heroic and pathetic matters.

The hospitals were crowded with wounded. It was resolved at the Palais Royal to make them a visit of solemnity. The Duchess d'Orléans, Madame Adelaide, and the princesses Louise, Marie, and Clementine, proceeded to the Hôtel Dieu accompanied by MM. Barbé Marbois, Berthois, Alexandre de Laborde, Delaberge, Degoussée, &c. The young princesses were painfully affected on entering the wards where so much suffering was accumulated, and the Duchess d'Orléans's natural gravity of demeanour hardly concealed the intensity of her emotion. With a piety too much elevated above the things of this world to let her degrade an act of humanity into a device of self-interest, she spoke some kind words to the first sufferers she happened to find in her way: these were men of the royal guards. "Is it to comfort our enemies these ladies are come?" feebly ejaculated a July combatant. The words were overheard by M. Degoussée, who was escorting the Princess Clementine, and going up hastily to the Duchess d'Orléans, he said, "Madame, this is not merely a visit of humanity; it is a political visit;" and he pointed to a bed surmounted by a tricolour flag, in which lay a young man who had lost a leg by a cannon shot. The patient's eyes glistened with the fire of enthusiasm and with that of fever: Madame Adelaide went up to him and began to console him with a profusion of words, when, casting his eyes on the tricolour flag, he said, "There is my recompence."—"Where do you come from?" continued Madame Adelaide.—"From Randau."—"Oh, indeed! I am glad of it: we have a château at Randau: you will pass your convalescence there, will you not?" In the evening M. Degoussée dined at the Palais Royal. When he was taking his leave M. de Berthois said to him, "You will not make your way here. You utter useful truths, but you blurt them out too roundly."

We know what had determined Charles X. to abdicate with so much indifference. The dauphin had submitted without a murmur to his father's will, but he groaned in secret, and the consequences of abdication presented themselves to his mind under the most sombre colours. Still he would have thought it slander to the blood of Louis XIV. to attribute to a prince descended from that monarch the intention of usurping the crown. These were also the dauphine's sentiments. In an interview she had on the 2d of August with one

of her husband's most faithful servants, she appeared to be filled with but one apprehension: her mind misgave her that under the auspices of the Duc d'Orléans, and amidst the stormy elements of a regency young Henri would, perhaps, be trained up in principles contrary to the spirit of the monarchy and of the church. As for Charles X., he had, I say again, no thought that his own fate could involve that of his grandson, particularly in a crisis which the first prince of the blood was enabled to control. So great was his confidence in this respect that he sent for General de Latour-Foissac, and gave him, in presence of the Duc de Damas, sundry instructions touching the return of the Duc de Bordeaux to Paris. At the same time he directed him to dispose of the troops that were still in the capital as circumstances might require; and he put into his hands that act of abdication, which will be recited by and by, desiring him to go and deliver it to the Duc d'Orléans.

General Latour-Foissac immediately set out from Rambouillet; he arrived at the Palais Royal on the evening of the 2d of August, and asked to be admitted to the prince. The aide-de-camp to whom he applied gave him a positive refusal; the general insisted, and announced himself as a messenger from Charles X. The refusal was reiterated. "But, monsieur," cried the general, "our dearest interests are involved in the matter; the message of which I am the bearer is of the highest importance." The aide-de-camp had, doubtless, received positive orders, for he remained inflexible. All he would say to the envoy of Charles X. was, that there was to be a sitting of the chamber of deputies on the next day, and that he should postpone his message. M. de Latour-Foissac's amazement was unbounded. On arriving at the Palais Royal he had noticed men of the lower classes lying on the very steps of the staircase; he had been struck with the freedom with which people went in and out of the palace; and the bustle he saw all round him had even recalled some dramatic recollections to his mind. He could not, therefore, conceive that where persons, who came merely out of curiosity, were admitted without ceremony, there could be no admission for him, the messenger of a vanquished but not yet dethroned king, for him, the bearer of that king's act of abdication to the lieutenant-general of the kingdom. He concluded from all this that the Duc d'Orléans had been secretly apprized of his intended visit, and had made up his mind to avoid it, either that he might not allow an envoy from Charles X. to gather his secret designs from any involuntary play of his features, or that he might not have his hands tied by inconveniently precise engagements entered into with an official agent.

In this perplexing position M. de Latour-Foissac thought it advisable to go to M. de Mortemart and request his good offices. They went together in a coach to the Palais Royal, where M. de Mortemart got out alone, and taking the despatch from his companion, he promised that he would not deliver it to the prince till he had first done all he could to obtain the desired interview. He came out

some minutes afterwards. The Duc d'Orléans had taken the despatch, and flatly refused to receive the person by whom Charles X. had sent it.

Failing in every thing else, General Latour-Foissac requested permission at least to see the Duchess d'Orléans, for whom he had two letters, one from Madame de Gontaut, the other from Mademoiselle. He was more fortunate this time, and, thanks to the intervention of the nephew of the Duc de Mortemart, who was intimate with the son of the Duc d'Orléans, he was shown into the princess's apartment. On reading the letter, written by the unpractised hand of a child whose caresses she had so often received, the duchess burst into tears. She did not attempt to conceal her grief at the recent terrible catastrophe, but she entered into no particulars as to her husband's purposes, simply saying that the royal family might rely on him, and that he was an honest man.

The act of abdication brought by M. Latour-Foissac ran thus:

"I am too deeply distressed by the evils that afflict, or that may seem to impend over my people, not to have sought a means to prevent them. I have therefore resolved to abdicate the crown in favour of my grandson.

"The dauphin, who participates in my sentiments, likewise renounces his rights in favour of his nephew.

"You will therefore have, in your quality of lieutenant-general of the kingdom, to cause to be proclaimed the accession of Henry V. to the crown. You will furthermore take all the measures that befit you to regulate the forms of the government, during the minority of the new king. Here, I confine myself to making known these arrangements: it is a means of avoiding many evils.

"You will communicate my intentions to the diplomatic body, and you will inform me as soon as possible of the proclamation by which my grandson shall be recognised king, under the name of Henry V.

"I commission lieutenant-general the Vicomte de Latour-Foissac to deliver you this letter. He has orders to come to an understanding with you as to the arrangements to be made in favour of the persons who have accompanied me, and likewise as to the arrangements regarding what concerns me and the rest of my family.

"We will then regulate the other measures consequent upon the change of reign.

"I renew to you, my cousin, the assurance of the sentiments with which I am your affectionate cousin, "CHARLES."

It was singular that Charles should have drawn up in the form of a letter the important document that changed the order of succession to the throne. Such an informality was particularly remarkable in a monarch so scrupulously observant of the laws of etiquette. But the assurances of attachment contained in the letter written by the Duc d'Orléans had sealed the mind of Charles X. against suspicion. In this document the Duc d'Orléans was considered as the natural protector of the minority of Henry V., and he was left supreme arbiter of all the measures which the fatality of the circumstances might render imperative.

What course was the lieutenant-general about to adopt? An honourable issue was open to his desires, though these were ever so daring, and his ambition was of too bourgeois a caste to fire him with heroic aspirations. By taking the royalty of a child under his guardianship, he would reconcile the enjoyment of power with that respect for the principle of legitimacy which it was not, perhaps, safe

to violate, and he would secure to himself the advantages of monarchy without shaking its foundations. Such were the notions at first entertained by those who thought they could read the prince's mind, and M. Sébastiani used language conformable with these views. Others were convinced, with Béranger, that it would be risking every thing to stop short at half measures, and that there was no way of avoiding fresh convulsions but by assuming the strength arising out of a decided and straightforward line of conduct. The prince took no conspicuous step declaratory of his leaning to the one or the other of these opposite ways of thinking, and he talked incessantly of his natural aversion to the cares of so great an authority. But at the same time he descanted earnestly on the inconveniences of a regency, and the suspicions which would of course be excited and countenanced by any dubious state of things; he was said even to have remarked on this subject, "If Henry V. had only a pain in his bowels, it would be enough to make me pass in Europe for a poisoner."

Charles X. was still at Rambouillet at the head of more than twelve thousand men, and his dynasty, though fallen, was still guarded by thirty-eight pieces of artillery. Such a neighbourhood added to the perplexities of a position that in its own nature demanded so much reserve. It was to be feared, moreover, that the Duchess de Berri would come and cast her son upon the generosity of the Parisians. It was not unknown at the Palais that the princess had been advised so to do by the Duchess de Gontaut. It was of the last necessity to prevent such a step, and to find means of getting rid of the vicinity of Charles X. It was therefore agreed that under pretence of protecting the old king from the violence of public resentment, commissioners should be sent to hasten his departure, and to accompany him with demonstrations of honour. The prince's choice fell on MM. de Trévise, Jacqueminot, de Schonen, and Odilon Barrot: but as it was doubtful that those gentlemen would obtain access to Charles X., by the advice of M. Sébastiani the Duc de Coigny was associated with them, to serve them as interlocutor, and to give their mission a certain character of respectful protection. The Duc de Trévise refused to act, alleging a frivolous excuse; and by a singular repetition of fortune, the man who was appointed in his place was Marshal Maison, the same who had gone in 1814 to receive the elder brother of the monarch, who was now to be driven away almost under the eyes of a prince of his family.

The commissioners attended at the Palais Royal. The Duc d'Orléans told him that it was Charles X. himself who requested a safeguard; and whilst he gave them their instructions, he testified the most kindly feelings for the elder branch of the Bourbons. M. de Schonen having asked him what was to be done should the Duc de Bordeaux be committed to their charge, "The Duc de Bordeaux!" exclaimed the prince, "why he is your king!" The Duchess d'Orléans was present. Deeply affected, she went and threw herself into

her husband's arms, saying, "Ah! you are the most honest man in the kingdom."

The Duc d'Orléans had made every thing ready for the embarkation and exile of the vanquished dynasty. General Hulot was sent to Cherbourg and received command of the four departments lying between the capital and the sea, in the direction of Great Britain. Orders were also given on the 2d of August to M. Durmont d'Urville, to set out for Hâvre in all haste, and charter two vessels.

At the same time the *Courier Français*, a paper devoted to the establishment of a new dynasty, published an article tending to prove the illegitimacy of the Duc de Bordeaux.*

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* The propositions which the Duc de Mortemart has just made to the chamber of peers in favour of the Duc de Bordeaux, will naturally recall attention to a subject, which at last may be freely examined and discussed. We shall confine ourselves to-day to publishing the first document inserted in the English papers of the time; it has never appeared in France; its publication is perfectly opportune; it completes the parallel that has been drawn, up to this point, between the Stuart and the Capet families.

The following is the tenour of this document, entitled, *Protest of the Duc d'Orléans*, and made public in London in the month of November, 1820:

"His royal highness declares by these presents that he protests formally against *procès-verbal* dated the 29th of September last, which document professes to establish the fact, that the child named Charles Ferdinand Dieudonné is the legitimate son of her royal highness Madame the Duchess de Berri.

"The Duc d'Orléans will produce in fit time and place witnesses who can make known the origin of the child and of its mother; he will produce all the documents necessary to make it manifest that the Duchess de Berri has never been pregnant since the unfortunate death of her husband, and he will point out the authors of the machination of which that very weak princess has been the instrument.

"Meanwhile, until the favourable moment arrives for investigating the whole of this intrigue, the Duc d'Orléans cannot forbear from calling attention to the fantastic scene, which, according to the aforesaid *procès-verbal*, was played in the Pavillon-Marsan.

"The *Journal de Paris*, which, as every body knows, is a confidential journal, announced on the 20th of last August the approaching accouchement in the following terms:

"'Persons who have the honour to approach the princess assure us that the accouchement of her royal highness will not take place sooner than from the 20th to the 28th of September.'

"When the 28th of September arrived, what took place in the Duchess's apartments?

"In the night of the 28th—29th, at two o'clock, the whole household was in bed and the lights extinguished; at half-past two the princess called; but La Dame de Vathaire, her first femme-de-chambre, was asleep; La Dame Lemoine, her nurse, was absent, and the Sieur Deneux, the accoucheur, was undressed.

"Then the scene changed: La Dame Bourgeois lighted a candle, and all the persons who entered the duchess's chamber, saw a child that was not yet detached from the mother.

"But how was that child placed?

"The physician Baron declares that he saw the child placed on its mother and not yet detached from her.

"The surgeon Bougon declares that the child was placed on its mother, and still attached by the umbilical cord.

"These two practitioners know how important it is not to explain more particularly how the child was placed on its mother.

"Madame la Duchesse de Reggio makes the follow declaration:

"'I was informed instantly that her royal highness felt the pains of labour; I hurried that moment to her, and on entering the room I saw the child on the bed, and not yet detached from its mother.'

"Thus the child was on the bed, the duchess on the bed, and the umbilical cord introduced under the bedclothes.

The commissioners began their journey at four in the afternoon: it was night when they reached the outposts of the royal army, which was encamped in the forest, right and left of the road. By the blaze of the fires that burned from point to point along their route, the commissioners saw threatening looks bent on them and naked swords gleaming. They reached Rambouillet nevertheless, protected by the name of the Duc de Coigny. Charles X. being informed of their arrival, refused to receive them. He thought it strange that four men should be sent to guard

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"Remark what was observed by the Sieur Deneux, accoucheur, who, at half-past two o'clock, had it notified to him that the duchess felt the pains of labour, whereupon he hastened instantly to her, without taking time to finish dressing himself, found her in bed, and heard the infant crying:

"Remark what is said by Madame de Goulard, who, at half-past two, was informed that the duchess felt the pains of labour, who came instantly, and heard the infant crying:

"Remark what was seen by the Sieur Franque, garde de corps de Monsieur, who was on sentry at her royal highness's door, and who was the first person informed of the event by a lady, who requested him to enter the room:

"Remark what was seen by M. Lainé, a national guard, who was on sentry at the door of the Pavillon-Marsan, who was requested by a lady to step up stairs, did so, was introduced into the princess's chamber, where there was no one but the Sieur Deneux and another person, and who, at the moment he entered the room, observed that the clock pointed to thirty-five minutes past two:

"Remark what was seen by the physician Baron, who arrived at thirty-five minutes past two, and the surgeon Bougon, who arrived some moments after:

"Remark what was seen by Marshal Suchet, who was lodged by order of the king in the Pavillon de Flore, and who, upon the first intelligence that her royal highness felt the pains of labour, proceeded in all haste to her apartment, but did not arrive there until forty-five minutes past two, and was called on to be present at the division of the umbilical cord some minutes after:

"Remark what must have been seen by Marshal de Coigny, who was lodged in the Tuileries by order of the king, who was called when her royal highness was delivered, who repaired in haste to her apartment, but did not arrive till a moment after the section of the cord had taken place:

"Remark, finally, what was seen by all the persons who were introduced after half-past two up to the moment of cutting the umbilical cord, which took place some minutes after three-quarters past two. Now, where were the relations of the princess during this scene, which lasted, at least, twenty minutes? Why, during so long a space of time, did they affect to abandon her to the hands of strangers, sentinels, and military men of all ranks? Is not this affected abandonment precisely the most complete proof of a gross and manifest fraud? Is it not evident that, after arranging the piece, they withdrew at half-past two, and that, placed in an adjoining apartment, they waited the moment to enter upon the stage, and to play the parts they had assigned themselves?

"In fact, was there ever seen an instance in which, when a woman, of any class whatever, was about to be delivered, the lights were put out at night, the women about her were asleep, that one in particular, who was more specially charged with the duty of taking care of her, went away, her accoucheur was undressed, and her family, residing under the same roof, remained more than twenty minutes without giving any sign of their existence?

"His royal highness the Duc d'Orléans is convinced that the French nation and all the sovereigns of Europe will be sensible of all the dangerous consequences of a fraud so audacious and so contrary to the principles of hereditary and legitimate monarchy.

"Already France and Europe have been victims of Bonaparte's usurpation. Certainly, a new usurpation, on the part of a pretended Henry V., would bring back the same misfortunes on France and on Europe.

"Done at Paris, the 30th of September, 1820."—*Courier Français* of the 2d of August, 1830.

him in the midst of his army; and he sent them word that the usages of his royal house did not permit him to give them audience at such an hour, but that he offered them the hospitality of the château for the night.

The commissioners returned with all speed to Paris to report the results of their journey. The Duc d'Orléans, who was in bed, himself let them in, and received them without taking the trouble to dress himself. The two monarchies were thus palpably contrasted: at Rambouillet, respect for etiquette carried to temerity; at the Palais Royal, contempt for forms carried to neglect of the most ordinary conventional proprieties. The commissioners did not fail to remark the contrast. The monarch in drawers who stood before them seemed more worthy than the other to command, by virtue of a mysterious right. Weak minds were theirs, that saw in this religious reverence of etiquette only a monarchy that breaks down in a day, whilst they might have seen in it a monarchy that endures for many centuries! Gewgaws and jingling trinkets, to amuse and lull its senses, are necessary to the infancy of society. Traditional puerilities are the stuff of which the majesty of kings is composed. To suppress human folly, is to suppress the empires that endure.

When the commissioners brought their report to the lieutenant-general, they found him in a very different disposition from that he had manifested the preceding day with regard to his family. "Let him be gone," he exclaimed, with vehemence; "he must absolutely be gone; he must be frightened into it." Now to force the king to depart, something more was requisite than a pacific embassy; it was therefore thought expedient to back this by a threatening demonstration. Colonel Jacqueminot took upon him to call forth that demonstration. There was this additional utility in an expedition to Rambouillet, that it would carry all the men of hot blood out of Paris. It was the 3d of August; the lieutenant-general proposed to appear before the deputies in the splendour of his recent dignity: a diversion might be necessary. Men were sent into every quarter of the town, who shouted out, "Charles X. is threatening Paris! To Rambouillet! to Rambouillet!" A large basket, full of pistols, was brought from Lapage, the armorer's, to the Palais Royal, and they were distributed, with packets of powder, by M. de Rumigny among the élèves of the Ecole Polytechnique. The drum beat to arms in the capital, as it had done in its days of danger, and the whole city started to life at the sound. The people was in that seething state that follows the subsidence of the storm. The notion of a revolutionary campaign in the environs of the capital charmed the lively imaginations of the Parisians, and seemed to promise them the enjoyment of a party of pleasure in the doing of a deed of patriotism. Nothing was to be seen in the streets but young men who had donned the bright baldrics of gendarmes over their black coats, and working men in their shirt-sleeves, with helm on head, and lance or carbine in hand. Some pupils of the Ecole Polytechnique, who wanted

horses, obtained them at once from Kuntzmann's riding-school, on signing their names and adding their quality at the foot of a bill, which ran thus, "*Bon pour un cheval*"—I. O. U. a horse. All was one huge hurlyburly. The patriotism of these novel recruits broke out in boisterous laughter, affecting words, and confused clamours. Those ingenious persons, who had reckoned on the frivolity of the French mind, had reason to compliment themselves on their penetration. They had brought the people to parody its own grandeur!

The command of the expedition was given to General Pajol, whom the Palais Royal looked on with distrust, and right gladly it seized the opportunity of compromising and getting rid of him at one and the same time. But Colonel Jacqueminot was required to take part in the expedition, for the purpose, so at least it was said, of keeping watch over the general; and he resigned his place of commissioner.

As for General Lafayette, his mind preoccupied and engrossed with a thousand nothings, he saw in so thoroughly a contrived affair as this movement only the spontaneous impulse of the people, and he gave orders that five hundred men per legion should put themselves under the command of General Pajol. But he was tormented with very lively apprehensions. Was it not exposing this army of chance recruits to a frightful butchery, to send it out against brave, well-disciplined troops, fighting in the open country? Accordingly, at the same time that he signed such imprudent orders, he sent M. Frederic Degeorge to bid the national guard of Arras and that of Amiens march to the support of the expeditionary army, which he said ran great risks of being cut to pieces.

Meanwhile, a great crowd had been assembled from six o'clock in the morning round the Palais Bourbon, a public sitting of the chamber having been announced. Those who had taken the revolution to be a thing of earnest reality, bitterly remarked that it was not becoming to make the opening of the chamber fall on the date that Charles X. had fixed; that there was something extraordinary in this continuation of the past, and that it would be well to take heed to the first beginnings. But these discontented observations were lost in the intoxication of so recent a triumph. At last the doors of the palace were opened, and the deputies successively arrived. M. de Martignac walked alone in a thoughtful mood, a few paces from M. Laffitte, who leaned for support on M. Vassal. MM. Guizot, Dupin, Casimir Périer, and Sébastiani, had lost all vestiges of their terrors, and wore the radiant countenances of victors. MM. Berryer, Jacquinot de Pampelune, Roger, de Bois-Bertrand, and Arthur de La Bourdonnaye, conversed apart, and their dejected looks were in contrast with the general joy. The peers of France appeared in their turn. Lastly, the Duc d'Orléans entered, followed by the Duc de Nemours, slowly ascended the platform, and sat down on a cushioned stool. Behind him was a throne covered with velvet, embroidered with

golden lilies, and surmounted by a crowned canopy. Shouts and sounds of applause burst from all sides, as usual on the accession of all princes. The lieutenant-general's speech was much less reserved than that he had delivered on the 31st, when things were as yet in quite an uncertain position. He spoke, for instance, of liberty threatened, and of the odious interpretation given to the 14th article. Still he alluded, in becoming terms, to certain august misfortunes; but even whilst he deplored them, he announced, in a solemn tone, to the chamber, that he had ordered the act of abdication of Charles X. and of the Dauphin to be deposited in the archives. As for the motive of that deposit,—namely, the tacit recognition of the principle of legitimacy, he said nothing on that score. Was that deposit to be for the advantage of the Duc de Bordeaux, or of another? This was a point the Duc d'Orléans left in doubt.

Meanwhile, every thing was getting ready for the expedition to Rambouillet. An impatient multitude filled the Place Louis XV., and overflowed into the Champs Elysées. Hackney-coaches, omnibuses, cabriolets, and vehicles of every kind had been put in requisition to transport the bulk of the army. The equipages of *grands seigneurs* were stopped, their owners obliged to alight, and their places were taken by men of the lower classes. *Avocats*, physicians, bourgeois of every calling in life, young men of all classes jostled each other in this strange medley. At three o'clock the column began its march. It consisted of about fifteen thousand men. The vanguard was led by Colonel Jacqueminot, George Lafayette, and the commander-in-chief, who, having been able to procure his equipment only piece by piece, had been obliged to borrow from Rothschild, the banker, the epaulettes he wore as Austrian consul. Never was an expedition made with more headlong thoughtlessness. The general having called for a map of the country at the Barrière des Bons-Hommes, it appeared that no one had thought of providing that indispensable requisite towards all operations of war. One of General Pajol's aides-de-camp was sent forward to get a map; and he obtained one from the Sèvres manufactory of M. Dumas, member of the Institute, on a *bon* subscribed with the all-powerful title of pupil of the Ecole Polytechnique.

Thus thousands of men were undertaking a march of fifteen leagues, without guidance, provisions, or money, through a country, the resources of which had been consumed by the passage of the troops. There were still at Versailles, through which the expedition would have to pass, the remains of two regiments: was it prudent to leave these in the rear? This reflection, which occurred to M. Dupoty, was communicated to General Pajol by a pupil of the Ecole Polytechnique, and they all three proceeded to the barracks of the Rue d'Anjou. Now such was the demoralization of the troops, that the daring step taken by these three men did not encounter the least obstacle. The soldiers themselves delivered up their arms,

which were immediately distributed to the people, and went away to Meaux, whilst General Pajol returned to the column, followed by his two extemporaneous lieutenants.

The expeditionaries arrived within three-quarters of a league of Rambouillet, worn out with fatigue and hunger, and in the most horrible disorder. The municipality of Versailles was to have delivered six thousand rations: they were not forthcoming. To make matters worse, the column had been enlarged by the addition of all the adventurers that had flocked to it from the country right and left, and by two thousand volunteers of Rouen who had marched to the aid of Paris. Having been met at St. Germain by M. Laperche, whom the lieutenant-general himself had sent to them, they had fallen in at Trappes with the rear of the army of which they formed the reserve. At St. Cyr, M. Degoussée brought away eight pieces of cannon belonging to the school: this was all the artillery belonging to the expedition.

The head of the column was passed a little way from Rambouillet by a carriage travelling with great speed, and in which Marshal Maison, Odilon Barrot, and De Schonen were going once more to Charles X. At Coigny they found the post-horses engaged by General Boyer and the brother of M. Cadet Gassicourt. The presence of these two mysterious travellers struck them with surprise; and it was not until they had given orders to let no one pass that the commissioners continued their journey.

General Pajol ordered a halt at Coignières, night having overtaken the expedition. He looked on defeat as inevitable should they be attacked; but it was among the habits of his military life to sport with and defy fortune. Besides this he counted on the demoralization of the royal guards, and he was heard over and over again repeating, "Troops demoralized, troops undone."

Meanwhile some young men who knew the locality, told General Excelmans that it was necessary to push forward; that the *tirailleurs* would find sure cover in the *Forêt Verte*, situated beyond Coignières; that from that point they could seriously menace the château de Rambouillet; that on the other hand it was all over with the Parisians if they remained encamped in a plain where a single charge of cavalry would be enough to put them to rout. Upon this advice, General Excelmans gave orders to the vanguard to continue its movement. Scarcely had it advanced a few paces, when it fell in with men returning full speed from Rambouillet with news that Charles X. was gone. Those who were in front fired off their pieces in the air in sign of triumph: those who were behind thought that the fight had begun. The emotion spreading from man to man, the disorder was soon universal. To protect his troops, whom there was no hope of disciplining, General Pajol caused the carriages in which they had travelled to be drawn up in a line so as to serve them for a rampart. At last it was found to have been but a false alarm, and the men bivouacked on the road.

Provisions failing, some pillaged houses as they passed, others spread over the fields and brought in sheep which were roasted at the bivouac fires.

But these supplies were insufficient, and the bread expected from Versailles did not arrive. M. Charras set off to learn the cause of the delay. On reaching the rearguard at Trappes, he sought out General Excelmans, whom he found rolled up in his cloak, and lying at the foot of a tree. He communicated the purport of his mission, whereupon the general, highly incensed, replied, "Monsieur, if the vehicles are not on the march at four o'clock in the morning, I order you to have the prefect of Versailles shot."—"Will you give me that order in writing?"—"It is not necessary: do it." M. Charras pursued his way, and on reaching the barrier of Versailles where there was a post of national guards, he demanded two men to accompany him to the prefecture. It was one o'clock in the morning: the porter refused him admission, until threats were used, when he took a lamp and conducted the pupil of the Ecole Polytechnique into the prefect's bedchamber. "Where are the ten thousand rations of bread that were to have been forwarded in the course of the day?" said the young man on entering the room. The prefect startled from his sleep, and taken by surprise, replied that he had only arrived the day before in Versailles, and that he had done his best. "Your place," replied the messenger, with a rudeness justified by the circumstances, "Your place is not in bed, but where the rations are made," and he repeated the order he had received. At the word *shoot*, the prefect jumped out of bed, and promised that in less than an hour the carriages should be on their way to Rambouillet. "I will wait and satisfy myself of that fact," said the aide-de-camp, sternly. The whole physiognomy of the revolution of July stands forth to view in such scenes, and nothing more fully shows what might have been the effect produced by the forces engendered by the insurrection, in the hands of a man capable of directing them. It was broad daylight when General Pajol's aide-de-camp rejoined him at Coignières. Nothing untoward had occurred during the night. Many of the expeditionaries, overcome with fatigue, had dropped down and fallen asleep in the standing corn by the side of the road.

Such enemies were assuredly not very formidable: and yet the mere news of their vicinity threw every thing into commotion at the château de Rambouillet. Its occupiers consulted together in mortal trepidation. Some were for standing their ground and awaiting all chances. Was there not reason to hope for speedy reinforcements? Was it well to throw away the destinies of the monarchy upon the impulse of a panic? It would always be possible to fall back upon the Loire; and surely La Vendée had still an asylum and avengers to offer persecuted royalty. Others recommended prompt flight. They represented that insurrection was spreading afar into the rural districts; that the Parisians amounted

in numbers perhaps to 80,000 men; that retreat once cut off, there would be no quarter to be expected from the victors, and that no time was to be lost in withdrawing out of the reach of rebel rage the last tender scion of so many kings.

The fidelity of the troops too was beginning to give way. It was related, indeed, that a soldier had blown his brains out in remorse for a momentary weakness, and that the artillery counted but one deserter. But emissaries sent from Paris were incessantly prompting the troops to desert. The division of heavy cavalry, commanded by General Bordesoulle had deserted *en masse*. Some officers were already talking of their probable dismissal, and were beginning to reflect upon their future prospects. Those (and they were the greater number) who witnessing the disasters of the royal family would nobly have forgotten that they themselves were its victims, bitterly remarked the absence of many great personages who had never failed at any of the festivities of royalty. Did some courtiers pass in elegant costume through the groups of these weather-stained soldiers, the murmurs grew louder than ever. And then where was the king? Where was the dauphin? What! these princes who expected men to die for them, would they not show themselves on horseback, sword in hand, and ready if necessary to fight to the death! Where, after all, would be the shame of abandoning a monarch who abandoned himself?

To the effect of this language was added the impression produced by the now known fact of the abdication, and by the conjectures occasioned by the mysterious journeys of the Comte de Girardin. People asked themselves was he not the medium of some secret correspondence between Charles X. and the Duc d'Orléans. All this served to increase doubt and indecision.

General Vincent had disapproved of the ordonnances; but he was of opinion that those who had put them forth at least owed it to themselves to support them with vigour. Knowing what was passing, and that the Parisians were on the march to Rambouillet, he took measures to act on the offensive; but just as he gave the order to march, General Bordesoulle came and told him on the part of the king to stop the movement.

Nevertheless there remained but two courses for royalty to choose between; to fly or to advance. At ten o'clock Colonel Poque had arrived at the outposts, and he had been seen, after leaving behind him a small party of insurgents whom he commanded, walk up the grand avenue and plant a tricolour flag there, a few paces from a platoon of national guards. He announced himself as desirous of a parley, and demanded an interview. General Vincent, under whose orders M. Poque had been quartermaster in 1814, flatly refused to enter into a parley which he thought dangerous; and after several successive refusals, he threatened M. Poque to have him fired upon if he would not withdraw. M. Poque had no one with him but a brigadier of cuirassiers who had joined the insurrec-

tional side. He requested the brigadier to retire, but the latter refused; and Poque himself folded his arms with undaunted coolness. Fire! cried General Vincent to the Swiss who lined the road. The brigadier's horse was killed, and Colonel Poque received a ball in the left instep. He was carried to the offices of the château.

Charles X. testified the most lively concern on hearing of this event. He sent the colonel a message expressive of his regret by General Trogoff, and had his wound seen to by his own surgeon. Madame de Gontaut visited Colonel Poque, and undertook to write to his mother, in the department of the Pyrenees, and reassure her as to her son's condition. It may be conceived what impressions scenes of this kind must have made on the soldier's mind.

Such was the moral situation of the royal family and of the troops when the Parisians set out for Rambouillet. It was just after dinner that Charles X. received intimation of their approach. The courtiers vanished one after the other, and some of them with such shameful haste that they forgot their white plumed hats. MM. Maison, De Schonen, and Odilon Barrot arrived at nine o'clock. They were admitted into the château after having been slowly conducted through the park, so that they might have an opportunity of judging for themselves the amount of force that Charles X. had still at his disposal.

Charles X. received them with a bluntness foreign to his usual habits. His equanimity had not failed him so long as the tempest had hung suspended only over his own head and that of his son. His devotion, I have already said, made him regard his misfortunes as a chastisement inflicted on him by Providence. But of what crime was that child guilty whom it was sought to offer a sacrifice to rancour already so amply satisfied? The natural contingencies of victory appeared to his overwrought mind in the light of impious deeds of violence. Always relying, moreover, in what he supposed to be the intentions of the Duc d'Orléans, he could not conceive to what purpose his quiet was thus disturbed. "What do you want with me, messieurs?" he said, when the commissioners entered. "Every thing is now arranged, and I have come to an understanding with my lieutenant-general."—"But, sire," replied Marshal Maison, "he it is precisely who sends us to warn your majesty that the people of Paris are marching on Rambouillet, and to entreat you not to expose yourself to the consequences of a furious attack." Charles X., now thinking himself deceived, gave violent expression to his resentment, and Marshal Maison, who had been the foremost to present himself, was so intimidated that he retreated behind M. de Schonen. Odilon Barrot spoke out boldly. He talked of the horrors of civil war, of the danger of braving passions still glowing; and when Charles X. insisted on the rights of the Duc de Bordeaux, formally reserved by the act of abdication, the orator represented to him in persuasive tones that the throne of Henry V. ought not

to be set up in blood.—"And 60,000 men threaten Rambouillet," added Marshal Maison. The king, who was stalking up and down the room, stopped at these words, and made a sign to the marshal that he wished to converse with him in private, to which the marshal after some moments' hesitation consented. Looking him full in the face, the king then said, "Monsieur, I have faith in your integrity; I am ready to trust your word: is it true that the Parisian army which is advancing is composed of 60,000 men?"—"Yes, sire." Charles X. no longer hesitated.

The king's letter to his highness the Duc d'Orléans had been read to the troops. The Duc de Luxembourg issued an order of the day, acquainting the troops that their position under Henry V. would be the same as under Charles X., so hard did the old monarch find it to persuade himself that he could have a successor in the lieutenant-general! So little did he believe this, that he commanded M. Alexandre de Girardin to go to Paris and draw 600,000 francs from the treasury; and the report having reached his ears that it was feared he would carry off the crown jewels, he repudiated that supposition with much vehemence and dignity. Why indeed should he carry off jewels which he knew to be part of his grandson's inheritance?

The king's departure having been decided upon by the advice of the Duc de Raguse himself, Charles set off for Maintenon with his family. The vanguard was composed of chasseurs of the line, hussars, and lancers; then came carriages, preceded and followed by gardes du corps, and containing the first of them the grandson, and the second the grandfather; a child, and an old man, the whole monarchy. Four regiments of foot guards, the gendarmes des chasses, and the flying artillery, composed the body of the army. A regiment of dragoons closed this line of march which was already a funeral procession. Several châteaux were passed on the road: not one of their proprietors appeared to salute him, by whom the great had always been loaded with favours. The poor alone remember in the day of misfortune.

The commissioners who had remained behind at the hôtel St. Martin, in Rambouillet, to give some orders, rejoined Charles X. at the château de Maintenon, where the royal family received an affecting hospitality. During the night which was passed at the château, Madame de Gontaut said with a melancholy smile to M. de Schonen, "I am strongly inclined to leave that child in your lap," and she pointed to the Duc de Bordeaux. "I would not receive him, madame!" he replied. What mystery was there at the bottom of this reply? And what had passed since the Duc d'Orléans said to this same M. de Schonen, "That child is your king"?

The commissioners brought Charles X. to consent to dismiss his guards, and to retain for escort to Cherbourg, the place fixed on for his embarkation, only his military household. Then was drawn up this order of the day, the terms of which deserve attention:

"Immediately after the king's departure, all the regiments of foot guards and of gendarmerie will put themselves in march for Chartres, where they will receive all the provision they shall need. MM. les chefs de corps, after having assembled their regiments, will declare to them that his Majesty finds himself, with extreme grief, obliged to separate from them; that he desires them (the officers) to testify to them his satisfaction; and that he will always preserve the recollection of their gallant conduct and the devotedness with which they supported the fatigues and privations with which they have been overwhelmed during these unfortunate circumstances.

"The king for the last time transmits his orders to the brave troops of the *garde* who have accompanied him: these are to proceed to Paris, where they will make their submission to the lieutenant-general of the kingdom, who has taken every measure for their future safety and welfare."

This last phrase was remarkable; it seemed to prove that there existed between Charles X. and the Duc d'Orléans such relations, that the former of these two princes had a right to count unreservedly on the latter. Such was the conclusion drawn from the order of the day by several officers, who thought that they had now found a key to the meaning of those continual messages of M. Alexandre de Girardin. They thought that Charles X. would not have so implicitly relied on the lieutenant-general for the care of their future welfare, if he had not weighty reasons for doing so. Great was their surprise afterwards when they learned that the guards were disbanded.

It was about ten o'clock on the morning of the 4th of August, that the royal family left the château de Maintenon. The Duchess de Noailles appeared on the threshold in tears. The dauphine presented her hand to the officers to kiss, and said to them in a voice broken with sobs, "Farewell, my friends." The commissioners had gone on to Dreux to prepare lodgings. The guards drew up in order of battle on the road to offer their last adieu to the exiles: when Charles X. passed by, the drum beat as for the passage of a king, and the colours were lowered.

General Pajol being informed of the departure of Charles X. gave orders to retreat. The order was not well received. Some republicans belonging to the expedition for a moment entertained the thought of assembling three or four hundred of the bravest and most determined men in the multitude, returning to Paris at their head, and crying out, treachery! The opportunity was favourable for a bold stroke: the highwrought state of feeling; the uncertainty of events; the assemblage on one spot of all the most stirring spirits of the capital, of all those who had no fixed occupation in life, and who delighted in sudden change; what elements of success presented to daring! But this project ended in nothing: those who had conceived it could neither combine nor concert together. And then the notion obtained, even among the most wary and distrustful, that things were hurrying down a declivity, along which even traitors themselves would be irresistibly impelled, and that to clog the wheels of such a revolution was utterly impossible.

Be this as it may, a great number of volunteers, irritated by the fatigue they had undergone to no purpose, refused to obey the order

to retreat, and hurried to Rambouillet, whither the commander-in-chief was obliged to follow them to prevent disorder. They ran about the streets, intoxicated with joy, firing off their guns at random to celebrate their easy victory. One of their own party placed as sentinel at La Verrerie, fell by a chance ball. M. Degoussée, who had attempted to rally these disorderly victors on the way, was swept along by the flood into the château de Rambouillet, where his first care was to secure the crown diamonds, the value of which amounted to eighty millions of francs. The waggon containing them, which had been left in one of the office yards of the château, had been sealed in the presence of the commissioners; and the mayor of Rambouillet, the last custodian of the treasure, had delivered the keys to Marshal Maison. M. Degoussée received the waggon in presence of the functionaries of the town and of several officers, and gave an acknowledgment. Fearing that the carriages of the ex-king would be broken to pieces, the thought occurred to him of making use of them to carry back the most turbulent persons in the expedition. In a moment the gilded carriages, emblazoned with the royal arms, were filled with men of the lower classes, with their long pikes and their bayonets thrust out at the windows.

Meanwhile General Pajol, who had remained at Coignières, notified to the peasants of the district that they need only present, along with the mayor's certificate, an account of the irregular contributions levied upon them; on doing which they would be forthwith paid. A great number of peasants flocked in on receiving this intelligence: the treasure chest of the expedition provided for all exigencies. M. Cassan, a friend of General Lafayette's, had been appointed impromptu to the office of paymaster-general; the promised indemnities were paid. Presently appeared a carriage, surmounted by a small tricolour flag inscribed in black letters, *Crown Diamonds.* The signal was then given, and the march was resumed.

Quite a new episode in the old history of the frailties of earthly grandeur, was the spectacle of that boisterous and slovenly multitude delightedly stowing themselves as thickly as they could hang on, inside and outside the magnificent coronation carriages, drawn by eight horses, with silken reins, driven by the court coachmen. Those happy working men, whom want and wretchedness awaited in their homes, made a pompous and triumphal entry into Paris, followed by the whole stable establishment of the château:—an heroic and grotesque procession well suited to make the philosopher reflect, but which the heedless crowd hailed as it passed with shouts of laughter, gay songs, and bravoes!

The people then entered *en equipage* the court of the Palais Royal, there they alighted, and all shouted under the prince's windows, "Hallo! here are your coaches!" Working men with begrimed faces and naked arms stood sentinels at every door of the palace, some of them armed with guns, others with pikes. The Duchesse d'Orléans was greatly terrified at this spectacle, which reminded her

of the scenes of the first revolution. But the duc had mustered up his courage, and the smile never ceased to play on his lips. Charles X. was a fugitive with his family, leaving the throne vacant. Yet a few vain formalities discharged; and the lieutenant-general became king.

CHAPTER IX.

THE legitimatist party was panic stricken: the republican had lost a last opportunity of agitating men's minds: the Duc d'Orléans had, therefore, no other influence to fear than that of M. de Lafayette. It was determined that the post of commandant-general of the national guards of the kingdom should be given by-and-by to that redoubted old man. This was putting the dictatorship into his hands, had he been able to wield it. But those who thus trusted him, knew their man. In confiding to him a power, which in his hands would be nothing more than an authority for show, they flattered his vanity in due degree, they associated his popularity with the first acts of the government; and again by busying him with a thousand unimportant details they contrived to keep him away from graver matters, and confined him to the not very serious politics of proclamations and orders of the day.

As for the chamber of deputies the Duc d'Orléans knew it to be ready to anticipate his least wishes, and already he had found himself surrounded there with emulous flatterers. But he felt the necessity of ennobling and legitimizing, by a manifestation of respect on his own part, the only power from which his nascent royalty expected and desired its consecration. That the people might make no difficulty of bending to the commands of a chamber that had no longer any warrant for its existence, the prince treated that assembly with marked and elaborate deference. He seemed to humble himself before the omnipotence of its decisions. When, according to the usages of the monarchy, they brought him the list of the five candidates for the presidency of the chamber, he selected from that list the member who had received most votes, M. Casimir Périer; and yet he made it a point to declare on all occasions that no one was more entitled than M. Laffitte to the first testimonies of public gratitude. He went still further, and he expressed himself very distinctly on the right which the chamber should in future possess to name its own president without the monarch's interference. Thus the Duc d'Orléans exalted as a political power that assembly, the members of which, taken individually, strove which should most obsequiously submit themselves to the growing ascendancy of his fortunes.

Apart from these considerations, the prince's predilections were

beginning to display themselves. He did not much like MM. Guizot and de Broglie, whose haughty temper and stiff manners he feared and disliked: but there was an affinity of doctrine between him and these men that silenced the voice of purely personal aversion. The duke was much more favourably disposed towards M. Laffitte. He liked his easy character; he listened with pleasure to his long and lively stories; and being himself very verbose, he was glad to find an always complacent listener in Laffitte. He hoped, moreover, to make him a blind instrument of his own designs. Unfortunately Laffitte had rightful claims upon the gratitude of the court, a thing which princes do not forgive. His popularity was too great for one who should play the part of a familiar; and General Sébastiani suited the prince better in this respect.

In the existing position of things the most important ministry was that of foreign affairs; for by this time the Duc d'Orléans had no anxiety on any other point than that of conciliating Europe. The office had been given, as we have seen, to M. Bignon: General Sébastiani, who secretly longed to supplant him, insinuated that the foreign sovereigns would hardly enter into correspondence with the historian of the imperial diplomacy; not wishing, however, to put himself forward too soon, he caused the portefeuille of foreign affairs to be given to Marshal Jourdan, who from his great age and his wounds, was not likely to retain it long. M. Bignon was transferred provisionally to the ministry of public instruction. M. Girod de l'Ain, too, succeeded in supplanting M. Bavoux in the prefecture of police.

The austere Dupont de l'Eure felt himself out of his element amidst all these intrigues. Beguiled by the prince's goodnatured simplicity, he believed him impatient of the yoke of his new courtiers; but still Dupont did not labour under the less painful disgust at the ways of power. And then, the leaders of what was subsequently called the *doctrinaire* school already bore secret sway in the council. This was readily to be detected from the famous *erratum* in the *Moniteur*, in which, for the phrase "A charter shall be henceforth a reality," was substituted, "The charter shall be henceforth a reality."

The dissensions among the leaders of the victorious bourgeoisie were, in reality, more keenly expressed than serious in their objects. The maintenance of social order, founded on the principle of competition; the freedom of manufacturing and commercial industry, and that of the press under certain limitations; the empire of the moneyed interests; the ratification of the inequalities of fortune; the concentration of political power in the middle class more or less strictly circumscribed;—these were the aims they were all bent on with equal ardour.

Only, some among them, such as MM. Dupont de l'Eure, Laffitte, Berard, Benjamin Constant, Eusèbe Salverte, and Demarçay, were for giving more full and free play to the course of liberal ideas;

they would have had the monarchical power more limited; the electoral qualification reduced; the liberty of the individual more respected; and the liberty of the press left with less jealousy to its natural elasticity: in a word, they demanded the curtailment of governmental authority in favour of public opinion, and they seemed to consider a respect for all that is individual as the best of social guarantees.

The others, such as MM. Guizot and de Broglie, believed in the necessity of ceaselessly watching and moderating the movement of the public mind: they looked with distrust on opinion, thought only of fortifying the principle of authority by augmenting the prerogatives of the crown, and regarded the concession of too great freedom to individual genius as a cause of disturbance and danger to the whole body of society.

The instincts of the former class prompted them to wish the dominion of the bourgeoisie more complete; the calculations of the latter induced them to wish it more durable.

Hence was evinced in the former a very marked repugnance for every thing connected with the principles the Restoration had sought to uphold; and in the latter a manifest tendency to borrow certain conservative forms from the Restoration.

These two parties assumed shape and substance the very day after the revolution. MM. de Broglie and Guizot affected to believe that the revolution had been effected only for the purpose of obtaining the strict execution of the charter; therein coinciding with the secret views of the Duc d'Orléans. But their adversaries had the upper hand, and M. Bérard set about revising the constitution.

The Hôtel de Ville belonged definitively to the Orléanists. Their audacity had been swollen by success, and their violence knew no bounds since the 31st of July. All who had raised their voices against the Duc d'Orléans were denounced as enemies of the public weal. General Dubourg above all was accused with premeditated vehemence. Colonel Rumigny, aide-de-camp to the lieutenant-general, gave out that M. Dubourg was an old emigrant, an agent of Charles X., a traitor. After the scene of the 31st, at the Hôtel de Ville, General Dubourg had felt that his place was no longer there, and had retired. He attempted to reappear there two days afterwards, but measures were taken to repulse him. Scarcely had he reached the foot of the second flight of stairs, when he was furiously assailed, and narrowly escaped assassination.

Lafayette was near yielding to the current, and had been put out of countenance. He had caused the words *Liberty*, *Equality*, *Public Order*, to be inscribed on the banner of the national guard. M. Girod de l'Ain waited on him on the part of the Duc d'Orléans, and besought him to obliterate the word *Equality;* which he saw awoke such painful recollections. As Lafayette showed some reluctance, Girod de l'Ain exclaimed, "It is a son that entreats you in the name of his father's memory." New colours were ordered.

The republicans, however, still retained some hopes. They knew the rancorous jealousy with which the bourgeoisie regarded the hereditary peerage. To cause the abolition of the chamber of peers to be decreed in the open streets was a daring attempt, but one that might be realized. Now had that been accomplished, what would there have remained of the political régime of the Restoration? Deputies doubtful of the legitimacy of their functions, amidst the remains of a vanquished, execrated, trampled royalty. The republicans resolved, therefore, to make the abolition of the peerage the matter of a *coup de main*. Looking to the immediate effects of their project, there was something puerile and even ridiculous in its character. The conspirators were to gather in the square of the Hôtel de Ville from various points of Paris, set out thence for the Palais du Luxembourg, uttering shouts likely to arouse the people, rush into the palace, pitch the benches out of the windows, and bar up the doors. However insignificant a demonstration of this kind might be in itself, it was capable of producing immense results at a moment when the people was still bivouacked in the squares, at a moment when the public force was not yet in activity, and no government was in regular operation. But what gave the demonstration a real importance was, that it was backed by the formally promised adhesion of a great personage whom the republicans wished to compromise beyond return, and to force into power by the way of insurrection. Now this is what happened. In the night of the 4th—5th of August, M. Charles Teste was visited by M. Marchais, who brought him a letter, in which General Lafayette summoned them both to the Hôtel de Ville. They proceeded thither without delay, and were admitted to the general's apartment. The day was beginning to break, but a lamp nearly spent threw a flickering light over the room. Lafayette lay fast asleep with his arms folded. Teste and Marchais sat down by his bedside, and for a long while abstained from disturbing the old man's sleep. Teste, however, had thought the words of Lafayette's letter rather strange, and he was impatient for an explanation. He laid his hand gently on the old man's forehead and awoke him. "Ha! you are come, messieurs," said Lafayette, as he opened his eyes; "I sent for you to tell you that the scheme agreed on is impossible."—"Impossible!" passionately exclaimed Charles Teste, a man of loyal soul, but impetuous and suspicious. "What would you have?" replied Lafayette. "I have been supplicated not to give Paris up to the hazards of a fresh revolution. I promised that I would not, and pledged my honour to that effect." —"But you pledged your honour that you would not let the revolution be swamped by an intrigue," replied Charles Teste. He did not press the matter; and the republicans were soon informed that they must no longer reckon on Lafayette's co-operation.

Thus did a power, that yet had not its roots in the very heart of the revolution, gradually expand and gather strength, disentangling itself from all obstacles. Nevertheless, the state of things still im-

posed, even on the most sharp-set ambition, the necessity of some discreet forbearance. The word *royal*, which had everywhere been obliterated during the three days, had nowhere reappeared. The *avocats* at the *cour royale* styled themselves only avocats of the court of appeal. Among those who wished to see the Duc d'Orléans crowned, some rejoiced at the idea that he was about to become king by laying his hand upon the crown; others, less deeply versed in the knowledge of the past, feared that he would be restrained by secret scruples.

The rights of the chamber of deputies were warmly discussed in the journals, the salons, and even in the streets. M. Camille Roussel, a young lawyer, who combined a clear intellect matured by study, with a generous heart, said, in a pamphlet which excited much sensation, "The charter of Louis XVIII. no longer exists; Charles X. has torn it up. His soldiers' cartridges and ours have scattered its fragments. The French nation is returned to the full exercise of its sovereignty. It alone can and must deliberate on the form of its government. But thirty millions of men can only deliberate by proxy. Who are to be those proxies? The existing chambers cannot exercise legislative power by virtue of the charter, because that charter no longer exists, and because, moreover, it needs the concurrence of the king, and we have no king." The pamphlet concluded with these words:—"The chambers may immediately employ themselves in marking out the mode in which the nation shall be consulted as to the choice of its proxies; this must be the principal, we may even say the sole object of their deliberations. Their decisions on all other topics, however wise they may be, can have but a provisional character. It were to be wished that the reply to the speech of the lieutenant-general contained a positive declaration to that effect: that declaration would quiet many apprehensions, and appease many discontented feelings that are ready to break out in violent utterance."

This pamphlet put the question in a clear light, and imbodied the tone of feeling prevalent throughout all the sound portion of the bourgeoisie.

The lieutenant-general was not unconscious of the fact; his whole conduct was therefore governed with consummate prudence. All his words breathed an intelligent liberalism. If he talked of the civil list, it was to bewail the heavy burden its excessive amount had, up to that time, entailed on the people. Laffitte was enchanted beyond telling; Dupont de l'Eure himself felt his distrust gradually melting away. He saw plainly enough that the revolution was making leeway, but he laid all the blame on his doctrinaire colleagues; and M. Bérard heard him say, on the 4th of August, "We are beset by an aristocratico-doctrinaire faction, that strives, with all its might, to blast the fruit of liberty sown by the revolution. I have no hope but in the loyal integrity of the Duc d'Orléans, who appears to me to be animated with the best intentions,

but does not always possess the degree of enlightenment one could wish."

The lieutenant-general, in fact, showed himself neither impatient for nor greedy of sway. He seemed to wait till he was sought for; whether it was that he wished to let the bourgeoisie, whose triumph was bound up with his elevation, distinctly feel how necessary he was to it, or that he was not unwilling to exhibit himself to his family and to Europe as a victim to the public good.

The courtiers, on their part, did not seem to apprehend the loss of his favour for doing violence to his patriotism. They took upon them the responsibility of all measures deemed useful with obstreperous intrepidity, and took much pains to compromise their own popularity, the better to preserve the prince's, being well assured that their devotedness would not fail to be rewarded, though it had ceased to be perilous.

Their zeal in this respect went so far, that on the 3d of August the right of sitting in the chamber of peers was accorded to the Ducs de Nemours and Chartres. This distinction, created in favour of a young man and of a minor, must have appeared, and did appear, extraordinary, when following close upon a revolution accomplished against the privileges of birth. But as the lieutenant-general had never made any secret of his contempt for these monarchical trifles; as, up to that time, his language and manners had been those of an honest plebeian; as he was the first French prince who had sent his sons to college, those who were not very sharpsighted could suppose that the admission of the Ducs de Chartres and de Nemours to the chamber of peers had been contrary to his wish.

His conduct, on the whole, disarmed all distrust. Never had prince wooed popularity with more good-humoured and unreserved frankness. How many men of the people could boast, in those days, of having grasped in their horny hands the hand cordially offered by the prince to every man that passed him! Had he not been seen in the Rue St. Honoré putting a glass to his lips offered to him by a working man? The people, which is not fond of seeing men condescend to please it, was perhaps but slightly moved by these demonstrations; but they furnished an inexhaustible theme for eulogy to those who had need of dazzling men's minds with the prestige of novelties.

Thus the admiration for the duke encountered neither sceptic nor contradictor among those about him. If some slight defects were attributed to him, it was only to furnish a motive the more for joy and hope: if his rather parsimonious habits were mentioned, it was only to point out the economy that would doubtless be introduced into the administration of the state. The very acts that might have startled suspicious minds turned to his glory. He was loudly commiserated for the sacrifices imposed on him by ministers not worthy to serve him; so that the lustre of his liberalism was heightened by the apparent faults of his courtiers.

During this time M. Bérard was preparing to submit a proposition to the chamber, in which the following passage was remarked:

"The re-establishment of the national guard, with the intervention of the national guards in the choice of their officers; the intervention of the citizens in the formation of the departmental and municipal administrations; the responsibility of the ministers and of the secondary agents of the administration; the position of military men legally fixed; the re-election of deputies promoted to public offices, have been already assured to us.

"Public opinion demands furthermore not merely a vain tolerance of all religions, but their most complete equality in the eye of the law; the expulsion of foreign troops from the national army; the equal attribution to the three powers of the right of initiating laws; the suppression of the double electoral vote; a suitable reduction in the age and rate prescribed; lastly, the total reconstruction of the peerage, the bases of which have been successively vitiated by prevaricating ministers.

"We are the elected of the people, messieurs; it has confided to us the defence of its interests, and the expression of its wants. Its first wants, its dearest interests, are liberty and repose; it has conquered its liberty from tyranny; it is for us to secure its repose, and we can only do so by giving it a stable and just government."

On these conditions M. Bérard proposed to his colleagues to proclaim the Duc d'Orléans king of the French, and to proclaim him immediately. M. Bérard's proposition was carried to the council by M. Dupont de l'Eure; it did not appear sufficiently monarchical to the doctrinaire part of the cabinet. Keener eyes than those of MM. Guizot and de Broglie found in it a more serious defect: it contained a statement of principles, the application of which it did not define, and which were to be discussed on a subsequent occasion. Was there not in this a momentous danger for a monarchy which, in reality, was not inclined to differ very widely from other monarchies? To leave the constitutional compact indefinite was to open a field for endless controversy, and to introduce the revolutionary spirit at the commencement of a reign. Was it not better to take advantage of the public bewilderment in order to close the revolution, and to snatch, along with the crown, all that could serve to consolidate and shelter it? The Duc d'Orléans was fully alive to this, and he confided to MM. Guizot and de Broglie the task of substituting a definitive compact for a vague proposition. Moreover, as M. Bérard was looked on with misgivings, on account of the energetic attitude he had assumed in the revolution, and as his obedience was doubted, he was twice successively put out of the council, whither, nevertheless, they had promised to summon him, that he might be enabled to discuss the details of the measure he was preparing. Already acceptance was refused to all but unreserved obsequiousness.

And flatterers did congregate in crowds round the new throne, each vaunting his recent services, and promising services to come. There was for some days, in all the avenues to power, a fever of avidity, an overflowing of boasting and meanness, of which it would be difficult to give an idea. The men who had exposed their lives in the revolution alone displayed a modest dignity. Twelve or fifteen crosses having been offered to the École Polytechnique, the pupils assembled in an amphitheatre to consider what answer they

should give to the offer, and they decided unanimously that the crosses should be refused. They also declared that those of them who had plain clothes should lay aside their uniforms, that they might not be confounded with the hectoring men of the day.

In proportion as the revolution receded into the past, Paris became a vast focus of intrigue. The hunt for place was prosecuted with a headlong ardour, that stopped at no obstacle. The public conveyances, every day and every hour, discharged on Paris a host of expectants arrived from the provinces, to share in the first distribution of good things. It was all one hideous scramble. The whole scum of society floated on its surface. Many of those who had held places under the Restoration thought it no shame to defend their position against candidates arrived by coach. Petitions flowed in from all quarters, and they were crossed by defections as numerous. Many were the royalists who then anathematized M. de Polignac, and violently denounced what they called the madness of the ordonnances; they had not seemed so very mad to these loud-mouthed royalists the day they were promulgated. A very remarkable fact, which was brought to light in consequence of the seizure of the correspondence at the ministry of the interior, was, that almost all the prefects had given their voices in favour of the ordonnances. One alone had declared that he would not execute them; that was M. de Lascours, prefect of Ardennes, who instantly sent in his resignation. M. Alban de Villeneuve, prefect of the North, had submitted to the ordonnances, at the same time expressing his regret at seeing royalty enter on such a course. MM. Sers, prefect of Puy de Dôme, Rogniat, prefect of la Moselle, Lezay-Marnésia, prefect of Loir-et-Cher, had not disguised the dangers that might spring from the suspension of the charter. M. de Jessaint, who had been a prefect ever since the office was instituted, had made no observation. The ministers of Charles X., we see, had not been altogether unreasonable in counting on the support of the public functionaries, and of the influential members of the court party. But in the eyes of all who had been attached to the old ministers only by the ties of interest, their defeat was their foremost crime.

The revolution which had just been accomplished was the work of all France; Paris, all things considered, had been but the theatre of that event. It had spread too with extreme rapidity throughout all the departments. The tricolour flag was everywhere hailed with affection; the outbreak was electrical and unanimous. "They are fighting in Paris," was the cry in every spot of France on the day the communications between the capital and the provinces were cut off. This was the natural consequence of that strong centralization the Empire had established, and the Restoration inherited.

We will not enter into the details of the innumerable partial risings which were but repercussions of the insurrection of Paris. All these episodes of the great epos were similar in character, and imbodied the same lessons. The insurrection of Lyon alone claims

a brief consideration, because we shall by and by have to show the revolution of 1830 prolonging itself in the history of Lyon, that unfortunate city, destined to be twice rent and ensanguined by civil war.

Of all the cities of France none perhaps was better prepared than Lyon to offer an energetic resistance to the ordonnances. It had been the focus of Orleanist and Bonapartist conspiracies in 1816 and 1817; and the cruelties of the provost's court, when the guillotine did its work amid shouts of *Vive Henri IV.*, had remained stamped in characters of fire on the memories of the inhabitants. The commercial class was liberal; and democratic tendencies mingled with Bonapartism prevailed among the working men, many of whom were old soldiers whom the disbanding of the army of the Loire had sent back to manufacturing occupations. The ovation afforded to Lafayette on his return from America in 1829, showed what was the indignation with which the Polignac administration had filled that persevering and brave city. Its resistance to the ordonnances might therefore have been reckoned on with certainty; nor did it in fact wait for news of the victory of the Parisians before it rose in arms.

It was on the 29th that Lyon was made acquainted with the ordonnances through the journals. Some hours afterwards all work was suspended as if by enchantment; the citizens crowded the squares and streets; disarmed but threatening groups laid siege as it were to the civil and military authorities, whilst a regiment of cavalry which was ordered to drive them back could not succeed in dispersing in any satisfactory degree. A numerous assembly congregated at the Broteaux, under the influence of some old *charbonniers*. But here, as well as in Paris, the leading men proved themselves inferior to their position and to the circumstances of the moment. Shielding their revolt under the protection of legal forms, they invoked the charter, protested their respect for the misled Bourbons, and talked of a collective petition and of coming to an understanding with the government respecting the re-establishment of the urban national guard on its old footing. With this view a commission was named, or rather named itself, the principal members of which were MM. Mornaud, Duplan, now *conseiller à la cour de cassation*, and Prunelle, subsequently mayor of Lyon.

These things took place on the 30th. But there were among the resistance party many men of energy who were incensed at the dubious and languid attitude of the commission; and these agreed to assemble in arms next day, the 31st, on the Quai de Retz, near the Hôtel de Ville, and nominate their leaders on the ground. The first armed men made their appearance at six o'clock, and were loudly cheered by the multitude.

The news of a battle fought in Paris was by this time confusedly rumoured about the streets. The diligences had not arrived overnight. The prefect and the general preserved the most sullen silence respecting whatever news the telegraph conveyed to them. At

eight o'clock M. Morin, chief editor of the liberal journal of Lyon, hastened to the Quai de Retz. He had refused to submit; his printing-presses had been seized, and he came to demand aid of the insurgents. Some armed men were placed at his disposal, and he published his paper, which contained a vigorous protest against the ordonnances.

Meanwhile the number of citizens ready for action was every moment increasing. Arms unfortunately were scarce. Dealers in old iron sold rusty muskets and old sabres without scabbards at exorbitant prices. The command of the insurgents was conferred on Captain Zindel, a man of resolution, and an ardent patriot: other officers were elected by acclamation. The multitude, dense and menacing, was evidently ready to lend its hands to the insurrection.

MM. Debrosses and Paultre de Lamotte, the former prefect, the latter commandant of the military division, were in a situation of momently increasing danger. The news from Paris was gloomy, the fidelity of the troops doubtful; and it was known that many influential bourgeois were connected by community of opinions and by the ties of friendship with officers of the 10th and 47th of the line, which regiments, with one of chasseurs and some artillery, made up the garrison.

In these critical circumstances M. Debrosses displayed a courage singularly contrasted with the terror that seemed to have fallen on the Lyonese royalists. A proclamation calling on the insurgents to disperse on pain of military execution, was posted up in the streets of Lyon. The commission elected the preceding day had the singular weakness to back this audacious step, promising to use its efforts with the government to obtain a regular organization of the national guard.

These two proclamations were treated with equal scorn, and M. Thomas Tisson, a member of the commission, having besought the armed bands on the Quai de Retz to retire, was repulsed with rage and indignation.

The authorities had concentrated themselves at the Hôtel de Ville with the garrison. The arsenal and the prefecture were carefully guarded. Urgent orders, some of which were intercepted, were sent to the garrisons of Clermont, Puy, Montboison and Vienne, bidding them hasten to Lyon by forced marches. A shot was fired, and it was thought the conflict was begun. Upon this M. Prevost, M. Zindel's lieutenant, made his way alone into the Hôtel de Ville, and called on the authorities to commit the guard of the place to an equal number of national guards and soldiers. The authorities refused, and demanded concessions. Prevost immediately drew his watch, and said, as he laid it on the table, "You have but five minutes to accept what I have proposed. If I am not back with my comrades by the expiration of that time, they have orders to attack."

He spoke the truth; preparations for the attack were making at all points; the regiment of chasseurs that set out in the direction of

the Hôtel de Ville could not make its way through the dense masses of the people; already the pavements were broken up; already the vehicles at hand were converted into barricades; the troops of the line had loaded their muskets. The treaty demanded by Prevost was refused by the prefect; but the general and the municipal councillors acceded to it. The national guards were, consequently admitted into the Hôtel de Ville, where a post of soldiers was left. The battalions retired to their barracks, whilst the crowd cried *Vive la Charte!* Down with the Bourbons! and old soldiers mingled with these acclamations the accustomed cry of *Vive l'Empereur!* The arsenal was surrendered, the telegraphs were seized, the national guard was organized in all the quarters of the town. The tricolour cockade was worn before the faces of the soldiers who still wore the white. It was a complete victory; that of Paris was not known till the next day.

There was this much remarkable in the Lyonese resistance, that although it had not been determined by the events of Paris it was impetuous, irresistible; and the triumph was won without striking a blow, by the sole effect of the imposing attitude of the people. The resistance was neither less prompt nor less energetic in a great number of towns. There was a battle at Nantes; Rouen and Havre sent auxiliaries to the insurgent Parisians. At Arras M. Frederic Degeorge, chief editor of the *Propagateur*, courageously published his journal on the 27th in spite of the opposition of the commissary of police, and kept the authorities at bay for three days. Moreover a part of the 1st regiment of engineers, in garrison at Arras, were disposed to side with the people, in whose favour Captain Cavaignac and Lieutenants Lebleu and Odier openly declared themselves. So great even was the ardour of some soldiers that, on the night of the 30-31st, fifty of them left the city and set out on their march to Paris, under the command of a quartermaster.

On the 6th of August M. Guizot delivered to M. Bérard a paper, in the handwriting of M. de Broglie, containing a scheme for the modification of the charter, much more limited than that devised by M. Bérard. It set forth the act of abdication of Charles X. as one of the determining motives for calling the Duc d'Orléans to the throne, thereby bestowing on the new dynasty the baptism of legitimacy. It made no mention of a reduction of the qualification of electors or of deputies. Lastly, the guarantees most accurately defined in M. Bérard's scheme were rendered shadowy and unsubstantial by the vague language of the ministerial plan. M. Bérard determined to pay no heed to modifications so insufficient as these, but to present his own plan to the chamber.

The sitting of the 6th of August opened under the presidency of M. Laffitte, who supplied the place of Casimir Périer. M. Bérard had no sooner read his proposition than it was loudly cheered. Those even who did not approve of his scheme saw in it the advantage of a danger incurred by another. M. Demarçay, however,

rose to protest against modifications which he contended were not sufficiently ample. A commission was appointed, at the suggestion of M. Villemain, to examine the project. Suddenly it was announced that menacing groups were collected in all the approaches to the Palais Bourbon; M. Kératry demanded a nocturnal sitting on account of the serious nature of the circumstances; and, in fact, the members could hear the tumultuous cries outside, "Down with heredity! The chamber betrays us!" The deputies were seized with intense uneasiness; they passed in and out of the hall; the majority gathered round Lafayette, Benjamin Constant, and Labbey de Pompières, imploring, with clasped hands, the protection of their popularity. M. Girod de l'Ain went out, and meeting M. Lhéritier de l'Ain on the steps of the peristyle, said to him, "You know Montebello?"—"Yes."—"He was *un brave*. Well, *his daughter is my son-in-law*." For such was the confusion of all these legislators. They promised that the people should be consulted. A protest against what were called instigators of disorder was sent round the galleries, and some young men were cajoled to sign it. Benjamin Constant and Labbey de Pompières presented themselves successively under the peristyle of the palace; then came Lafayette; the tumult was allayed when he appeared, but the most heated of the multitude continued to cry, "Down with heredity!" whilst Lafayette said, with suppliant voice, "My friends, my good friends, we are watching over your interests. We are aware that we are here without credentials. But go away I beseech you." This was the second time that Lafayette delivered up the revolution to royalty.

The chamber impatiently awaited the report of the commission. All these deputies felt that they did not represent the nation, that their mission had expired, and that there was no reason why their authority should survive the downfal of all the institutions on which it depended. It was necessary, therefore, cost what it might, to hinder the people from coming to a clear understanding of its position; it was necessary to take advantage of the general bewilderment, to be beforehand with all objections, and anticipate all resistance by dint of promptitude and boldness. The crown once set on the head of the Duc d'Orléans, a definite position once assumed, what then would signify protests made too late? The new régime would have in its favour the consecration of fact, if not of right; and every one knew well that a people does not set about making a revolution every day.

The chamber, therefore, received with extreme alacrity the official communication of the act of abdication made to it by M. Guizot. Some deputies, indeed, M. Mauguin among others, inveighed against the nullity of such an act, saying that Charles X.'s forfeiture of the crown had been declared by the victory of the people, and that it was not by virtue of an abdication, but of the popular will that the Duc d'Orléans was to become king. It was all in vain.

The people excited alarm. The act was ordered to be deposited in the archives.

At nine o'clock in the evening M. Dupin presented himself to read his report, which he had had but two hours to draw up. It was late; the deputies were overcome with fatigue, but they wished to commence the discussion immediately. Benjamin Constant and Salverte inveighed so strongly against the indecency of such haste, that the chamber, for shame's sake, adjourned the discussion to the next day.

At eight o'clock on the following morning the deputies arrived at the Palais Bourbon. The journalists were absent; the galleries empty: the reason of this was that it had been given out on the preceding day that the chamber would begin its sitting at ten o'clock; but the leaders of the bourgeoisie had sent expresses round to the deputies, fixing an earlier hour of meeting, so great was the dread of encountering the public gaze.

The deliberation was about to begin, when M. Demarçay rose and expressed his indignation: what meant that furtive sovereignty the chamber arrogated to itself? What did they mean by pretending to make a king in a corner? The flagrant character of this usurpation particularly shocked M. de Cormenin, whose inexorable logic was, at a future day, to deal the new dynasty terrible blows. At last the discussion begun on the report of M. Dupin relative to the Bérard proposition. MM. Conny and Hyde de Neuville courageously expressed their sorrow for the fallen family, for that race of kings so often and so rudely stricken. The latter made a deep impression on the assembly when, speaking of the recent terrible catastrophe, and of the infatuated men who had brought it about, he added, "I will not betray in their hour of affliction those whom I have served from my childhood. I can do nothing against a torrent, but at least I offer up my prayers to heaven for the welfare and liberty of my country." MM. Benjamin Constant and De Laborde replied temperately to both these speakers, at the same time vigorously repudiating the principle of legitimacy. M. Berryer recognised the right of the chamber to modify the constitution but not to change the dynasty. "The prime requisite," replied M. Villemain, "is that the throne should be filled and the public liberties guaranteed at the same time." M. Villemain had solemnly declared on the 30th, that he did not think himself empowered to dispose of the supreme authority. But might, however it may change hands, always retains worshippers.

The first part of Bérard's proposition, modified by the commission, was adopted in these terms, which perfectly explain the policy of the Duc d'Orléans and the bourgeoisie on this first period of their common sway:

"The chamber of deputies, taking into consideration the imperious necessity resulting from the events of the 26th, 27th, 28th, and 29th of July, and from the

general situation in which France has been placed in consequence of the violation of the constitutional charter; considering, moreover, that in consequence of that violation and of the heroic resistance of the inhabitants of Paris, the king, Charles X., his Royal Highness Louis Antoine, dauphin, and all the members of the elder branch of the royal family are at this moment quitting the French territory,—declares that the throne is vacant, *de facto* and *de jure*, and that it is indispensably needful to provide for the same."

This paragraph was very judiciously worded. It set forth the elevation of the Duc d'Orléans as the compulsory result of events in which it was very possible he had himself taken no part. Charles X. was not expelled from the kingdom, he quitted it, and the Duc d'Orléans only ascended the throne because the throne happened to be vacant. Thus, whatever foreign cabinets might have regarded as revolutionary in the duke's accession, was, of course, cleared up to their satisfaction; that prince was no longer an usurper, he was the unavoidable continuator of the system of order and peace guaranteed by the monarchical form. It had been the wish of the Duc d'Orléans to make Europe believe that he respected in Charles X. a member of the family of inviolable kings, when he sent commissioners to Rambouillet to protect him against the passions which the duke himself had excited. Nothing could be better adapted to fulfil the prince's intentions than the declaration we have just read. It was adopted almost without opposition.

Nothing remained but to stipulate the conditions of the new establishment in order to mask the usurpation from the eyes of the people, after having done this as regarded Europe. The second paragraph of the proposition suppressed the preamble of the charter. On this occasion M. Persil insisted that sovereignty was vested in the people alone; that this principle must be proclaimed, must be written, to the end that no one should in future be able to style himself king by divine grace, and he proposed that these two articles of the constitution of 1791 should be inserted under the head of sovereignty.

"Sovereignty belongs to the nation; it is inalienable and imprescriptible. The nation can only exercise its rights by delegation."

This proposal fell to the ground.

M. Persil was answered that his idea was imbodied in the commission's second paragraph, which ran thus:

"The chamber of deputies declares that, according to the wish and in the interest of the French people, the preamble of the charter is suppressed as offensive to the dignity of the nation, inasmuch as it seems to confer on the French by royal favour (*octroyer*) rights that belong to them essentially."

This paragraph was passed; but the dexterous men of the party secretly determined to strike out from it the homage paid to the sovereignty of the people; and this was actually done in printing the new charter,—a gross knavery, which passed entirely unnoticed at that time amidst the struggling and confusion that prevailed!

The assembly next proceeded to revise some articles of the charter, which it hurriedly examined. The suppression of the 6th article, however, which declared the catholic religion the religion of

the state, provoked a keen dispute. Some were for having the catholic religion declared, as the commission proposed, the religion of the majority of Frenchmen. The assertion of this fact was regarded as idle and unmeaning by Benjamin Constant, whilst Charles Dupin eagerly called for it, regarding it as a highly politic measure, and he invoked in favour of his opinion the nervously susceptible fanaticism of the southern populations. M. Viennet harangued against the prejudice that branded the Jews, and would have had the ministers of all religions paid by the state. The balance of opinion in the chamber was at last adjusted and expressed in the following article:

"The ministers of the catholic, apostolic, and Roman religion, professed by the majority of Frenchmen, and those of the other Christian denominations (*cultes*) receive salaries from the public treasury."

Neither the catholics nor the protestants, nor the French of other denominations, were to be satisfied with the uncertain tone of this article; the first, because their religion was no longer that of the state; the second, because the law offensively established their minority; the others, because the law, in making mention only of Christian denominations, seemed to grant to these only the benefit of public patronage. It was a strange compromise between the principle of moral unity and the free profession of all creeds, between the pontificate of the sovereign and atheist law.

The chamber then declared the censorship for ever abolished; thus extending its own omnipotence over the future.

Some minutes were given to the examination of the 14th article. It was suppressed—a vain obstacle to the audacity that is backed with might!

In proportion as the chamber proceeded in this work of hurried revision, it seemed to forget the recent conflicts: its recollections were revived, however, when Colonel Jacqueminot proposed to exclude foreign troops from the service of the state. But its fear of progress, which was not less decisive than that with which it regarded the Swiss, made it reject every thing tending to weaken privileges. Thus it fixed the age of eligibility at a minimum of thirty-five years, and that of electors at twenty-five. Still it declared null and void the nominations and creations of peers made under the reign of Charles X., but without prejudicing the grave question of heredity, which was to be examined at a future day. The same timidity made it reject, without any discussion, M. Duris-Dufresne's proposition for remodelling the magistracy. The measure was afterwards brought forward in another form by M de Brigode, and was then discussed; but in vain MM. de Brigode and Salverte appealed in support of the project to the examples of Napoleon and Louis XVIII.; in vain they dwelt on the fact, that for some years past the nominations to the magistracy could have had no other end in view than to render justice subservient to politics; in vain M. Mauguin insisted that every thing required to be

reorganized, and that the revolution beginning from the top should go down to the bottom, if new and more terrible commotions were to be avoided. Frightened by M. Villemain, recalled to conservative views by M. Dupin aîné, and seized with a sudden respect for the *status quo* of yesterday, the chamber confirmed the existence and the irrevocable tenure of the magistracy.

Time meanwhile was passing away; it was growing late, and a king was decidedly to be proclaimed that very day. It was arranged that provision should be made at a future day, and by separate laws for the following matters; viz., trial by jury for political offences—the responsibility of ministers—the re-election of deputies who had taken office—the annual voting of the army estimates—the national guard—the position of military and naval officers—departmental and municipal institutions—public instruction and liberty of teaching—the determination of the conditions of electoral qualification and eligibility.

At the moment when the chamber was about to confer the crown, M. Fleury de l'Orme demanded that the electoral colleges should be convoked to give their deputies special powers for the election of a king. Come, come! cried Casimir Périer, petulantly; and M. Laffitte made haste to read the last paragraph which invited Louis Philippe, Duc d'Orléans, to take the title of King of the French, on condition of accepting the modified charter.

This paragraph was adopted by a large majority. Thirty members of the Right abstained from voting. M. de Corcelles required that the election of the Duc d'Orléans should at least be submitted to the people for their acceptance: every one kept silence.

The chamber was about to proceed to the ballot upon the proposition, collectively, when the venerable Labbey de Pompières demanded that the voters should inscribe their names in a register. M. Bérard supported the motion; but many had not the courage to give publicity to their votes. The gift of the crown of France was voted as a simple matter of by-law regulation.

M. de Cormenin was the only deputy of the opposition who abstained from voting. According to him it was indispensably requisite to consult the people, since its sovereignty was acknowledged. He therefore attended the meeting of the chamber merely in the character of a spectator, not as a legislator. Actuated by a noble scruple, he had already, in the sitting of the 30th, refused the title of commissioner of public works, which was offered to him by a messenger from the Hôtel de Ville; subsequently he had refused his consent to the nomination of the lieutenant-general; and now, whilst all his colleagues, some from delusion, others from interested motives, suffered themselves to be floated along by circumstances, the inflexible logician, motionless on his bench, protested once more against an unprecedented usurpation.

Some days afterwards he published his resignation in these terms:—"I have not received a constituent authority from the people, and I am not yet in possession of its ratification. Placed

between these two extremities I am absolutely without power to make a king, a charter, or an oath. I pray the chamber to accept my resignation. May my country always be glorious and free!" The Carlists raised a shout of joy; and, to mitigate the effect of this resignation, some Orleanists spread a report that M. de Cormenin was a disguised Carlist. But the calumny was to pass away; the protest remained.

The following was the result of the ballot out of which issued a royalty:

Number of voters	252
White balls	219
Black balls	33

The calling over of the names had not been concluded when M. Dupin entered, displaying a tricoloured ribbon in his buttonhole; and it was voted by acclamation that France should resume its colours.

A few moments afterwards the inhabitants of the Rue St. Honoré looked on in surprise at some bourgeois who marched four abreast in the direction of the Palais Royal. These bourgeois were going to inform the Duc d'Orléans that he was king.

The lieutenant-general received the deputies in the midst of his family, and M. Laffitte having read the declaration, the prince replied in a modest and feeling tone:

"I receive with deep emotion the declaration you present to me. I regard it as the expression of the national will, and it appears to me conformable to the political principles I have all my life professed.

"Full of remembrances that have always made me wish that I might never be called to a throne, exempt from ambition, and habituated to the peaceful life I led in my family, I cannot conceal from you all the feelings that agitate my heart in this great conjuncture; but there is one that overbears all the rest, that is, the love of my country. I feel what it prescribes to me and I will do it."

As he said these words he threw himself into Laffitte's arms, and appeared with him and Lafayette on the balcony, to salute the multitude which always gives its applause at unaccustomed sights.

As they were quitting the Palais Royal Lafayette and Benjamin Constant met M. Pagnerre, one of the recent combatants. "Oh! what have you done?" the latter exclaimed on seeing them. But Benjamin Constant going up to the young man and embracing him said, "Fear nothing; we have taken guarantees."

Thus in less than seven hours 219 deputies, who in ordinary times would have formed a majority of but two voices, had modified the constitution, pronounced the forfeiture of one dynasty, and erected a new one. And these deputies had been elected under the rule of a charter, which they reconstructed as they had a mind, and under the reign of a man whose family they proscribed: and all this had been accomplished by virtue of the principle of the sovereignty of the people.

So eagerly had the pretext of present necessity and of urgent considerations been laid hold of, that the only thought bestowed on the chamber of peers was to make it a communication that rather resembled a voluntary act of civility than an indispensable formality: and without caring or waiting for the adhesion of the peers, the chamber of deputies had gone, as we have seen, with its declaration to the Palais Royal, and presented it as a definitive compact, as the ultimatum of a will without control. The peerage being made up only of all the glaring and scandalous defections which thirty years of political turmoil had occasioned, it had been deemed ready as a matter of course for a new servitude.

But there was among the peers a man whose chivalric truthfulness and fidelity of soul were well known at the Palais Royal. The report had gone abroad that M. de Chateaubriand was preparing an accusing and terrible speech; that he was about to set all an example of courage in delivering it, to protest for the last time on behalf of the vanquished monarchy, and to denounce the friends that had misled, and the relations that had betrayed it.

This news had reached the Palais Royal, which it threw into the utmost uneasiness. Such a danger was to be averted at any cost. Madame Adelaide sent word to M. François Arago that the Duc d'Orléans wished to have a secret interview with him. M. Arago could not obtain access to the prince, whether it was that he was prevented by fortuitous circumstances, or that the Duc d'Orléans was afraid of compromising himself personally in so delicate a negotiation. Madame Adelaide removed the difficulty: she saw M. Arago, and told him that he would entitle himself to unbounded gratitude if he would see M. de Chateaubriand, and entreat him to forego his intended speech; upon which condition he should be assured of having his place in the administration. M. Arago called on the illustrious poet, and submitted to him that France had just been shaken to its inmost centre; that it was important to avoid exposing it to the risk of too sudden reactions; that the Duc d'Orléans would have it in his power on becoming king to do much for public liberty, and that it became a man like the Vicomte de Chateaubriand to abstain from making himself the mouthpiece of the agitators at the commencement of a reign. He ended by telling him that a better means remained to him to serve his country with advantage, and that there would be no hesitation to bestow a *portefeuille* upon him, that of public instruction for example. Chateaubriand shook his head sadly, and replied that of all he had just heard that which most touched his heart was the consideration of what was due to the interest of France in its deeply disturbed condition; that he expected nothing and would accept nothing of a dynasty erected on the ruins of his hopes; but that since his speech might sow the seeds of rancour in his native land, he would soften down its tenour. This singular negotiation took place on the eve of the 7th of August.

The chamber of peers having assembled the next day at half-past nine in the evening, the president read the declaration of the chamber of deputies, after which the Vicomte de Chateaubriand rose and thus expressed himself amidst profound silence:

"Messieurs, the declaration communicated to this chamber is a much simpler matter for me than for those peers who profess opinions different from mine. One fact in this declaration predominates in my view over all the others, or rather destroys them. Were we now in a regular and orderly state of things, I should undoubtedly scrutinize with care the changes it is thought fit to make in the charter. Several of these changes I myself proposed. The only thing that astonishes me is that any one could think of mentioning to the chamber that reactionary measure touching the peers of Charles X.'s creation. I am not suspected of any weak partiality for *batches* (*fournées*), and you know that I have even withstood the threat of making such; still, to make ourselves the judges of our colleagues, to strike out names at pleasure from the list of peers, whenever one is the stronger, this is too much like proscription. Is it intended to destroy the peerage? Be it so. It is better to lose life than to beg for it."

After these words, which shamed the chamber's patience under the degradation, the orator inquired what form of government was thenceforth applicable to France. A republic did not seem to him to be possible; but was monarchy so, on the conditions imposed on it? "The monarchy," he exclaimed, "will be swept away by the torrent of democratic laws, or the monarch by the movement of factions."

Before proceeding to what he considered the best solution of the formidable problem submitted to France, Chateaubriand paid a tribute to the heroism of the people of Paris.

"Never," he said, "was defence more just, more heroic, than that of the people of Paris. It did not rise against the law, but for the law, as long as the social compact was respected the people remained quiet. But when those who had lied up to the last hour suddenly called the people to servitude; when the conspiracy of stupidity and hypocrisy burst forth, when a palace terrorism, organized by eunuchs, presumed to take the place of the terrorism of the Republic and of the iron yoke of the Empire, then the people armed itself with its intelligence and its courage. It was found that these shopkeepers breathed freely enough the smoke of powder, and that something more was wanting to put them down than four soldiers and a corporal. A century could not so have matured a people as the last three suns that have shone on France."

The orator then spoke of the Duc de Bordeaux. Might not the principle of legitimacy, so necessary to the existence of monarchies have been respected in him? The Duc d'Orléans would have acted as guardian to the royal child; he would have guided him, in the capacity of regent, until the period of his majority, and such a

scheme, by manifesting the inviolability of the monarchical principle, would perhaps have protected France from perilous convulsions.

"An unavailing Cassandra," he exclaimed, reverting painfully to his own position, "I have sufficiently wearied the throne and the peerage with my disregarded warnings. It only remains for me to sit down on the fragments of a wreck I have so often predicted. I recognise in misfortune all kinds of power, except that of releasing me from my oaths of fidelity. I must therefore render my life uniform. After all I have done, said, and written for the Bourbons, I should be the vilest of wretches if I denied them at the moment when for the third and last time they are going into exile."

Lastly, after denouncing with withering sarcasm the dastardy of all those zealous royalists who had contrived by their projected exploits to have the descendants of Henri IV. pitchforked out of the country, and whom he now pointed out squatting under the tricolour cockade, he concluded with saying, "Whatever be the destinies in store for M. le lieutenant-général, I will never be his enemy if he effect the welfare of my country. All I ask is, that I may preserve the freedom of my conscience, and the right to go and die wherever I shall find independence and repose."

These eloquent outpourings of sorrow fell on icy hearts. The peerage discussed only the measure that tended to decimate it: but so insensible was it to the insult offered to its dignity by the other chamber, that as regarded the question whether it would submit to to be thus outrageously mutilated, it declared that it left the matter to the exalted prudence of the prince. It added of itself to its own humiliation by this egregious flattery. A deputation was appointed to carry to the Palais Royal the congratulations of that first body in the state. It presented itself to the prince, respectful and calm under insult. The prince made those *grand seigneurs* a commonplace reply. The peerage was already dead in France.

Nothing remained but to give the transfer of the crown the sanction of forms, and that sort of legitimacy which public imbecility connects with the prestige of an imposing ceremonial. Every thing was therefore made ready on Monday the 9th of August for a royal *séance* of the chambers. A throne, overshadowed with tricolour flags, and surmounted with a crimson velvet canopy, was erected in the Palais Bourbon: before it were arranged three settees for the lieutenant-general and his two eldest sons. A table covered with velvet, on which stood the pen and ink to be employed in signing the contract, separated the settee reserved for the prince from the throne, and typified the interval that lay between him and royalty. The Duc d'Orléans made his entry to the sound of the *Marseillaise*, and the noise of cannon fired at the Invalides. When he had taken his place, he put on his hat, and desired the members of both chambers to be seated, thus changing upon a frivolous point what sensibly affects most men, ceremonial usage: for his predecessors had been used to address the chamber of peers alone, with their own

lips, and the chamber of deputies through the chancellor, who said, "Messieurs, the king permits you to be seated." The prince requested M. Casimir Périer, president of the chamber of deputies, to read the declaration of the 7th of August. M. Périer did so with a firm voice, laying a stress on many passages, on this one for example: *the throne is vacant de facto and de jure.* In reading the last article, Casimir Périer having said "Calls to the throne his Royal Highness Philippe d'Orléans, Duc d'Orléans," the lieutenant-general, who followed the reader with the closest attention, hastily said "Louis Philippe," correcting him. Baron Pasquier having in his turn read the act of adhesion of the peerage, the two acts were delivered to the lieutenant-general, who passed them to Dupont de l'Eure, then the *garde-des-sceaux.* The lieutenant-general read his acceptance in these terms:

"*Messieurs les Pairs, Messieurs les Deputés:* I have read with great attention the declaration of the chamber of deputies, and the act of adhesion of the chamber of peers. I have weighed and meditated every expression therein.

"I accept, without restriction or reservation, the clauses and engagements contained in that declaration, and the title of King of the French which it confers on me, and I am ready to make oath to observe the same."

The duke then rose, took off his glove, uncovered his head, and pronounced the form of oath handed to him by Dupont de l'Eure:

"In presence of God I swear faithfully to observe the constitutional charter, with the modifications set forth in the declaration; to govern only by the laws, and according to the laws; to cause good and exact justice to be administered to every one according to his right, and to act in every thing with the sole view to the interest, the welfare, and the glory of the French people."

Amidst the cries of *Vive le Roi*, that greeted these words, Louis Philippe signed the three originals of the charter and of his oath, which were to be deposited in the archives of the kingdom, and in those of the two chambers. At this moment the four marshals displayed the insignia of royalty, the sceptre, the crown, the sword, and the hand of justice. The settee on which the prince had sat was removed, and the new king ascended the throne, covered his head, and signified that he was about to speak.

"I have just ratified a great act," he said; "I am profoundly sensible of all the extent of the duties it imposes on me. I feel conscious that I will fulfil them. It is with full conviction that I have accepted the compact of alliance proposed to me.

"I should have earnestly desired never to occupy the throne to which the wishes of the nation have called me; but France, assailed in her liberty, saw public order in peril; the violation of the charter had shaken every thing; it was necessary to re-establish the action of the laws, and it belonged to the chambers to provide for that necessity. You have done so, messieurs; the wise modifications we

have effected in the charter guarantee the security of the future, and France, I trust, will be happy within, respected without, and the peace of Europe will be more and more confirmed."

The Duc d'Orléans was king. He was called Louis Philippe I., for it had not been thought proper to give that dubious continuator of the thirty-five Capets either the name of Philip V., which would have signified an engagement entered into with the past, nor that of Philip I., which would have seemed to open a new prospect to the people. The title of *King of the French* was substituted for that of *King of France;* these verbal innovations appearing suitable to beguile the multitude.

Meanwhile, frightful distress was beginning to prevail among the working classes. Those men who cried *Vive la Charte!* and who had for three days fought for it so gallantly, were amazed at the increase of suffering their victory entailed upon them. The measure adopted by the municipal commission and by Lafayette, on the 31st of July, of creating a moveable national guard, and decreeing that the soldiers should receive thirty sous daily pay, could only have been intended as a provisional measure; besides, it was not acted upon.

Thanks to ingenious contrivances, deceitful promises, and some well-placed largesses, the people had been easily brought to disperse and disarm. A proclamation was then posted up, beginning with these words:—"Brave workmen, return to your workshops." The poor fellows did return thither, and found no work.

Capital disappeared, as might but too well have been foreseen, and all the relations of trade were interrupted. Every shot fired during the three days had been the prelude to a bankruptcy. The Bank of France, though instituted for the purpose of providing against great emergencies, regulated its issues by its fears with cruel prudence; and sentinels as usual kept watch over its vaults filled with gold, in a city swarming with paupers.

Every day added to the distress of the people, which was evidenced by innumerable facts. The most considerable of all the printing-offices in the capital employed, when the revolution broke out, about two hundred workmen, who each earned regularly from four to six francs a day. After the revolution the premises were closed for eight or ten days, at the end of which time ten or twelve workmen were taken back; and six months afterwards the men employed in that establishment were but five-and-twenty, who earned, not four, five, or six francs, as before, but twenty-five or thirty sous per day. Yet printing seemed less likely to suffer than other businesses from the results of the troubles. From this we may conjecture the immensity of the disasters. The house No. 28, in the Rue Chapon, Quartier des Gravilliers, let out to two hundred workmen of different trades, brought in a rent of seventeen thousand francs up to the time of the revolution. After that event the receipts suddenly fell to ten thou-

sand; and at this day, after a lapse of more than ten years, it does not yet amount to more than fourteen thousand francs.

The following were the sort of means employed to mitigate these evils. A new *Marseillaise*, composed by M. Casimir Delavigne, was sung in the theatres. The heroes who had fallen in the cause of liberty were celebrated in pompous language. The *National*, the Duke of Orleans's paper, exclaimed, "You have always been the bravest and most heroic of men. Honour to you, brave Parisians!" And the magistrates of the city, not less enthusiastic than the journalists, outdid them in praise. "Who," said M. Alexandre de Laborde, in a proclamation to the inhabitants of Paris, "who can flatter himself as meriting the rank of first magistrate of a population, whose heroic conduct has been the salvation of freedom and civilization?" All this while bread was wanting in many families, and many a weeping mother was seen searching for a beloved corpse on the cold flags of the Morgue.

As subscriptions, however, were opened on all sides in favour of the victims of July, (so the killed and wounded were called,) those who had fallen were, in this respect at least, useful to their wives and children. Many of those who had survived were less fortunate.

During this time the people at the palace were busy revising the charter; that is to say, taking measures for the re-establishment of the national guard, from which the people could easily be excluded by making a costly uniform indispensable to admission; for the more complete emancipation of the press, which up to that time had hardly concerned itself about the intentions of the people; for extending to a greater number of citizens the power of making laws; for granting the legislators of the bourgeoisie the right of the initiative; lastly, for returning into the ways of '89 by equality between religious denominations and the defeat of the noblesse.

But to make a more equitable distribution of taxation; to diminish the burdens that crush down the poor; to abolish the indirect contributions of the Restoration, sprung from the *droits réunis* of the empire; to devise a remedy for the homicidal fluctuation of wages; to found workshops—for the combatants of one day, become the unemployed workmen of the next;—not one of all these things appeared worthy of consideration; not one of them was so much as promised.

But, by way of amends for this neglect, extraordinary solicitude was bestowed on the gamblers of the stock exchange. The ordonnances of Charles had been a sudden stroke of good fortune for the speculators for a fall. Now some of them, as we have seen, had been admitted into the secret of the ordonnances, and had staked on a certainty. The speculators for a rise availed themselves of this circumstance to demand that the settlement should be put off till the 9th of August. The bankers who had speculated on a rise, and who were able to act on the market with millions, counted on strengthening it during the delay accorded by well-managed purchases. But

the grant of that delay was the consecration of an injustice. For in the first place, all the speculators of the stock exchange were made to pay the penalty of a fraud, of which all had not been guilty; and again, the character of stock exchange transactions, which is essentially that of a game of chance, was arbitrarily disregarded, to the benefit of one party and the detriment of the other. No matter. The speculators for a rise were on the side of the victors; the order they desired was issued from the finance department, and opulence jeopardised in disgraceful bargains and illicit speculations, was afforded a protection in vain looked for by working men reduced to despair, and offering their labour for a little bread.

The blood of the poor had been poured out like water for that charter they were revising; and the government was not unaware of the magnitude of the sacrifice when it published the following article, on the 5th of August, in the *Moniteur*, the official journal:

"The statements that have been given in the various newspapers as to the numbers of the killed and wounded were incorrect; we think it our duty to publish the following details, which were transmitted yesterday, August 4, to the Académie Royale de Médecine, by the surgeons and physicians of the hospitals.

"*Hôtel Dieu.* About five hundred wounded have been received, belonging, for the most part, to the citizens, but there are but twenty-five military men among the five hundred. Thirty-eight died the first day, twelve the second, and eight the third.

"*Hôpital de la Charité.* About a hundred wounded have been received, forty of whom are dead. It is hoped that a great number of the others will be saved.

"*Hôpital Beaujon.* It had been stated that there were six hundred wounded men in this hospital. Not more than eighty have been brought to it. Eight or ten have undergone amputation. Yesterday the number that had died was fifteen or sixteen.

Hôpital du Gros-Caillou. Two hundred wounded have been received. A great number of amputations have been performed. No patient has died. This fact, which appeared extraordinary to the Academy, has been confirmed by the assertions of MM. Larrey and Ladibert.

Hôpital de Val de Grâce. Not more than twenty wounded, or thereabouts, have been received. The result of investigations gives from 1600 to 1700 as the number of killed and wounded during the days of the 27th and 28th. It is probable that the number is more considerable, but it has not been possible to obtain an enumeration of the wounded received in the *ambulances*, or those who were conveyed to their own homes. The account here given refers only to the hospitals."

So much for the dead. I have stated the treatment bestowed on the living.

The difficulties of the case were great, no doubt. After a revolution like that which had just taken place, however rapid the victory might have been, it could not be expected that credit should be revived by royal ordonnances; that commercial alarm should be stilled by newspaper articles, or confidence restored by proclamations. But the Convention had showed (even putting out of consideration its challenge to Europe and its immortal frenzies) what prodigies may emanate from a genuine enthusiasm. If those who laid hold on the movement of affairs in 1830 had exerted themselves with perseverance and courage to bring back the people from the road to ruin, those efforts, even though they had been unavailing, would have been enough to acquit their authors at the bar of history. But no exertion of the kind was made; the charter was

revised, a king was crowned, and all the rest was the reign of insensate fatalism.

The government, however, was ready to lend thirty millions for the benefit of trade; but as it was not at liberty to distribute the public revenue on chance, it lent on mortgage to those who had property; consequently it lent to known bankers and to opulent manufacturers. The crisis did not the less press with all its weight upon the poorest.

History has nothing to compare with the impotence evinced by the administration in the days immediately following the revolution; an impotence for good, not for evil.

An idea had occurred to some citizens of founding a great printing establishment at St. Denis, with the aid and under the patronage of the state, and they made the proposal to the Minister of the Interior. They would have reprinted revolutionary works more particularly, the writings of Rousseau, Voltaire, and the encyclopedists; and their establishment would have served as an asylum for many workmen turned over to vagabondage and wretchedness. The proposal was rejected on the grounds that such books would find no sale, since they were weapons of which liberalism had no longer need after the battle. A reply of deep meaning, and worthy to be pondered.

But there was a surer means of employing many workmen who wanted bread. The arsenals contained but nine hundred thousand muskets, and three millions were requisite to arm the national guard throughout the kingdom. Urgent solicitations were daily addressed to the minister of the interior, who, in his turn, applied to the minister of war; and after all only five hundred thousand muskets were delivered. In vain were earnest and repeated applications made for the manufacture of those that were wanting; in vain was it demanded on behalf of all the workers in wood and iron that a great factory should be opened in Paris; in vain were satisfactory propositions transmitted to the offices of war from various parts of the kingdom, and particularly from St. Etienne; all these efforts were unavailing, and had no other effect than to awaken the spirit of speculation. We shall see in the course of this history to what date is to be referred that purchase of muskets subsequently made in England, which excited so great an outcry.

The government, however, caused some works to be executed in the Champ de Mars; a measure which, if it did not prove its solicitude for the poor, at least served to mask its indifference.

Woe to those who cast themselves at random into revolutions, and who rush to the fight with unknown war-cries!

CHAPTER X.

WHILST they were disposing in Paris of the throne of his ancestors, Charles X. was kneeling in the cathedral of Argentan. The news of the accession of Louis Philippe had already circulated in that town. When the proscribed family quitted it, the inhabitants thronged upon its way to watch its looks and scrutinize its emotions. They beheld the Duchesse de Berri extinguishing the majesty of her misfortunes by her giddiness; and beside her the daughter, so often sorely tried, of Louis XVI.; her face was livid, her eyes, so used to tears, seemed dead and visionless; the terrible catsatrophe had burst open all the old wounds of her heart. Frequently during that dismal journey she would alight from her carriage and stand by the road-side, as if that she would fain linger a little longer in that kingdom that had been thrice fatal to her family. The commissioners feared her on account of the abruptness of her movements and the intense bitterness of her language; but they were deeply impressed with respect by the immensity of a sorrow that dated from the Tour du Temple. The dauphin did not suffer, because he was free from thought.

Charles X.'s appearance was tranquil. Indifferent as to himself, his only care was for the members of his suite; yet, even in this, he showed the egotist, for it is the pride of kings to love themselves in the persons of their servants. His conduct in other respects was full of apparent contradictions. The aspect of the dauphin in tears, of his wobegone courtiers, and of the two children, who, in their ignorance, found amusement in the novelty of every thing about them;—to all this he was insensible, or at least resigned; but the sight of a bit of tricoloured ribbon, or a slight neglect of etiquette, was enough to excite his petulance. It was necessary in the small town of l'Aigle to have a square table made, according to court usage, for the dinner of the monarch who was losing an empire. Thus he showed combined in his person that excess of grandeur and of littleness which is acquired from the practice of royalty; and whilst courageously enduring the bulk of his misfortune, he could not patiently endure its details. He would have had his enemies make him at least a pompous misery.

At Maintenon he consented, without much difficulty, to the dismissal of his army: he made no complaint when the artillery of the guard, which had retained but two pieces of cannon, was taken away at Dreux. In a word, he gave way as long as they took from him only the reality of power; but when it was attempted to deprive him of its externals, he felt all the pride of his blood revive; he was resigned to exile provided he might make a show of carrying with him the lustre of his race and the trappings of royalty.

He complained above all of the impatience of the commissioners, and thought it unjust that he should be prevented from travelling slowly; for, after all, he was leaving his native land and the graves of his fathers. Perhaps, too, he retained some confused hope at the bottom of his heart: la Vendée was not far from his route.

But he was soon given other causes of concern.

A new commissioner arrived at Falaise on the 10th of August: this was M. de La Pommeraye, deputy of Calvados. Charles X. was exceedingly annoyed on hearing that the new commissioner was sent to hasten the *cortége*, and oblige it to take the road to Caen. Was it not enough that a prince of his family had deprived him of his crown? Why did they thus envy an old man the sole bitter consolation of lingering a little on the soil whereon he was born, and which would never receive his mortal remains? This time he determined to resist. There was a small road-side inn at some distance from Falaise which the king chose for the place of his first interview with M. de La Pommeraye. He received the envoy of the Palais Royal with cold politeness, and showed himself invincibly obstinate in his determination. The cortége was obliged to do as he chose, and take the road by Condé-sur-Norreau: but as for slackening the speed of his journey, every thing had been arranged beforehand to defeat his intentions in that respect.

General Gérard, minister of war, wrote on the 10th of August to the commandant at Cherbourg, instructing him to organize a marching column to meet the escort, and, if need were, to act with vigour. The people of the Palais Royal were in haste to come to the finale of the great drama. The minister of war, therefore, gave General Hulot the fullest powers, and placed the maritime prefect of Cherbourg under his authority. But General Hulot, who was not ignorant to what end he had been sent to Cherbourg, had not waited for the minister's despatch before he acted; and when he received it, the measures it prescribed were already in full execution. Colonel Trobriant had been sent from Cherbourg to meet the cortége, and had reported to his general that the commissioners were without authority over the escort, and that every thing depended upon the will of the Duc de Raguse. The commissioners too wrote to General Hulot, "We have heard with pleasure that you are moving towards us with troops and artillery. You will not fall back on Cherbourg till we shall have concerted together." The colonel's report, the commissioners' request, and the alarming rumours that were purposely spread on all sides, determined General Hulot's course: he did but anticipate the minister's orders.

Whilst measures were in progress to stir up the people, the cortége was approaching St. Lô. When the second Stuart traversed the Isle of Wight after the loss of a crown, and on the eve of a bloody death, a young girl presented him with a flower. Something similar occurred to the brother of Louis XVI. At Val-de-Vire old men, women, and children, from the house of Chénédolle,

met the fugitives on the road and presented them with lilies; it was a poet's family saluting a king's on its way into exile!

On arriving at St. Lô, Charles X. learned that an armed and threatening multitude, commanded by General Hulot, was waiting for him at Carentan. The national guards that had been raised hardly amounted to 400 in number, and had but two cannons, both unfit for service: but as the only object aimed at was to frighten the fugitives, exaggerated pictures were drawn of the danger. Charles X. believed his grandson's life in jeopardy, and weary of struggling with his fate, he gave up all further resistance.

The commissioners who had written to General Hulot to hasten his arrival, now pressed him, through General Maison, to hasten his departure. M. Pommeraye went on to Carentan in advance of the cortége, and prevailed on the greater part of the national guards assembled there to disperse, there being no further occasion for their services. General Hulot left the town early in the morning; and nothing remained of the popular movement that had been so artificially produced, but a somewhat dangerous agitation. The aim had been achieved; no violence had been committed (a thing which would have incensed Europe), and yet Charles X. had been sufficiently frightened to force him to a precipitate flight. From that moment, in fact, he made all his speed to his perpetual exile.

He was lucky in every thing, that Duc d'Orléans!

The journey to Cherbourg was sad and solemn throughout. The two princesses walked when the weather was fine. Their dress was very much neglected, because their attendants had not been able to bring away linen or clothes. A grave and pensive expression sat on the faces of the beholders, wherever the cortége passed. Some officers presented themselves on the road, bending before humbled greatness. Two made their appearance near Carentan. "Messieurs," said the king, "keep those worthy sentiments for that child who alone can save you all;" and he pointed to a little flaxen-haired head at the window of a carriage that followed his own. But the time was approaching when God would no longer leave the destiny of nations depending on frail heads.

At two o'clock, on the 14th of August, Charles X. entered Valognes, whence he wrote to solicit an asylum of the King of England. He was fully entitled to a return of the hospitality Louis XIV. had accorded to James II.

At Valognes, the officer of the *gardes-du-corps*, with the twelve oldest soldiers of each company, went to the king to give him back their colours. It was a tearful ceremony and suggestive of solemn lessons. The king touched the silk of the colours and said, "I trust that my son will restore them to you." Before leaving Valognes, he appeared on the steps of the hôtel where he had alighted. He was dressed in a plain blue coat with metal buttons, without star or ribbon. He strove to speak to the crowd that filled the courtyard; but the words died away on his lips: the parting took place in silence.

From the top of the cliffs near Cherbourg, the exiles beheld the sea. The column halted. Suddenly there was a strange commotion in the ranks. Some horsemen who had gone on in advance, galloped back with intelligence that boded nothing good; a great multitude, composed partly of men belonging to the harbour and of pioneers, was hurrying to meet the cortége, with a sound like the roaring sea, and presently the front ranks stood face to face with the growling multitude. The Prince de Croi was mounted on a white horse; he wore a general's hat and feathers and a white cockade; he had a broad blue ribbon on his embroidered coat, and his features were not unlike those of the king. "Charles X." shouted the people, and they rushed yelling on the prince. Others forced their way into the column, pushing the horses out of their way, and bending their fierce glances on the pale faces of the riders. The officers of the guards, in a state of inexpressible anxiety, thought only how they might avoid a conflict, and kept off the assailants with almost suppliant uneasiness. Charles X. and his son had hastily stepped out of their carriages, and rode forward, encompassed by faithful but trembling soldiers.

They reached Cherbourg. The revolutionary cry resounded at rare intervals in the streets; but tricolour flags floated at almost all the windows, and an immense crowd from the adjoining districts flocked to the port. At the entrance of the town the officers of the 64th lowered their swords before the exiles as they passed. Two vessels had been prepared to receive the king, his family, and the persons of their suite. These were the *Great Britain* and the *Charles Carrol*, under the command of Captain Dumont d'Urville, vessels of republican build, launched in the American waters and belonging to members of the Bonaparte family. The people are fond of remarking these contrasts; they are the poetry of history.

The port of Cherbourg is separated from the town by a great circular railing; the gate was guarded by some grenadiers, and was closed against the crowd as soon as the last of the king's guards had passed it. Strange and mournful was the spectacle that moment presented. Behind the guards, drawn up in line of battle on the pier, thousands of eager faces were pressed against the rails, glowing with curiosity, compassion, or anger. In front was the sea,—the sea with the ever-present thought of shipwrecks!

The carriages drove up to a small bridge covered with blue cloth, and all the royal family alighted. M. de La Rochejacquelin supported the dauphine's fainting steps. The Duchesse de Berri, leaning on the arm of M. de Charette, displayed more indignation than dejectedness, and her demeanour attested the fire of her Neapolitan blood. Charles X. was calm as ever: he kept watch over his feelings.

M. de Dumas, who feared for the Duc de Bordeaux, took him in his arms, and carried him on board with every possible precaution and manifest uneasiness. But the child was unwilling to go, and there was some difficulty in overcoming his reluctance. How much

all these adversities resemble each other! It is said, that at Rambouillet, in 1814, after Joseph had determined on that flight which surrendered the empire to the enemy, the little King of Rome suddenly burst into tears at the hour of departure. His governess did all she could to quiet him, by fondling him and promising him new toys; but he continued to cry, and rolled on the floor screaming violently. Poor child! that flight entailed upon him, first the loss of a crown, and then, after some years of blighted youth, a mysterious death beyond the Rhine.

Before he embarked, Charles X. delivered to M. Odilon Barrot, at the latter's request, a certificate testifying the good conduct of the commissioners towards him. The dauphine gave him also, as a token of gratitude on her part, a sheet of paper inscribed with these two words, MARIE THÉRÈSE.

The king then commended the pensioners of the civil list to the generosity of the victors. The guards all expected to receive the adieux of the royal family, but they were disappointed. The officers were admitted to kiss the hands of the princes and princesses, but the soldiers were not even inspected. Such is the pride of the masters of the earth, even when smitten by the hand of God! To bestow benefits is easy to them, because it manifests their superiority: but gratitude is irksome to them, because it reminds them that they have need of others.

Sobs meanwhile were heard on the pier. A young man, named Bonnechose, rushed on the bridge, threw himself at the king's feet, clasped his knees, and weeping bitterly cried out, "O my king! O my king! I cannot part from you." The favour he begged for was not granted him, and some time afterwards he sought his death in La Vendée, and sought it not in vain, in the cause of those whose exile he had not been allowed to share.

At last the parting moment was come. Standing on the deck, the old king bade farewell to France; and the *Great Britain*, towed by a steamer, unfurled her sails, whilst the guards silently took their way back up the cliffs of Cherbourg. Some spectators who lingered on the beach watched the course of the vessel, when suddenly they saw it turn about and stand in with all speed for the port. Was this in consequence of some violent order given by Charles X. to the crew? It might have been feared so; but every thing had been assiduously provided for: a brig commanded by Captain Thibault, had received orders to convoy the *Great Britain*, and to sink it if Charles X. made the least attempt to act as master. This inexorable forethought was not justified by the event. The vessel only returned to take in provisions which had been forgotten.

When every thing was ready, the word of command was given again, and the Bourbons sailed away for England, crossing perhaps the track once made by the vessel of the defeated Stuarts. The sky foreboded no storm; the wind filled the sails; and the ship disappeared over the sea.

BOOK THE SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

A PEOPLE spurning control, victorious and master of itself; three generations of kings flying beyond the seas; the bourgeoisie appeasing the multitude, shuffling it away, and giving itself a chief; the disappointed nations looking restlessly towards France, as she sat still under a new king; the revolutionary spirit flattered at first, then compressed, and finally exploding in prodigious efforts and scenes of horror, plots, and butcheries; three hundred republicans giving battle in Paris to a whole army; property assailed by daring sectarians; Lyon twice insurgent and deluged with blood; the Duchesse de Berri rekindling the fanaticism of La Vendée, and disgraced by those of her own family; unparalleled prosecutions; the cholera; abroad peace uncertain, though sought after with ruinous obstinacy; Africa devastated at random, the East abandoned; within, no security; all the wild riot of intellect, and some noble efforts; commercial anarchy at its height; the disgraceful excesses of speculation ending in ruin; the executive decried; five attempts at regicide; the people furtively prompted to vast desires; secret societies; the rich alarmed, irritated, and combining with impatience of the evil the dread of escaping from it. Such is the picture presented by the history of the ten years between 1830 and 1840.

In a purely political point of view it is naturally divided into three great periods.

In the first, which extends from the establishment of the Orléans dynasty to the fall of the Laffitte administration, the executive appears restless, feeble, tottering; it subsists only by fallacious concessions; it developes itself only by artifice. Linked together by a community of interests and hopes, royalty and the bourgeoisie afford each other mutual support: the parliamentary and the monarchical principle enter into a momentary alliance. This is the period of foundation.

The second embraces the administration of Casimir Périer, continued by that of Thiers and Guizot. The executive, violently attacked, defends itself with violence. A community of danger renders more close the alliance already concluded between the bourgeoisie and royalty: the parliamentary and the monarchical principle seem blended into one. This is the period of struggle.

In the third and last period the vices of the system declare themselves. The executive, ceasing to encounter any serious dangers, first becomes listless, and then divides. The bourgeoisie and royalty begin to separate. The chamber grows factious, and the ministry practises arts of corruption. The rivalry of the two principles unfolds itself with all its inconveniences, all its dangers. This is the period of decline.

But before recounting the details of this great drama, it is important to show the state in which the revolution of July found Europe.

That revolution sent a universal thrill through the world. The nations that had been enthralled by the treaties of 1815 were aroused. The apparition of the tricolour flag floating over the French consulate in Warsaw made the true hearts of the Poles, our old brethren in arms, beat high with hope. At Brussels, Liege, and Antwerp, men asked themselves at last by what right two millions of Dutchmen commanded four millions of Belgians. The Rhenine provinces, which, though they did not speak our language, wished to retain our laws, desired to belong to us from pride. A formidable fermentation was manifested in the German universities, till then tormented by vague aspirations after liberty. But nothing could compare with the movement that pervaded Italy. Throughout the whole peninsula, including the Roman states, the enthusiasm was boundless. In the streets, the squares, and all public places, the multitude thronged round travellers from France; they made them read aloud the journals of their country; and when they had thus recounted to their eager listeners some of the prodigious events recently enacted on the banks of the Seine, a unanimous burst of applause followed the recital, mingled with cries and sobs. It is almost literally true that for several days the Italians never ceased to look towards the Alps, expecting every hour to see the French descending from them. The revolution of July derived from distance something of a marvellous character; and the people of France sprang up again, in the eyes of wondering Europe, in the gigantic proportions given to it by the Republic, and, after the republic, by the Empire.

The emotion felt in England was profound. The newspapers vied in celebrating the heroism of the Parisians, and subscriptions were opened in every direction in favour of the wounded. These demonstrations were sincere and disinterested only on the part of the radicals. The whigs broke out into exultation, because their anticipations had always associated the triumph of French liberalism with their own advancement to office. But the tories, strange as it might appear, the very tories showed themselves insensible to the calamity that had befallen a royal family, and the Wellington administration seemed to look complacently on a crisis that yet was destined to cause its own downfal.

The fact was, the tories saw in this matter something superior to

all questions of party—the question, namely, of the supremacy of England in Europe. The English aristocracy, like every other, pursues the accomplishment of its designs with great clear-sightedness and systematic consistency. It knew that the idea had been entertained, under Charles X., of giving the French the left bank of the Rhine, and the Russians Constantinople. It knew, too, that the Duc d'Orléans was English by taste and by inclination, as he had stated under his hand.*

All parties in England combined, therefore, if not to celebrate the victories achieved in France over the monarchy, at least to insult the vanquished monarch. When the vessel in which Charles X. and his family came to its moorings at Portsmouth, the English flocked in crowds to the port, wearing the tricolour ribbon. Views of the *Great Britain* were exhibited in the streets to the derision of the public, and the walls were covered with placards insulting the exiles. One of them ran thus :—"What is the real feeling of the English towards the *unfortunate individual* who has violated the laws he had sworn to maintain? Abhorrence and contempt." The Duc de Raguse having gone on shore after taking leave of the royal family, the custom-house officers behaved to him with captious and vexatious rigour; and no sooner had he set out landwards than a multitude collected round his carriage and furiously abused him. Charles X. not having been able to go ashore at Portsmouth, the *Great Britain* and the *Charles Carroll* went and moored at Cowes. Well then, Englishmen went on board, planted themselves in front of the fallen princes, and with their hats on their heads, and their arms folded, stared at them with such sneering and insulting curiosity, that the captain was obliged, at the request of Charles X., to forbid them the ship.

Far from opposing these demonstrations, equally wanting as they were in good faith and in dignity, the English government encouraged them, and followed them up with falsehood and contumely of its own. Charles X. had requested permission to land in England, the tory ministers sent him back word that he must not set foot on the English soil until he had divested himself of the title of king. In order to find an asylum in a nation that had always made it its pride to appear hospitable, Charles X. was obliged to take the name of Comte de Ponthieu.

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* On the 28th of July, 1804, the Duc d'Orléans wrote from Twickenham to the Bishop of Llandaff, on the subject of the sermon preached in London on the death of the Duc d'Enghien:

"Mon cher Milord,—I was sure your generous soul would feel just indignation at the atrocious murder of my unfortunate cousin. His mother was my aunt; he himself was, after my brother, my nearest relation. His fate is a warning to us all; it shows us that the Corsican usurper will never rest till he has swept away our whole family from among the living. This makes me feel more sensibly than before, though that is scarcely possible, the value of the generous protection afforded to us by your magnanimous nation. I left my country so young, that I hardly retain the habits of a Frenchman, and I can say with truth that I am attached to England not only by gratitude, but also by taste and inclination."

Baron d'Haussez (who had preceded his old master on that hostile soil, and who had met with but a rude reception from the Duke of Wellington), followed Charles X. to the abode assigned him. The palace of Holy Rood was in a state of complete dilapidation: nothing had been done to render it habitable; the chairs were still covered with the accumulated dust of years; the hangings were ragged, and every thing about the place recalled the gloomy side of the history of the Stuarts.

Could Charles X. have dreamed that in a country then governed by tories, the lineal descendants of jacobites, he should fail to receive that generous and magnificent hospitality James II. had formerly enjoyed at St. Germain? But no monarch came at Holy Rood as at St. Germain, to the foot of the grand staircase to receive the expected visiter. Instead of a prince it was a doorkeeper who appeared with keys in his hand, and gruffly showed the way into the desolate apartments. Instead of the casket filled with gold, munificently presented by Louis XIV. to the last of the Stuarts, nothing was seen on the table but heaps of scarcely legible papers,—writs and warrants of execution already awaiting the fugitives in that inhospitable kingdom. Not a soldier had been added to the guard at the main entrance, and the sentinel did not present arms when that old man who had been a king passed before him.

The English aristocracy had a double purpose to serve in outraging, or suffering outrages to be heaped on the white hairs of a guilty but unfortunate prince: it wished on the one hand to take vengeance for the preference Charles X. had shown to Russia; and on the other, it hoped to win the alliance of that new France of which it was afraid.

The French bourgeoisie was too much engrossed with the pride of its triumph, and too little initiated into the mysteries of British diplomacy to see through this deep and artful policy: it took for the expression of disinterested good will what was but a crafty device of selfishness, and a hypocritical form disguising an undying hatred.

Be this as it may, the same motives that made England rejoice, filled the court of St. Petersburg with sorrow. Russia was too remote from the centre of modern ideas, and too sternly broken into slavery, to give the Emperor Nicolas much reason to be uneasy as to the contagion of France's example. He could hardly have any apprehensions on this score, except with regard to Poland. But the revolution of July had put an extinguisher upon the project of an alliance which promised the Russians a position on the confines of Europe and Asia, whereby they would have become sovereign arbiters of the destinies of the world. This was what the Emperor Nicolas could not think of without bitter mortification. The unexpected obstacle to his foreign policy touched him more nearly than the blow struck against the inviolability of royal races. He nevertheless disguised his resentment, adhering in this to the established system of Russia, which for half a century had never ceased to make

questions of right and principle the stalking-horses for its diplomatic intrigues or its schemes of aggrandizement.

With regard to Austria and Prussia, all distinction between the policy of principles and that of interest would have been idle in their case; for were the dogma of the sovereignty of the people once admitted in Germany, there would be an end to that despotism of the diet, the shameful advantages of which Prussia and Austria shared between them. The court of Vienna above all was interested in shutting out that fiery appeal to liberty, which would be sure to find echoes in Italy, and be converted there into a call to independence.

Such were the various feelings the revolution of July was ultimately to excite; but this manifestation was preceded by strange unbounded stupefaction. Nothing like had ever been known in history. The haughtiest powers seemed thunderstruck. One would have said that thenceforth the nations were to subsist only with the help and by the permission of France. The immediate destinies of Europe were suddenly become a formidable mystery.

To be able to conceive how fruitful and glorious might have been the part filled by France at that time, we must know what was the general situation of Europe at the moment of the revolution of July.

Turkey was a prey ready to the grasp of the Russians. On ascending the throne, Mahmoud had found the provinces of his empire given up to the anarchical rule of the pachas, and the authority of the sultans humbled beneath the yoke of the ulemas and the janissaries. Fully determined to break down this triple tyranny, he assailed it with daring reforms, but in his eagerness to quell it he sacrificed the independence and the integrity of Turkey. Thus it was that to leave his hands free for the destruction of his domestic enemies, he signed in 1812 the shameful treaty of Bukharest, which abandoned the mouths of the Danube to Russia. Greece having risen after this, he sent the bravest of the janissaries thither in feeble detachments, and in such a manner as to cause their extermination, feeding with his own hands the flames of a revolt he could have extinguished, and causing the most valiant defenders of the house of Othman to be slaughtered by its most inveterate foes. In this inexorable policy he persisted till its triumph was consummated on the 15th of June, 1826, which deluged Constantinople with the blood of the janizaries. But it is by victories like this that empires are undone. The Christian powers had interfered in favour of Greece by the treaty of the 28th of July, 1827, and by the battle of Navarino; Mahmoud looked round him in vain for an army; he found himself reduced to preach a crusade against Russia, which brought the tempest down upon his head, but gave him no means of conjuring it: his new soldiery, though favoured at first by fortune, was yet unable to close the passes of the Balkan against the Russians; and the treaty of Adrianople, wrung from the dismay of the re-

former, avenged the janizaries by giving victorious Russia a larger portion of the spoils of Turkey.

Thus Mahmoud found himself in 1830 in the condition of a sovereign who had increased his power by destroying his people; and for every reform achieved in despite of enemies within, there was a correspondent loss of territory to enemies without. The barracks of the janizaries had been burned, but Greece was independent; the divan was rescued from the mystic domination of the ulemas, but the cabinet of St. Petersburg had caused the pen to be struck through the name of Turkey in the treaties of 1815, as being that of a kingdom doomed to partition. The Turks wore a European costume, and were drilled on the European system, but Constantinople, already vassal to that civilization, which it seemed only to have adopted to undergo its sovereignty, heard the Russians thundering at its gates. Mahmoud was now but the omnipotent head of an empire reduced to impotence. With prodigious exertion he had accomplished no more than to be enabled to reign dictator over the ruins himself had made.

Russia then was on the point of seizing the object of her ambition, and that a great one, for it was not restricted to the conquest of Turkey. To convert the Black Sea into an interior lake, to hold the fleets of England and France in check in the Mediterranean, to rule the Adriatic, to make Egypt, Greece, and the islands, dependencies on her power, in fine to shape out a road for herself to the English possessions in India, such was the gigantic scheme Russia had traced out; and to realize it what had she to do? To occupy the Dardanelles.

Moreover the possession of the Bosphorus was indispensable to her to complete her system of defence. Protected from her foes on the north by the length of the ways, the snows and the desert, she had but one vulnerable point, namely on the south. Now to reach that point situated in the centre of her possessions, was it not necessary to pass through the Dardanelles? Were those straits her own she would then be unassailable. Everywhere present, and everywhere unassailable, her might would be felt at every point of western Europe, whilst she herself would be beyond the reach of threat or blow. The occupation of the Bosphorus was for her the empire of the world.

Accordingly she had never ceased for sixty years to bend her eyes on that point of the map. Conducted to the borders of the Black Sea in 1774 by the treaty of Kaïnardji; put in possession of the Kouban and of the Crimea in the same year, by the treaty of Constantinople; made mistress, in 1812, by the peace of Bukarest, of the banks of the Pruth and of Bessarabia, she had just put the climax to her diplomatic victories by the treaty of Adrianople, when the revolution of July burst upon her.

By virtue of the treaty of Adrianople Russia acquired the delta formed by the mouths of the Danube, several military positions, and

two hundred leagues of coast; she isolated the principalities from the Porte by the establishment of a quarantine; she secured the right of administrative intervention in the affairs of Turkey; she imposed an onerous tribute on her enemies, and she exacted that the fortress of Silistria should be delivered to her in pledge of payment.

At last there was no mistaking why the cabinet of St. Petersburg had encouraged the insurrection of the Greeks, excited the religious and philosophic sentimentalism of the liberals of the west, and provoked against the Sublime Porte the diplomatic excommunication pronounced with such gull-like simplicity by France and England, in the treaty of the 6th of July. The trap set at Navarino answered the end proposed. Russia gathered up the advantages gained by that victory; her allies, beguiled by her, shared the shame between them.

The treaty of Adrianople did not, however, produce the sensation it ought in Europe.

We have seen in the first book of this history how favourable was the policy of the Polignac administration to the views of Russia upon Constantinople.

Prussia was too remote from the Bosphorus not to consider herself uninterested in the question; not to mention that she had then more urgent matters to occupy her attention, for the Rhenine provinces resisted the substitution of the Prussian for the French code with a vigour which the vicinity of France rendered very alarming to the cabinet of Berlin. The moral situation of that cabinet may be surmised from the exclamation uttered by the King of Prussia, on hearing of the events of Paris. "If the French go no further than the Rhine, I will not stir a foot."

As for Austria, she ought to have watched with anxiety the successive enlargements of the Russian territory, which threatened her both on the banks of the Danube and on the Adriatic; but swayed by M. Metternich, a statesman without originality or wide range of intellect, the only thing she thought of was the danger to which her supremacy was exposed from the ambition of Prussia in Germany, and from the revolutionary spirit in Italy.

England herself, usually so shrewd and able, so attentive to the general movements taking place in Europe, England seemed to have forgotten Lord Chatham's words, "I have not a word to say to the man who can fail to see that the interests of England are concerned in the preservation of the Ottoman empire." And in fact a considerable diminution of English influence in the Mediterranean; the importance of her possessions in the Levant destroyed; her projects of communicating with India through Turkey for ever frustrated; the almost inevitable loss of an outlet for the annual exportation of thirty millions' worth of English productions,—such were sure to be sooner or later the results to Great Britain of Russian sway in Constantinople.

Considerations so important had doubtless not escaped the pene-

tration of the diplomatists of St. James's: but the internal perplexities of England account for her apathy. George IV. had just died in the heat of the struggle between two parties differing from each other on secondary points, but both equally hostile to the people and to the liberties of the world. George IV. was succeeded by his brother the Duke of Clarence, who, with a hypocrisy common to all heirs presumptive, had ranged himself on the whig side when prince, but showed himself a tory when he became king.

England meanwhile had exhausted the prosperity won by her crimes. Authentic testimonies showed that penury and distress had reached their acme in the agricultural districts. The majority of the farmers payed their rent out of their capital; and many driven by poverty from their holdings wandered about as common beggars; peasants had been seen in many districts yoked to carts like beasts of burden. The towns presented still more piteous spectacles of distress. A wan, illthriven, sickly, and prematurely blighted population rotted in unwholesome factories, where all ages and sexes were mingled in frightful confusion. Labour was excessive, wages insufficient. "Do you not shudder, my lords," said Lord Stanhope in the house of peers, "to think of the number of workmen who are unable to earn more than from three to four pence a day?" From Birmingham, where, according to the declaration of the same nobleman, wages had fallen two-thirds; from Birmingham had issued in the beginning of 1830 cries of despair which George IV. might hear echoing round his deathbed. The same symptoms of decay pervaded the opulent and cruel class placed over the starving populace. The poor-rates, swollen in some parishes to forty shillings an acre, threatened with an ever-increasing burden the proprietors round whom it multiplied poverty. The exports had sensibly diminished, an alarming symptom for a nation that so long perturbed and governed the world with the gold of which it stripped it! The budget, presented in 1830 by Mr. Goulburn, chancellor of the exchequer, showed this remarkable combination, the necessity of alleviating the pressure of taxation and a deficit.

Every thing then was declining in England, agriculture, industry, commerce, and finance. And during this time Ireland, whose evils were incapable of augmentation, and whose passions had not been allayed by the recent emancipation of the catholics; Ireland was in a ferment, and began her vengeance against her oppressors by sending them O'Connell.

What remedy was to be found for this fearful amount of evils? A commission of inquiry was proposed. But that would have rendered it necessary to avow in the face of Europe that the policy of England had never been any thing else but a criminal blunder, and that after having overthrown many a kingdom, fomented a thousand revolts, violated treaties, ravaged provinces, fired towns, insolently enslaved the seas, and all this to find purchasers for English goods, that after all this that policy resulted only in impotence. It is certain that in

making it her system to substitute her own activity for that of all the nations rendered tributary to her trade, England had not perceived that she would end by impoverishing them, and that her own ruin would be consummated on the day when she should have made them all incapable of cashing their acceptances. Neither had she reflected that to render palpable the madness of her system, no more was necessary than that a few great nations should be tempted to imitate it. This is what an inquiry would have clearly revealed. Now the tory ministers of the day did not choose to pronounce so flagrant a condemnation against the genius of old England; and their adversaries taking advantage of this dilemma to accuse them of incapacity, prepared to force them from office, by demanding simultaneously electoral reform and a commission of inquiry.

Thus distracted within, Great Britain saw her influence paralyzed without, and her destinies compromised. Menaced alike by the victorious march of Russia towards India, and by the acquisitions of France on the shores of the Mediterranean, she had scarcely any thing left wherewith to make head against these two dangers, except the well-known artifices of her diplomacy; for the people, crushed down by taxation, insisted on economy. Mr. Hume had excited strong sympathy among the poorer classes by proposing to the house of commons a reduction of the army and navy estimates; and lastly Ireland employed a considerable number of troops, which were more necessary than ever to uphold in that unfortunate country a tyranny without parallel and without name.

Every thing seemed, therefore, to conspire to make Russia the greatest power in the world. Unfortunately for her her real might was far from corresponding to the skill of her diplomatists and to the greatness of her designs. Her last war with the Turks had exhausted her resources; formidable in appearance she had need, more than any other nation, of peace to enable her to follow up her intrigues; and her empire, though colossal, was easily to be shaken, because it wanted symmetry and firm foundation.

To these complications, arising out of the respective conditions of the principal powers, was added the restlessness of the secondary powers, most of which were reduced to lead a precarious and harassed existence in Europe.

By his marriage with Marie Christine de Bourbon, Ferdinand VII. had deeply incensed the party of the monks, whose affections were bestowed on the infant Don Carlos, as a prince more wicked, more gloomy, more grossly devout, and more bigotted than the monarch himself! Christina, already guilty in the eyes of the apostolics for having introduced new fashions at court and the love of pleasures and fêtes, became hateful to them when they learned that she was pregnant; for if she bore a son Don Carlos lost his hopes of a crown. But the partisans of the infante had soon a more serious provocation to anger; Christina might be delivered of a daughter, and in that case, by virtue of the salique law introduced

into Spain by the Bourbon Philip V., Don Carlos would be entitled to succeed his brother Ferdinand VII. To prevent that misfortune to her progeny, the queen prevailed on her husband to abolish the salique law; and on the 5th of April a pragmatic sanction, attributed by the royal decree to Charles IV., informed Spain that it might thenceforth, as in the times of the Gothic law, be governed by females. The fury of the apostolics redoubled; their adversaries were flushed with all the intolerance of victory. The question, after all, was one that admitted of controversy. Ferdinand VII., according to the partisans of Don Carlos, had no right to abolish by a mere royal ordonnance that salique law which Philip V. had introduced into Spain with the consent of the cortes of 1713. The partisans of the queen, on their part, replied, that the *pragmatic sanction* was not a mere royal ordonnance, that it was an exposition of the pragmatic of Charles IV. put forth at the request of the cortes 1789. War, it is evident, lay at the bottom of such a dispute; and France, which was more interested in the quarrel than any other nation of Europe, was called on to choose her course in the matter. Now, looking at the matter in a monarchical point of view, the Polignac administration would naturally support the pretensions of Don Carlos; because if the salique law were once abolished in Spain, a marriage would be enough to revive the old influence of Austria in that kingdom. The policy of Charles X.'s last ministers consequently seconded the views of Don Carlos and his partisans.

Be this as it may, the inveterate rancour borne to Christina by the apostolics was of a nature to serve the cause of the democratic party. The latter, it is true, kept out of sight; it was silent; and all those who might have acted as its leaders had been despatched by the executioner, or were in exile. But the memory of the constitution of 1812, and of the cortes of 1820, was not the less alive in the hearts of the Spaniards. It was even the sole real motive power in Spain, where despotism had consumed its resources by its excesses. The maintenance of the established order of things in reality interested hardly any other than the clergy. Nobles embarrassed by their privileges; a people wretched and discontented! no middle classes; no aim for ambition besides that which offices of state held out; few manufactures, no commerce, and consequently none of the vices which the passion for gain engenders; none of the obstacles it opposes to revolutions, even the most legitimate. How many chances in favour of the triumph of the democratic party had France thought proper to back it!

Portugal as well as Spain was on the eve of a war of succession. Don Pedro, who had become emperor of Brazil on the day when the Brazilians had shaken off the Portuguese yoke, found himself called on upon the death of his father, John VI., to choose between the two crowns. He kept that of Brazil, and abdicated that of Portugal in favour of his daughter, Dona Maria. But his brother, Don Miguel, whom he nominated regent of Portugal, did not

scruple to usurp the throne. Dona Charlotte Joachime, the wife of the imbecile and unfortunate John VI., had long instructed the infante in the practice of crime and the art of treachery. Her lessons were not thrown away on Don Miguel; and in 1830 Lisbon trembled under the hand of that savage and capricious maniac, that tyrant thirsting insatiably for blood, who yet was upheld by the nobles whose privileges he defended, by the clergy whose domination he maintained, and by that swarm of beggars whom the monks of Portugal had up to that time fed, corrupted, and held in leash.

The recognition of Don Miguel was, however, held in suspense by all the courts of Europe. France leaned towards Don Pedro, without, for all that, overstepping the expectative line of policy. Neither did England declare herself, though her interest in the question was immediate and pressing, on account of the commercial yoke with which she had loaded Portugal. In truth it was a perilous and difficult thing for England to come to a decision. If Don Miguel remained on the throne it was to be feared that his political principles would impel him to court the alliance of the absolute kings, and that the court of Lisbon would accept the patronage of that of Madrid, as the aid furnished the Miguelite party by the Spaniards seemed already to signify. On the other hand, would not Don Pedro, full as he was of restless thoughts of glory, would he not be tempted to emancipate his country from the commercial vassalage in which it had been so long kept by the shopkeepers of London? Lord Ponsonby had been sent to Rio Janeiro to sound the emperor relatively to the maintenance of the treaty which ratified that shameful vassalage; and the emperor's reply had not been satisfactory. This was enough to make England throw him overboard, even though she had forgotten the zeal with which, in the revolution of 1820, Don Pedro's friends, the constitutionalists, had overthrown Lord Beresford's tyranny in Lisbon.

If such was the state of perplexity in which the independent nations, or those which were reputed independent, were plunged, it may easily be imagined what storms were gathering in the nations that had been the victims of the treaties of 1815.

Italy palpitated under the sway of Austria, of which her princes were little more than the prefects; a sway the more abhorred, for that it was exercised by means of diplomacy. Deprived of the right of freely traversing their native land, and of that of publishing their opinions—assailed in their personal liberty—tracked by spies, even to their household circles—exposed to the grief of beholding, upon the least movement, the abhorred uniforms of the Austrian garrisons glistening from Rome to Ancona, from Turin to Naples—the Italians were watching with swelling impatience for the moment to shake off their chains. Those chains were, however, much heavier for the enlightened men of the nation than for the rest of its inhabitants, whose physical condition was not in reality very unfortunate. But in Italy there are no distinctions of class, properly

speaking, except in Piedmont, where society is constituted upon a regularly graduated scale. The Italian middle order felt consequently that it could easily carry along with it in its train that people from which it was separated by no barrier, and of which it formed the *élite*. It is certain that the love of Italian independence existed everywhere, even among the lowest of the populace, if not in the shape of opinion, yet at least in that of instinct and sentiment. There were even countries of Italy, la Romagna for instance, where that sentiment prevailed among the people in a very intense degree. At Genoa every one still remembered the day when the Austrians, having endeavoured to force the inhabitants to help in carrying away a mortar, a child cried out *la rompo* (I will break it); a cry that roused the people, and caused the expulsion of a multitude of strangers from the city, after three days of heroic conflict. The independence of Italy was, therefore, a thought that brooded in every heart. And again, those who were naturally called to place themselves at the head of the movement looked for the achievement of independence only to the triumph of unity. In fact, though Italy was yet parted into fragments, and the memory of the federative struggles of the middle ages was perhaps not yet quite extinct there, Palermo and Naples were the only two cities between which there subsisted a deep spirit of enmity: Genoa herself, though remembering how flourishing she had once been, and though bending but with indignation under the yoke of Turin, even Genoa did not carry her jealousy so far as not to throw open her gates with alacrity to the Piedmontese emigrants after the insurrection of 1821, give them welcome, furnish them with money, and save them. These were to the Italian patriots sufficient motives for hope. Only let France lend them her aid, let her hinder the Austrians from crossing the Alps, and Italy was free. Rome would then readily open her gates to the insurrection advancing from Bologna; the pope, stripped of his temporal power, would preserve his spiritual authority intact; Italy, in fine, would be politically constituted after inscribing on her banners the magic word *Unity*. Such were the projects of the Italian patriots. As to the leader they would adopt, they could not have much difficulty as to their choice, seeing that in their eyes the question of nationality was the most important, and the one to be first of all determined. This it is that explains the relations which had been established between Menotti and the Duke of Modena, an artful, cruel prince, inclined to despotism, but of vigorous will, and capable of plunging into a conspiracy, if it were to result in making him king of Italy.

Belgium was scarcely less agitated than Italy, though its situation was different. In a physical point of view it had never been more prosperous than since its union with Holland. The Dutch colonies afforded important and necessary outlets for its productions. The monarch who ruled it was, moreover, a man of sound head, and unquestionably one of the most remarkable men in Europe. Deeply versed

in economic science, with a taste, because with a genius for speculation, William had given the Hollando-Belgic trade a very vivid, if not a very moral impetus. Some of the richest merchants of his kingdom were his partners, others his debtors; and he it was who had founded, in some sort at his own risk, the GENERAL SOCIETY of Brussels. But William was a thorough Dutchman at heart. He remembered but too well that Belgium had been united in 1815 to Holland, only as an *accession of territory*. Hence, offensive preferences, and a revolting partiality in the distribution of public employments, an exceedingly formidable grievance, since it armed against Holland the most stirring and the most enlightened portion of the Belgian population. Add to this, that the two people did not speak the same language, did not profess the same religion, had not the same habits and manners; that four millions of Belgians sent no greater number of representatives to the States-general, than two millions of Dutch; that William had insisted on introducing the use of one common language into the public documents and the proceedings of the law courts; and that, in fine, he had by the establishment of the philosophic college of Louvain, aroused against him the jealous and unforgiving power of the Belgian clergy. The alliance between the liberals and the clergy, was a natural result of this state of things; that alliance was as strict as possible in 1830, and it was daily becoming more menacing to the court of the Hague. Such, however, was the physical prosperity of the Belgians, that their irritation did not prompt them to wish for the violent overthrow of the dynasty: an administrative separation would have satisfied them. Many would have even been contented with the dismissal of Van Maanen, the minister of justice, the too faithful instrument of his master's unjust desires. But it would have been far otherwise if, in breaking off its connexion with Holland, Belgium could have placed itself in a situation that would have afforded it the advantage it derived from its union with the latter country. France had but to stretch out her arms to Belgium, to conclude with it the compact of a faithful and honourable fraternity.

The situation of Poland, like that of Belgium, contained within it numerous germs of revolution. The froward warlike nobility of Poland, had submitted with fierce resentment to the treaties of 1815, and had more than once endeavoured to cast off their yoke. Major Lukasinski, the instigator of a conspiracy which was discovered, had died in a dungeon; but the memory of that glorious conspirator lived in the heart of every true Pole, and his name was an object of heroic veneration among the young. A conspiracy was on the point of breaking out in Warsaw, upon the coronation of Nicolas; it failed only through the timidity of some members of the diet. In vain had Prince Lubecki, the emperor's minister, given a prodigious impulse to Polish trade; in vain had the grand duke Constantine succeeded in organizing a superb and disciplined army, Poland was bent on being independent, and impatiently endured the fierce

tyranny of the grand duke, a prince of strange character, who resembled as much by his good qualities as by his defects, one of those chiefs of barbarians who overthrew the Roman empire. It cannot be said that the revolution which seemed in preparation, had not to contend with rude obstacles. Brutalized by the hereditary serfdom, which, though it had ceased since Napoleon's time to exist *de jure*, still existed *de facto*, the Polish peasants knew little of the pride of independence, for their hearts had never beaten for liberty. And as for the nobles, those alone of them ardently longed for an unknown future, whose privileges were reduced to a mere name, and who vegetated in penury; for among the nobles who possessed along with the authority of high title that of fortune likewise, hatred of the stranger's yoke was combated by the fear of anarchy. Moreover, by the side of that noblesse, whose patriotism was timid, though sincere, there was the watchful Polish aristocracy; that is to say, that class of felon nobles who had accepted from Russia the titles of dukes, counts, barons, and princes,—titles formally discountenanced by the original constitution, and the usages of the country. In spite of all this a revolution in Poland was a thing easy to foresee, and events like those of July could not but render it inevitable.

Thus then—to recapitulate—Russia engaged in projects too vast for its resources; Prussia at variance with the Rhenish provinces; Austria threatened by the spirit of liberty in Germany, and by the spirit of independence in Italy; England irresolute, uneasy, and impotent; Portugal and Spain each on the eve of a war of succession; Italy, Belgium, and Poland, execrating the treaties of 1815, and ready to rise at the first signal: such was the state of Europe when it was startled and dazzled by the revolution of July.

Data like these afforded Frenchmen just grounds for a boundless ambition, and any power worthy of governing them had evidently the means in its hands of governing the world through them. Events called on them to assume the patronage of Constantinople, and gave France with the re-establishment of the empire of the Sultan, the means of saving Poland. The uniforms of the French soldiers glittering on the summits of the Alps were enough for the independence of Italy. To the Belgians France could offer, as the price of a fraternal union, the substitution of the tricolour flag for the odious flag of the house of Orange, and her markets not less opulent than those of the Dutch colonies. By declaring strongly for Don Pedro, France would have forced the English to contract an execrable alliance with Don Miguel, and would have sapped their dishonoured domination in Lisbon. It was easy for France to obtain a moral hold over Spain, for all she had to do was to set on against two monarchical factions, eager for mutual extinction, the Spanish refugees invoking the magic remembrance of the cortes of 1820.

It was assuredly a marvellous combination of circumstances which made the salvation of all the oppressed nations depend to such a degree on the aggrandizement of France. The moral grandeur and the

material importance of the result, were here blended together; and all wish to reassure the kings of Europe, all idea of fearing them, showed not only egotism, but puerility, pettiness of views, and feebleness of mind.

And then nothing was ready in the interior for large reforms and lofty enterprises: it was therefore necessary to find some outlet abroad for that exuberance of life which the revolution had just created in French society. To bar against so many unoccupied passions the useful and glorious career opened to them by destiny, was to force them to expend their energies in plots and agitations. None but men of hopeless mediocrity could fail to see that to shun foreign war at any price, was to prepare the elements for civil war. The sceptre was offered to France, and to refuse might cost much more than to seize it.

But three things stood in the way to prevent the adoption of a vigorous policy,—the form of a new government, the personal character of the king, and the instincts and interests of the dominant class.

That a government may act powerfully without, its action must be unshackled within. It is granted only to firmly seated aristocracies, like that of England, or to absolute kings, like Louis XIV., or to vigorously constituted democracies, like that of the Convention, to conceive great enterprises and follow them out to the end. The representative monarchy, such as it had come forth from the revolution, left two rival powers at the summit of society, whose mutual hostility left them without force except for their mutual destruction. Hence arose a tendency to oscillation incompatible with the spirit of consistency and systematic inflexibility, essential to the accomplishment of vast designs. By limiting the royal power, by subjecting all the details of its existence to rigorous control, by giving it a turbulent assembly to submit to, to combat, or to corrupt, the constitutional form placed the head of the state in a difficult position; it forced him to sacrifice every thing to the desire of preserving his crown. A prince who holds the sceptre in reserve for his son, cannot have a due degree of self-denial and daring: even though he be not selfish as a man, he will be so as a father: such is the vice of hereditary governments. But how much more serious is this inconvenience, when the throne is, so to speak, cast into the midst of a perpetual tempest.

So, then, Louis Philippe was by character, and by position, but the first bourgeois in his kingdom. Now the bourgeoisie was in no way tempted by the lustre of heroic adventures. Composed in part of bankers, shopkeepers, manufacturers, stockholders, and proprietors, men of peace, and ready to conceive alarm, it was nervously alive to the fear of unforeseen contingencies. The greatness of France was for it another name for war; and in war it beheld only the interruption of commercial relations, the fall of this or that branch of trade, the loss of markets, failures, and bankruptcies. No change had they known, those men, who in 1814, and again in 1815, had

shouted, *Down with Napoleon!* whilst the enemy was knocking at the gates of the capital.

The obstacles, therefore, to the adoption of a French, and a thoroughly revolutionary policy, did not exist in Europe; they existed in France.

Nevertheless, even without stepping out of the narrow sphere to which a constitutional monarchy confined the revolution of July, the new dynasty might have carved out for itself an independent and original course in Europe, had it been happily inspired. Louis Philippe might have said to the Powers, "In the name of the French bourgeoisie, of which I am the representative, I adhere to the territorial arrangements stipulated by the treaties of 1815, and I repudiate every idea of conquest. I pledge myself, moreover, to set up a permanent barrier against the torrent of revolution. But in order that I may fulfil this twofold mission, it is essential that the principles, by virtue of which I am king, and which are those of the bourgeoisie, shall acquire force and authority in Europe. I cannot bridle democratic and conquering France, without the help of constitutional Europe. My cause being identical with that of the bourgeoisie, I cannot long count on its sympathies at home, unless I make its doctrines and its interests triumphant abroad. In proclaiming that all governments were responsible to, and for each other, the Holy Alliance laid down a just principle, of which it only remains to make an application, conformable to the course of events and ideas. The constitutional system exists in England; it has just obtained the upper-hand in France; it may easily be introduced into Spain, Portugal, Italy, and Belgium; it aspires to be perfected in Germany. Well then, in the name of bourgeois France, which has placed the crown on my head, I offer my support to the bourgeoisie in all the countries of Europe, and I offer the alliance of France, and the peace of the world, as the price of the adoption of the constitutional principle."

This language certainly would not have been the adequate expression of all the noble passions, or of all the legitimate interests of France: but it was the only language that could have been held becomingly and judiciously, in a monarchical and bourgeois point of view. Had war broken out in this case, royalty would have found support within and without; it would have engaged in its favour the popularity acquired by a show of energy; and far from exposing itself to the assaults of the democratic spirit, it would have turned its own weapons against it.

The cabinet of the Palais Royal understood nothing of all this. The mediocrity of the men to whom were committed the destinies of France was the most humiliating and the foremost of her misfortunes.

These explanations were necessary towards furnishing a clue to the diplomatic arrangements we shall have to detail. To show how incapable and disastrous was the diplomacy of France, it was necessary to point out how vast, how glorious was the career opened out before her, had fortune placed the vacant power in strong hands.

CHAPTER II.

THE bourgeoisie was triumphant. It had placed a prince on the throne, who owed his authority to its gift alone. The ministers were men whose power and reputation it had created. The modified charter was but a constitution fitted to its use. The legislative power belonged to it by right of occupation, and a moment's confidence in its own strength had been enough to enable it to retain that power in the absence of all constituent authority.

Wishing to complete its work, it had but little left to attempt.

By rendering the oath of allegiance obligatory, it forced the sincere legitimists to resign and leave it master of the parliamentary field.

By means of the forced resignations of the different ministers, it found its way into the offices of the state, and seized on the administration.

By means of the national guard, organized with marvellous rapidity, it enabled itself to reign supreme in the thoroughfares.

Nevertheless, towards the end of April, a strange spectacle was exhibited in the capital. Several thousand artisans, marshalled according to their trades, were seen walking in procession along the quays and the boulevards. They marched slowly and in good order; they had no weapons; their demeanour was grave, and not a cry was uttered by the saddened multitude. In this manner they proceeded to the hôtel of the prefect of police to demand justice for themselves, and compassion for their wives and children; for the revolution they had accomplished had been fatal to them. Already, on the 13th of August, a numerous assemblage of journeymen-butchers had traversed the city, silently by torchlight.

Ere long an extreme agitation manifested itself among the people. Wretches, covered with dirty rags, just as Paris had lately seen them braving death, assembled tumultuously in the public places. Concourses gathered before the offices of the several ministers, in the Place de Grève, in front of the Palais Royal, and in every spot that was the abode of power and pleasure. The sufferings of the poor found expression by turns in fiery invectives and in touching lamentations. Some bewailed the abrupt suspension of work, others the diminution of wages: some indignantly denounced the preference given in certain factories to foreign workmen; all execrated the murderous influence of machinery. Have we fought for so little? they exclaimed. Here we are, worse off after the event than before it: what a destiny is ours, and what do they mean by talking of our victory? They call us the sovereign people, and we are not even proprietors of our own hands and arms. We have saved the country, so they declare, and our families droop around us, with no alternative but beggary or despair.

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Thus were fearful discords already beginning to show themselves. The bourgeoisie, all powerful in society by its possession of the soil, of capital, and of credit, had now only to provide for the establishment of its political supremacy. The people, on the other hand, too ignorant as yet to desire any share of civil power, writhed under the yoke of a social system that entailed on it nothing but oppression.

It is certain that the revolution of July had rendered the sufferings of the working classes more acute. The vanquished party consisted of opulent men; its defeat was a heavy blow to all the employments dependant on luxury. The future too, was uncertain; war was possible; and the enthusiasm affected by statesmen only veiled the distrust that narrowed the hearts of the rich. Hence irreparable disasters, and among the people a bitterness of feeling exasperated by disappointed hopes.

The first measures adopted by the government were not of a nature to calm this effervescence. The law proposed by Marshal Gérard to assure the position of military officers assuredly imbodied a great principle; nevertheless, this eager solicitude displayed as to the army might appear menacing at the commencement of a reign. As for M. Guizot's bill respecting the re-election of deputies promoted to public offices, it tended to realize a reform that was futile under the circumstances.

Great political situations demand great enterprises; but the bourgeoisie having arrived at the goal of its wishes, its policy was now to hinder the awakening of new desires; it would naturally seek to tame down every thing, because that was the surest way of bridling public impetuosity.

It was in the spirit of this undignified policy that M. Guizot said, on demanding of the chamber a credit of five millions, to be applied to public works; " The commotion of a great shock cannot subside in a day, and rumour is still strong after the danger is past. The good sense of the people admits this, and seeks in work a refuge against fresh agitations."

Subsequently M. Guizot imbodied the same thought with cruel precision in an apothegm, exclaiming, " *Work is a bridle.*"

Be this as it may, trouble went on increasing in the capital, and began even to spread beyond it. The workmen of Rouen demanded an augmentation of wages, or a diminution of their toil. In many places the collection of duties and taxes was put a stop to by vigorous resistance. In the month of August alone, the treasury sustained a loss of two millions out of thirteen which the indirect contributions should have brought in. Lastly, the tax on drink was so strongly resisted, that the chamber were obliged to sanction provisionally a law substituting a composition for the ordinary mode of payment, at the option of the vender.

Now whilst the people was suffering and palpitating, the bourgeoisie continued to indulge in the intoxication of its own success. The theatres resounded with patriotic songs. A commission had

been named for the distribution of the national rewards: was this enough for the braving of so many dangers and evils? Deputations from all points of France laid at the feet of the monarch those homages that are rendered, without variation, to every prince; and Louis Philippe accepted them with a goodnatured simplicity that afforded his courtiers welcome opportunities for the parade of their zeal. The poets rapturously celebrated the virtues of the king, and linked them with the heroism of the people. A banquet of 400 covers was given by the city to General Lafayette. The families that wanted bread saw all this; they murmured at it perhaps; but in an imperfect state of society, the murmurs of the poor die away without an echo when they are not converted by a sad fatality into cries of battle.

Nothing was left undone to take from the complaints of the people that character of reality which they derived from events. In a little paper addressed by Charles Dupin to the working classes, he besought the artisans, whom he called his friends, to be on their guard against perfidious instigations. The liberal papers went still further, and denounced as spies, or as men escaped from the galleys, all those workmen who harangued violently against machinery. In order to sow discord among the people, and so fetter its strength, a bitter and virulent protest against the disorders that were dreaded was printed and published, and its authorship ascribed to workmen, whose names however were not made known.

Destruction of machinery would undoubtedly have been a brutal course of violence on the part of the workmen, and one from which they would have been the first to suffer. And yet if machines ultimately produce incontestable advantages, the accidental evils that arise from their sudden introduction are a sufficient proof of the vices of the social system. Execration of machinery was therefore natural among poor workmen, the victims of homicidal competition: to brand them with the name of culprits was a dishonest manœuvre. But interests that are attacked are implacable, and nothing comes amiss to them by which they can defend themselves.

In this case, it must be admitted, the danger was serious: accordingly the legitimist journals did not hold a language different from that of the other public prints. The men of the beaten party would not have been sorry to see the revolution devour itself; the loss of their property however was a sacrifice they were not prepared to pay for the gratification of their resentment.

The leaders of the people had, in the first excitement of the moment, uttered words of pregnant meaning; they had spoken of the sovereignty of the people: it was not long before they felt afraid that its pride had been too strongly excited. To turn it away from all aspiring hopes by dexterously depreciating its services, and to give the bourgeoisie a share in the glory of the fight which should serve to account for the part it took in the triumph, henceforth became the most earnest endeavour of the Orleanists.

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"The working people of Paris," said the *National* of the 18th August, 1830, "is not the people; it is only, like the artists, the shopkeepers, &c., a part of the people."

Thus to divest the word *people* of its ordinary signification would have been but a frivolous caprice, if the new definition had not concealed important ulterior intentions. The fact was, there was a wish to throw into the shade all that was brilliant and original in the seizure of the thoroughfares by the multitude. And again, that community of interests which was assumed in words, without being carried out in the practice of social life, was designed either to disarm or to calumniate the popular discontent.

A truce was made to these bickerings by the review of the national guard, which took place on the 29th of August. A tent was pitched for the king in the Champ de Mars, which was crowded with an armed host. General Lafayette distributed the colours to the several legions, and received their oaths of fidelity in the king's name. The sun shone with the most dazzling lustre; the equipment of the legions was magnificent. The enthusiasm kindled by the revolution of July, and which had not yet subsided, broke out during that whole gala-day in impassioned acclamations and songs of triumph. The delight of the new monarch must have been great, for his popularity at that time seemed immense, and almost equal to that of Lafayette.

But at the very same time there was talk of a tragical and mysterious event, that was for ever to hold a conspicuous place in the early annals of the reign.

It would be enough to make bare mention of that event, had it been one to excite only a frivolous curiosity or a transient emotion among the people: but there was this much remarkable in it, that beside the disasters of grandeur punished in the successor of Louis XIV. it displayed in the last of the Condés the woes of grandeur fallen. Then it gave rise to discussions the noise of which drowned the joyous acclamations which human baseness raises round new thrones, and it awoke strange and terrible suspicions, the envenomed trace of which we shall discover in the subsequent contests. It is for this reason I have judged that a detailed account of such a matter cannot be unwelcome or superfluous.*

When the revolution of July broke out, the Duc de Bourbon, Prince de Condé, was living quietly on his domains, a stranger alike to the cares of politics and to its perils. But his mind was seized with deep dismay at the news of the misfortunes that smote him in the persons of his kindred. He trembled for Charles X., he trembled for himself; and ere long his fears and his sorrows were aggravated

* The narrative the reader is about to peruse is founded not only on an attentive examination and comparison of the various depositions made during a long judicial inquiry, but also on official documents and authentic papers kindly communicated to us.

We have thought it our duty to relate circumstances of little apparent importance, because they are, in reality, of serious significance, and may serve towards the solution of so important and so melancholy a problem.

by all the tortures of uncertainty. Overwhelmed with years and infirmities, had he a right to await the accomplishment of his destiny without accelerating it by a useless devotedness? Or ought he, rekindling his energies by the recollection of his youthful fights and feuds, to go and join his unfortunate master, and offer him, if not the aid, at least the consoling offices of a fearless fidelity? The place of a Condé is by his king's side in the hour of danger, was whispered in the prince's ear by his most zealous retainers; and M. Choulot exclaimed, in answer to less spirited admonitions, "When the Prince de Condé took up arms in 1793, did he wait for the advice of the Duc d'Orléans?"

But the feeble old man was then wholly under the control of a woman whose origin was obscure, whose family name was uncertain, who had formerly, it was said, figured on the boards of Covent-garden Theatre, who having afterwards formed a connexion with a foreigner of enormous wealth, had lived at Turnham-green on the wages of dishonour, and who, lastly, having become all powerful over the heart of the Duc de Bourbon, had married the Baron de Feuchères, a frank, honest soldier, whose abused good faith served for some time to conceal the scandal of adulterous amours. Now by a concatenation of circumstances, which it is not unprofitable to relate, the interests of that woman became closely connected with those of the house of Orléans.

Endowed with talent, grace, and beauty, at once insinuating and imperious, fond and haughty by turns, Madame de Feuchères had by her influence over the Duc de Bourbon obtained the testamentary bequest of the domains of St. Leu and Boissy in 1824, and various sums amounting in all to a million, in 1825. She coveted still more. By and by she obtained the proceeds of the forest of Enghien, in addition to those of Boissy and St. Leu, of which she had by anticipation the actual enjoyment; and even this was not enough to satiate her cravings. But a secret uneasiness no doubt troubled her in the exercise of her unbounded power over the duke: she had reason to fear that the death of her benefactor would leave her exposed to the attacks of his heirs whom she stripped of their inheritance, to the lawsuits which captation provokes, perhaps to the indignation of public opinion. This was an awkward dilemma, and one which has given the enemies of Madame de Feuchères reason to believe that in causing the Duc d'Aumale to be adopted by the Duc de Bourbon, her only object had been to secure herself the patronage of a powerful house.

What is certain is, that in a letter written in 1827, in reply to one in which the baroness offered her services, the Duchesse d'Orléans wrote thus to her: "I am very much touched, madame, by what you tell me of your anxiety to bring about that result which you look on as likely to fulfil the wishes of M. le Duc de Bourbon; and believe me, if I have the happiness to find my son become his adopted child, you will receive from us at all times and in all circum-

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stances that support for you and yours which you are pleased to demand, and of which a mother's gratitude will be for you a sure guarantee."

It must have been a sore trial for a woman like the Duchesse d'Orléans to associate her maternal hopes with such equivocal advocacy. She consented to do so however; but the dignity of her character reappeared in this other passage of her letter: "We have thought it our duty to abstain from any proceeding which might have the appearance of prompting a choice or wishing to anticipate it."

It seems that this reserve was regarded by the Duc d'Orléans as a scruple from which he was at liberty to free himself. Learning from Madame de Feuchères, on the 2d of May, 1829, that she had written a pressing and impassioned letter to her lover, urging him to adopt the Duc d'Aumale, he did not hesitate to address himself directly to the Duc de Bourbon. He let him know in perfectly measured and becoming language how much he was touched by the kind offices of Madame de Feuchères, and how proud it would make him to have the glorious name of Condé borne by one of his sons.

The Duc de Bourbon was seized with deep uneasiness at this unexpected blow. Though he had always in his intercourse with the Orleans family conducted himself with exquisite politeness, which sometimes even assumed the outward tokens of friendship, he saw as little as possible of the Duc d'Orléans, received his infrequent visits with hesitation, and hardly ever wrote to him except to enter into explanations of the frivolities of ceremony, frivolities to which the Duc d'Orléans, all bourgeois as we have since seen him, attached inordinate importance. The Duc de Bourbon had consented to be godfather to that young Duc d'Aumale, who was talked of to him, but in doing so he had no intention of making him his heir. To leave the inheritance of the Condés to a family which had had at its head the enemy of the noblesse and of the monarchy, appeared to the old leader of the armed emigration a betrayal of duty and almost an impiety. He could not forget that a d'Orléans, carrying his court into an assembly of regicides, had voted for the death of Louis XVI., and that another d'Orléans had fought under the banners of Dumouriez. But on the one hand how could he without insult refuse what he was supposed to be so desirous of giving? And on the other how was he to bear up against the violent anger of Madame de Feuchères? Besides the crafty baroness had taken care to write to him, "The king and the royal family wish that you should make choice of a prince of your family to be one day the inheritor of your name and fortune. It is thought that I am the only obstacle to the fulfilment of this wish . . . . I entreat you to put an end to this painful situation by adopting an heir . . . . You will thereby, my dearest friend, secure the good will of the royal family and a less unhappy future for your poor Sophie."

The Duc de Bourbon was not capable of resisting intercessions of

this kind: still there was something in them so despotic, so importunate, that he could not suppress his indignation. He complained bitterly to Madame de Feuchères, that without consulting him, without inquiring what were his intentions, she had entered upon so important an affair with the Duc d'Orléans. The baroness let the storm blow over; and that same day she wrote to the prince that the Duc d'Orléans was on the point of setting out for London, that she expected him to breakfast, that the opportunity was a favourable one for an interview, and that it might take place "without any thing positive being said."

Thus beset and harassed on all sides, and deprived even of the possibility of reflecting, the Duc de Bourbon gave way; the desired interview took place. No decision, however, was come to. Still the Duc d'Orléans felt already so assured of the fulfilment of his hopes, that he secretly directed one of his lawyers, M. Dupin, to prepare the draft of a will in favour of the Duc d'Aumale.* This draft, which the prince would only have to sign, would save him the trouble of composition, and facilitate the realization of a plan so skilfully contrived.

Meanwhile the baroness redoubled her importunities, whilst the old prince gave vent to his repugnance in lamentable bursts of anger. He had known no rest since this fatal matter had occupied his thoughts; his blood he said was on fire, and he passed whole nights without sleep. Incautious expressions often escaped him in presence of obscure witnesses, that betrayed the agitation of his mind; and the silent retreat of Chantilly was often startled with the sound of deplorable altercations. "My death is the only thing they look for," exclaimed one day in a fit of despair that pallid representative of an illustrious race. Another day he forgot himself so far as to say to M. de Surval, "Once they shall have obtained from me what they desire, my life may be in jeopardy." Finally, with one of those strange stratagems on which the excess of their irresolution sometimes casts men of no vigour or elasticity of mind, he resolved to appeal to the generosity of the Duc d'Orléans himself, in order to escape

* The following is the letter M. Dupin wrote to the Duc d'Orléans on this subject:

"Monseigneur,—I send you herewith the draft your royal highness directed me to draw up before your departure.

"In strict accordance with the secrecy your royal highness enjoined me to observe, I send you my second minute, written with my own hand, since I did not wish to intrust it to that of another.

"The same desire of absolute secrecy has prevented me from conferring with the other jurisconsults, whom I should have liked to consult, but whom your royal highness will always have it in your power to question if you think it advisable.

"Left to my own unaided resources, I have done my best; I have endeavoured fully to ensure the noble wishes of his Royal Highness M. le Duc de Bourbon; and that they might not in any case prove illusory or susceptible of being attacked by third parties always litigiously disposed in such cases, I have added to the clause relative to adoption that of a formal institution as heir, which *I judged indispensable** to the validity of the entire act. I have the honour, &c.

"Dupin Aîné."

* Underlined in the original.

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the persecutions of Madame de Feuchères. "The business we have in hand, Monsieur," he wrote to him on the 20th of August, 1829, "commenced unknown to me, and rather heedlessly by Madame de Feuchères, is infinitely distressing to me, as you may have remarked:" and he besought his kinsman to intercede with the baroness and prevail on her to give up her projects respecting the Duc d'Aumale, to whom he promised, after all, a public and certain testimony of his affection.

The Duc d'Orléans replied to this singular appeal; he went immediately to Madame de Feuchères, and in presence of a witness she had taken the precaution to provide, he intreated her to discontinue her suit. The baroness was inflexible. So the Duc d'Orléans, without compromising his son's prospects had all the merit with the Duc de Bourbon of an honourable act, and of no common disinterestedness.

This was too forced and violent a state of things not to end in some terrible explosion. The Duc de Bourbon being in the billiard-room of the palace in Paris on the 29th of August, 1829, M. Surval, who was in the adjoining salon, heard loud talking, and his own name called out. He rushed in, and found the prince in a frightful passion. "Only see in what a passion Monseigneur puts himself, and without a cause," said Madame de Feuchères; "try and calm him."—"Yes, Madame," cried the old man, "it is horrible, atrocious, thus to put a knife to my throat to make me do a thing you know I so abhor;" and seizing her hand, he added, with a significant gesture, "Well, then, plunge the knife in at once—plunge it!"

The next day, August 30, 1829, the Duc de Bourbon drew up and signed, not in presence of Madame de Feuchères, a will by which he made the Duc d'Aumale his universal legatee, and secured the baroness a bequest, in money and lands, of ten millions (40,000*l.*).

Such were the ties subsisting, at the period of the revolution of July, between Madame de Feuchères and the prince whom that revolution made king.*

Enthralled as he was, the Duc de Bourbon could hardly refuse his adhesion to the new dynasty, but all his affections belonged to the fallen monarch. He asked himself with terror what was to

* The following is a letter written by the Duc d'Orléans to Madame de Feuchères, dated October 27, 1829:

"Our little d'Aumale has been somewhat unwell, but not so much so as to cause us any alarm; but he has had a fever in consequence of overfatigue, and, we believe, of exposure to cold. We sent to Clermont for M. Lavoit, who is at the head of the école de médicine and of the great hospital, and who is very skilful. He confirmed us in the opinion that there was really nothing serious in the matter. In fact, the fever has left him these two days. He may be considered quite recovered from this transient indisposition, and on his return he will certainly be able to go and see his godfather, whenever he will have the goodness to permit him.

"Receive, Madame, the very sincere assurance of all the sentiments you know I entertain for you, and on which I trust you ever rely.

(Signed) L. Ph. d'Orléans.

"Madame la Duchesse d'Orléans and my sister request me to present you all their compliments, and we all beg you to present ours to M. le Duc de Bourbon."

be the lot of that family so abruptly hurried from the throne into exile? he burst into tears at the mere mention of Charles X.'s name; he had renounced all amusements, and this cry of sorrow often escaped his lips: "Ah! it is too much to behold two revolutions; I have lived long enough." He dreaded, too, tempests like those he had in his youth seen sweeping over kings and nobles; and thought full surely that brigands would overrun the fields and pillage the châteaux. He therefore ordered that measures should be taken for the protection of his domains, and during the days immediately succeeding the revolution his horses remained ready saddled for flight.

These apprehensions did not last long. The general restoration of tranquillity soon reassured the Duc de Bourbon, and the news of the embarkation of the exiles put an end to his last fears. But his melancholy survived the cause that had at first accounted for it. His attendants remarked this, and some of them thought they perceived a singular change in his demeanour towards Madame de Feuchères; her name pronounced in his presence seemed, at times, to affect him painfully. His fondness for her, though always provident and anticipating her least wishes, was marked with a sort of terror. It was observed that, contrary to his long custom, he no longer made it a point to open his letters in her presence. At last he disclosed to M. de Choulot, his *capitaine des chasses*, and to *Manoury*, his confidential *valet-de-chambre*, his design of making a long journey. The project coincided with the demand of a million in bank-notes made by the prince to his intendant, M. de Surval. As to his motives, he communicated them to no one, but enjoined the strictest secrecy as to the journey, above all as regarded Madame de Feuchères.

The baroness, on her part, was not without uneasiness about the execution of the will. She would have been glad to have the bequests in her favour converted into donations, and as the duty on registration would have drawn too large a sum from the prince's coffers, M. de Surval had proposed to sell to Madame Adelaide, the king's sister, the domain of St. Leu, which constituted part of the legacy to Madame de Feuchères.

Meanwhile the preparations for flight attempted by the Duc de Bourbon disappointed his expectation. Manoury was to have procured passports, taken a carriage, and gone to wait for his master at Moisselles. This arrangement was frustrated by the impossibility of executing it without having it talked of. But the prince did not the less persist in his wish to quit St. Leu.

Dark rumours circulated, at the same time, about the château. It was reported that on the morning of the 11th of August the prince had been found with his eye bleeding, and had hastened to explain the cause to Manoury, saying, "I struck against the night table;" and that on the latter venturing to reply, "The table is not so high as the bed," the duke was silent and embarrassed; that some minutes afterwards, as Manoury was spreading a carpet in the dressing-room,

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he found a letter under the door of the secret staircase, and brought it to the prince. The latter was exceedingly disturbed on reading it, and then said, "I am not a good story-teller; I said I hurt myself in my sleep; the truth is, that on opening the door I fell sideways, and my temple struck against the corner." The rancours that make up the life of courts are ingenious and implacable when they are armed with the weapon of suspicion. Facts, perhaps unimportant, received a gloomy interpretation, which was corroborated by the conduct of the prince, and his apparent feelings of distrust. For instance, after the accident of the 11th he expressed a wish that Manoury should sleep at the door of his bedroom; and when the latter observed that this might seem strange, and that it would be more in course to give that order to Lecomte, his *valet-de-chambre de service*, "Oh no," replied the Duc de Bourbon, "that must not be." Lecomte had been introduced to the château by Madame de Feuchères.

Some days after, the Duc de Bourbon was visited by the queen, who brought him the star of the legion of honour, and came to comfort and cheer her noble relation. He appeared pleased and grateful. But on the evening of the same day a horseman rode towards the château, taking his road by the avenue of the park, on which his horse's hoofs sounded less sharply than on that leading to the courtyards. This was M. de Choulot. He was expected, and was cautiously conducted to the prince's bedchamber. "My mind is made up," the latter said to him. "The queen brought me this day the star of the legion of honour. They want to have me figure in the chamber of peers. That is impossible." The departure was then definitively determined on.

But how was such a flight to be kept concealed? M. de Choulot had ascertained that a carriage had been stationed for some days, by order of the baroness, in a little village two leagues from St. Leu, between the forest of Montmorency and that of Lille-Adam, and that the driver had orders to take the road towards England on receiving an appointed signal. This suggested the following plan to M. de Choulot. There was in the château an old *valet-de-chambre* who was not unlike the Duc de Bourbon. The domestic, dressed in his master's clothes, was to proceed in the prince's own carriage to the village in question; there he was to get into the carriage provided by Madame de Feuchères, and whilst he was pursued on the road to Hâvre, the real duke would be escaping in the direction of Switzerland.

The festival of St. Louis arrived whilst these things were in preparation. The inhabitants of St. Leu, who loved the Duc de Bourbon, gave him testimonies of their affection in the course of that day, with which he was touched extremely, and which would have been enough to dissipate his political fears had he retained any. He gave the authorities a very gracious and flattering reception. Nevertheless, on hearing an air played under his windows which reminded

him how many demonstrations had been lavished on that royal family, which was now forced away to distant lands, he was suddenly overcome with sadness, and cried out in a voice of deep feeling, "Ah! what a fête!"

That same day Madame de Feuchères procured from Rothschild a bill on England for half a million of francs; whether it was that business, foreign to her connexion with the prince, called her to London, or that some clouds had gathered between her and the Duc de Bourbon.*

Certain it is, at any rate, that a violent scene took place next morning, between the prince and Madame de Feuchères. The former was heard loudly uttering the name of M. de Choulot, and when the baroness went out, Manoury found his master seated on a small sofa before the window, intensely agitated, and asking for eau de Cologne. After this accident the Duc de Bourbon despatched a man on horseback to M. Choulot, desiring him to hasten to St. Leu, where he was wanted on business of importance. Nothing extraordinary transpired during the rest of the day. M. de Cossé Brissac having called on the prince, the latter kept his visiter to dinner, and even pressed him to pass the night at the château. He conversed, not without sadness, on the events of the day; wished to sign forthwith petitions which General Lambot told him, as he submitted them to him, could not be signed till the next day; and he advised his guests not to talk at table, in presence of the servants, of what was going on in Paris. The dinner was cheerful, only M. de Cossé Brissac having mentioned some caricatures that had appeared since the fall of Charles X., the Duc de Bourbon seemed affected, and leaning towards Madame de Feuchères, he whispered her, "Do tell him to hold his tongue." Play began at nine o'clock; for the prince had resumed his usual amusements for the last three days. He played whist with Madame de Feuchères, and MM. de Lavillegontier and de Préjean; criticised a trick, lost money, and did not pay, saying, "To-morrow."

He was to set out on the 31st, and such was his impatience to quit St. Leu, that he had ordered Dubois, his architect, to prepare his apartments at Chantilly in all haste, even should it be necessary to work night and day. Getting up when cards were over, and crossing the hall to reach his bedroom, he made his attendants a friendly sign, which surprised them, because it seemed like a gesture of farewell. Was this one of those adieux in which the thought of approaching death betrays itself? or was it the melancholy indication of a projected journey and exile?

In his bedchamber, where he was attended by the Chevalier Bonnie, his surgeon, and Lecomte, his *valet-de-chambre de service*, the duc remained silent whilst the former treated him professionally,

* We have written proof of this important fact, which hitherto has been so far unknown, that no trace of it is discoverable in the documents pertaining to the judicial inquiry, all of which we have carefully examined.

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and the latter undressing him. But no notice was taken of this circumstance by either, because there was nothing in it at variance with the prince's ordinary habits. "At what hour does Monseigneur wish that I should enter his room to-morrow?" said the valet, as he was retiring. "At eight o'clock," replied the prince, with his usual tranquillity.

The Duc de Bourbon's bedchamber was connected by a small passage, with a waiting-room, which opened on one side upon a dressing-room, issuing upon the great corridor of the château, on the other, upon a private staircase, leading to a lobby, on which opened the apartments of Madame de Feuchères, and those of Madame de Flassans, her niece. From the foot of the private staircase ran a corridor leading to the vestibule of the château; and from an intermediate lobby, that of the *entresol*, there went off another corridor along which were ranged the rooms of the Abbé Briant, secretary to the Baroness de Feuchères, of the widow Lachassine, her *femme-de-chambre*, and of the married couple, Dupré, her special servants. The two latter lay in a room directly under that of the prince, so that they could easily hear the sound of his voice above them.

The gamekeepers made their usual rounds of the park, on that night of the 26th-27th. Lecomte had locked the door of the dressing-room and taken away the key, a precaution which was indispensable, because it often happened that the prince left the door of his bedroom unlocked. Madame de Flassans sat up writing till two o'clock in the morning: she heard no noise; neither did the Duprés: the most perfect silence prevailed all night in the château.

The next morning Lecomte knocked at his master's door at eight o'clock, according to orders. He found it locked, and the prince did not answer. The valet went away, and returning some minutes after with M. Bonnie, he knocked again. No reply. Surprised and uneasy at this, they both went down to Madame de Feuchères. "I will run up directly," she said, "when he hears my voice he will answer;" and she ran out from her room half undressed. On coming to the prince's door, with M. Bonnie and Lecomte, "Open the door, Monseigneur," she said; "open the door; it is I." Still all was silent within. By this time the alarm had spread all over the château: the *valets-de-chambre* Manoury and Louis Leclerc, the Abbé Briant and M. Méry-Lafontaine hurried to the spot. An iron bar was brought by one of the servants, with which Manoury broke in one of the lower panels of the door, and entered the room with Lecomte and Bonnie. The window-shutters were closed, and it was very dark. A candle, however, was burning in the fireplace, but there was an iron screen before it, so that it only threw a faint gleam against the ceiling. By that dim light the prince's head was seen pressed against the window on the north side, so that one might have supposed he was listening intently to something outside. Manoury opened the window on the east, and a frightful spectacle soon

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presented itself. The Duc de Bourbon was hanging from, or rather hooked upon the *espagnolette* of the window.*

The door was open; every one rushed in, except Madame de Feuchères, who fell groaning into an armchair in the dressing-room. At the same time there was a great uproar in the offices of the château: "Monseigneur is dead!" cried the bewildered domestics. The prince's almoner, hearing hurried footsteps under his window, hastened to the sad scene, and saw M. de Préjean standing by the glass door, with distracted looks, and eyes filled with tears, and Madame de Feuchères seated close by, listening apparently to M. Bonnie's words of consolation, and stretching out her hand to those that entered the room. Manoury, going up to the almoner, led him into the chamber of death, and said, "There is Monseigneur!"

The Duc de Bourbon was fastened to the bolt of the northern window with two handkerchiefs passed one within the other: one of these formed a flattened and elongated ring; the other an oval, the base of which supported the lower jaw, and the summit lay against the upper and back part of the head. There was no running knot on the handkerchief that encompassed the head: it did not press on the windpipe; it left the back of the neck uncovered; and it was so loose that several of the persons present could easily pass their fingers between it and the head. The head of the deceased hung on his chest; the face was pale; the tongue did not protrude from the mouth, and only pressed against the lips; the hands were closed, the knees bent; and the points of the toes touched the carpet; so that all the prince need have done in his agony was to stand upon his feet, leaning against the base of the window, and thereby he would certainly have escaped death. These obvious circumstances were strongly at variance with the supposition of suicide: they struck most of the beholders with surprise.

The authorities arrived; first the mayor of St. Leu, who caused the condition of the corpse to be authenticated; then the juge de paix of Enghien, who had it taken down and laid on the bed; and lastly, the juge d'instruction of Pontoise, who drew up an account of the locality. The king hearing of the event about half-past eleven o'clock sent M. Guillaume his secretary, and MM. de Rumigny, Pasquier, de Sémonville, and Cauchy to St. Leu. No notification was sent to Louis de Rohan, though the next of kin to the Duc de Bourbon, and it was only through the public journals he was apprized of the death of the prince of whose inheritance he had been deprived by an unknown will.

The various *procès-verbaux* drawn up that day, the many inaccuracies of which were manifested on a subsequent judicial inquiry, all concluded for a verdict of suicide by strangulation. Indeed the fact

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* French windows, as most readers are aware, open on hinges on each side like doors: The two centre bars are closed by a strong bolt, called an *espagnolette*.

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that the door was bolted on the inside seemed to put the idea of assassination out of the question. It was therefore under the influence of an opinion tending exclusively in one direction that every thing was done in the first instance; and so strong was that opinion that M. Bonnie, finding it impossible otherwise to explain the voluntary death of the Duc de Bourbon, thought that among the means of suicide was to be reckoned a chair, which, as he afterwards deposed in court, could not have served for that melancholy purpose on account of its distance from the body. He had struck his foot against that chair on entering the room, and he had stated his belief, in his *procès verbal*, that the prince had stood upon it to effect his own destruction.

Still, even before it was ascertained how easy it was to shoot a bolt into its staple, from the outside of the door, the supposition of suicide in this case began gradually to die away in every mind. The prince's age, the little energy of his character, his well-known religious feelings, the horror he had on a thousand occasions evinced at the mere idea of death, his opinion on suicide which he regarded as a cowardly act, the serenity of his last days, all these considerations baffled the conjectures to which the fastening of the bolt had at first given rise. The prince's hunting-watch was found on the chimney-piece, wound up by him as usual on the preceding evening; and under the bolster there was a handkerchief, knotted in the way he was in the habit of doing when he went to bed, in order to remind of things he wished to remember next day. Had not the body too been found in a state of incomplete suspension? The *valet-de-pied*, Romanzo, who had travelled in Turkey and Egypt, and his comrade Fife, an Irishman, had seen many persons hanged: they declared that the faces of those who had thus died were not pale but blackish; that the eyes were open, the eyeballs bloodshot, and the tongue protruding from the mouth; all which signs were quite opposite to those shown by the body of the Duc de Bourbon. When the corpse was taken down it was Romanzo who untied the knot round the *espagnolette*, and it was with difficulty he could do it, so skilfully and strongly was it tied. Now there was not one of the prince's servants but knew that his awkwardness was extreme; that he could not tie his shoe-strings; that though he could indeed tie the bow of his cravat, he was obliged to have the two ends brought round from behind by his valet; that he had received a sabre-cut on the right hand, and had had his left collar-bone broken, which prevented his raising his left hand to his head; and that lastly he could only make what hunters called the *coup du roi*, by throwing himself backwards. Even admitting that the chair pushed out of its place by M. Bonnie had been within the prince's reach, conformably with M. Bonnie's declaration in his *procès-verbal*, and contrary to his subsequent depositions in court, but little conviction was wrought on the minds of those who knew with what difficulty the old man

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climbed a staircase, and how he needed for that purpose the double support of the balustrade and of his cane.

The doubts arising from all these circumstances were corroborated by certain singularities which could not have escaped the notice of those attendants who had been most about the person of the prince. The slippers which he seldom used remained almost always at the foot of the chair where he was undressed: was it the old man's hand that on that fatal night had placed them at the foot of the bed? The prince could only get out of bed by turning in a manner upon himself, and he pressed so on the edge of the bed as he slept, that it was necessary to fold the blanket in four on the side next the room to prevent his falling: why then had the middle of the bed been found pressed down, and the edges on the contrary raised? It had been the constant practice of the woman and the *frotteurs* who made the bed, to push it to the bottom of the alcove, and no change had been made in that respect on the evening of the 26th: who then had removed the bed about a foot and a half from the bottom of the alcove? When the room was entered there were two candles, extinguished, but not burnt out, on the chimney-piece: who could have extinguished them? The prince? He had then voluntarily left himself in the dark when setting about such complicated arrangements for self-destruction!

Madame de Feuchères supported the hypothesis of suicide, and seemed to think that the accident of the 11th had been but an inefficient attempt of the sort. She trembled at the idea of the Duc de Bourbon's travelling schemes being talked of; and hearing Manoury speaking openly on the subject, "Take care!" she said: "such language might compromise you with the king." The Abbé Briant showed a remarkable pertinacity in rejecting every other supposition than that of suicide: he spoke of the enfeebled mind of the unfortunate prince, of the manifestly impaired state of his faculties during the last days of his life, and concluded that he had committed suicide in a fit of delirium.

And now broke forth in all their hateful coarseness those greedy passions that prowl round every bier, and flagrantly display the viciousness of those institutions which the ignorance of society tolerates and adores. Beside that cold body, the only remains of a vaunted race—in presence of that death which had not yet a name, amidst those confused murmurs, those tears—the inheritance of the victim was already coveted, and the idea of a will brooded over that great scene of mourning. The papers of the deceased were become the object of anxious research. "Every thing here belongs to Madame de Feuchères," said the Abbé Briant, and he exhorted M. Dauvert, the head of the plate department, to watch carefully over that portion of a treasure which was thenceforth to belong to the baroness. Madame de Feuchères, too, appeared to be very uneasy on the subject of the prince's papers; but she ascribed her uneasiness

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to a generous motive, declaring her desire to find at the foot of some farewell letter the name of the man who had so loved her.

But it seemed strange to all the Duc de Bourbon's servants, that when on the point of putting such a dismal project in execution, he had left no written indication of his despair, no token of his last hours, no mark of affection towards those whose zeal he had always taken a pleasure in recognising and rewarding. This was a sort of moral suicide not less inexplicable than all the rest. An unexpected discovery put the climax to these accumulated perplexities.

Towards evening, on the 27th, M. Guillaume, the king's secretary, perceived, as he passed before the chimney of the room of death, some pieces of paper relieved against the black sides of the fireplace. Stooping down, he saw on those pieces of paper, which lay on others burnt to ashes, the words, *king—Vincennes—unfortunate son*. The procureur-général, Bernard, arriving next day at St. Leu, the pieces of paper were put into his hands with others which Lecomte, the valet, had picked up. "The truth is here," was the instant ejaculation of the procureur-général; and with the help of the persons present he put the fragments together so as to make out the two following sets of lines:

Saint-Leu appartient au roi
Philippe
ne pillés, ni ne brûlés
le château ni le village
ne faites de mal à personne
ni à mes amis, ni à mes
gens. On vous a égarés
sur mon compte, je n'ai

urir en aiant,
cœur le peuple,
et l'espoir du
bonheur de ma patrie.

Saint Leu et ses depend
appartiennent à votre roi
Philippe: ne pillés ni ne brûlés
le le village
ne mal à personne
ni es amis, ni à mes gens.
On vous a égarés sur mon compte, je n'ai qu'à mourir en souhaitant bonheur et prospérité au peuple Français et à ma patrie. Adieu pour toujours,

L. H. J. DE BOURBON, Prince de Condé.

P.S. Je demande à être enterré à Vincennes, près de mon infortuné fils.*

Many were pleased to see in these strange admonitions a proof of suicide: but those who were least ready to be convinced could not conceive that these were the adieux of a prince prepared to part from life. In their opinion the fear of the pillage of St. Leu was

* The latter document, of which the first would seem to be a rough draft, is to this effect:—St. Leu and its depend . . belong to your king Philippe: do not pillage nor burn the . . . the village nor . . . . harm to any one neither . . y friends, nor to my people. You have been misled on my account, I have only to die, wishing prosperity to the French people and to my country.

Adieu for ever,

L. H. J. BOURBON, Prince de Condé.

P.S. I request that I may be buried at Vincennes, near my unfortunate son.

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not reconcilable with that disgust at all things which suicide implies. It was hardly credible that this fear should have possessed the Duc de Bourbon's mind on the night of the 26th-27th August; that is to say, immediately after that fête of St. Louis, on which he had received so many testimonies of affection, after the kind and reassuring visit of the queen, and when there was hardly any trace left of the recent agitation. Neither could it be accounted for why the Duc de Bourbon wrote down Louis Philippe as the proprietor of St. Leu, which he well knew did not belong to him. It was matter of surprise that the prince, having taken up his pen in the midst of his preparations for suicide, had said nothing precise respecting his fatal project, and had not foreseen the frightful suspicions to which the vagueness of his words would expose his servants. It was even thought that there was something inconceivable in the way in which the two writings had been found. Those two papers which Louis Philippe's secretary and Lecomte had so easily discovered on the evening of the 27th, by what singular chance had they escaped on the morning of the same day the search of M. de Choulot, Manoury, Romanzo, and all those who like them had examined the fireplace with the utmost care? Was it to be supposed that some one had furtively placed the papers in the fireplace long after the prince's death in order to corroborate the opinion of suicide? They had been found lying on the ashes of burnt papers: what reason was there for believing that if the prince had papers to destroy he should have burned some and torn up others? These striking circumstances led to the notion that the writing discovered had reference to a date preceding the event, and was only a draft of a proclamation drawn up by the prince in the beginning of August, whilst the revolutionary storm was still growling. It soon became known that, upon the first breaking out of the disturbances of July, the Duc de Bourbon had actually thought of issuing a proclamation, and thenceforth the second hypothesis acquired the force of conviction.

Thus the darkness that hung over this sudden death thickened at every step. M. Marc, physician in ordinary to the king, M. Pasquier, and M. Marjolin, were sent to St. Leu to examine the body. They were of opinion that the case had been one of suicide. But this scientific verdict was not enough to allay all suspicions; and moreover, it was immediately called in question, and impugned by medical men of celebrity.

Two parties were consequently formed. Those who believed in suicide could allege, in favour of their opinion, the *procès verbaux*; the melancholy of the Duc de Bourbon since 1830; his terrors as a royalist, a man of opulence, and a *gentilhomme*; the distracting effects on his vacillating mind of the political parties that had recently disturbed his house; the act of beneficence he had intrusted to Manoury on the 26th, under the fear that he should not be able to perform it himself; his mute adieux to his servants on

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the evening that proved his last; the state of the body which presented no other traces of violence than certain excoriations sufficiently to be accounted for on the hypothesis of suicide; the state of his clothes, on which no stain or marks of disorder had been noticed; the bolt shot on the inside; the physical difficulties of assassination; the impossibility of saying, with any degree of certainty, there are the assassins! The defenders of the memory of the deceased replied to these presumptive arguments by scenes of potent effect. One of them, M. Méry Lafontaine, suspended himself from the fatal *espagnolette*, in a position similar to that in which the prince had been found; and the experiment proved to be without danger. A trial was made of the possibility of shooting a bolt into its staple from the outside by means of a very slender ribbon, and the trial was fully successful. Suspicions, which till then had been timid, now assumed a daring and violent character. Names were uttered. The will was read: the exasperation already existing against Madame de Feuchères was increased when it was ascertained that she had left no room for any one but herself in the beneficial remembrances of the testator. Accusing remarks were circulated. It was related that Lecomte cried out, overcome by his feelings, in the chapel where the body lay in state, "I have a weight on my heart." M. Bonnie, contrary to the positive assertion of that same Lecomte, affirmed that, on the morning of the 27th, the door opening on the private staircase was not bolted, and that to conceal that terrible circumstance, Madame de Feuchères had gone to the chamber of death by the longest way, that of the great staircase!

The Duc de Bourbon's heart was conveyed to Chantilly on the 4th of September. The Abbé Pélier, the prince's almoner, took part in the funeral service. He appeared carrying the heart of the deceased in a silver-gilt casket, and he opened his lips to pronounce the last farewell. Deep silence prevailed, and prodigious was the sensation when the sacred orator uttered these words in a solemn tone: "The prince is innocent of his death in the sight of God."

Religion presided over the obsequies, which were celebrated with much pomp, and in which many of the king's sons took part. The body having been conveyed to St. Denis, the episcopal clergy received it at the abbey gates; and the prayers of the church and the usual hymn for the dead echoing through the arches of the basilica, accompanied the coffin to the vault where reposes the dust of kings.

Such was the event. Madame de Feuchères hastily quitted St. Leu, and went to the Palais Bourbon, pursued by strange thoughts. For a fortnight she made the Abbé Briant sleep in her library, and Madame de Flassans in her bedroom, as though she had dreaded seeing some funereal image rise before her in the lonely night. But soon recovering from her emotion, she appeared fearless and firm. She had been long gambling at the Stock Exchange to an enormous amount; she followed up her speculations, and in the course of some months found herself a gainer of considerable sums.

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Meanwhile, unpleasant rumours were beginning to rise on all sides; the princes de Rohan were making every preparation both for a civil and a criminal prosecution. At St. Leu and Chantilly hardly any one put credence in the idea of the late duke's suicide; in Paris the most hardy conjectures were thrown out in the *salons*, the workshops, and everywhere. The association of an august name with that of Madame de Feuchères supplied the rancour of party with a weapon of which it eagerly caught hold. It was remarked, with malicious sagacity, that the court had, on the 27th, taken possession of the theatre of the event through its trusty agents; that the Duc de Bourbon's almoner, though on the spot, had not been called on to take part in drawing up the *procès verbeaux;* that M. Guérin, the prince's physician, had not been invited to be present at the post-mortem examination, which was intrusted to three physicians, two of whom, MM. Marc and Pasquier, were on terms of the closest intercourse with the court. It was asked, with a sarcastic show of surprise, what could have been M. de Broglie's motive for preventing the insertion in the *Moniteur* of the speech delivered by the Abbé Pélier at Chantilly. The catastrophe that swept away the last of the Condés from the field of history and the growing prosperity of the house of Orléans were placed in injurious juxtaposition. Lastly, to all this were added a thousand silly or wild exaggerations, for rancour always compromises its own success by its violence. On the other hand, the zeal with which certain courtiers strove to gain credence for the supposition of suicide, turned out disadvantageously for their idol; so much blindness is there likewise in baseness.

A decisive means was open to the king for putting an end to rumours that did not spare even the throne. Surely it was competent for him to repudiate an inheritance round which hung so many black suspicions, and he would thereby have marked his accession with honour, and would have humiliated his enemies. But Louis Philippe took a different view of the interests of his nascent royalty. On the eve of ascending a throne, he had hastily transferred to his children his property which he did not choose to unite with the domains of the state, in accordance with the ancient law of the monarchy. This was a sufficiently plain indication that contempt of money would not be the dominant virtue under his reign. So then, though the richest of European sovereigns, his only thought was how to have his son's new estates managed in the most productive manner.

This entailed on the men in power the necessity of assuring to Madame de Feuchères a protection of which we shall have to relate all the flagrant indecencies. The baroness was invited to court, and met with a reception there that immediately became the talk and the amazement of all Paris. The loud voice of public opinion rendering an investigation necessary, evidence began to be collected at Pontoise in the month of September, but nothing was neglected to hush up the affair. The *conseiller-rapporteur*, M. de la Huproie,

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showed a determination to elicit the truth; he was suddenly superannuated, and the place of judge, which he had long desired for his son-in-law, was granted him. The depositions passed into other hands.

We shall see by and by to what account so many questionable circumstances were turned by the eloquence of M. Hennequin, and the resentments of the legitimist party.

The court soon ceased to be uneasy at all the noise around it; but still one thing annoyed it. It was not unaware that there had long been in the house of Condé a secret of which two persons were always the depositories. That secret had been confided by the Duc de Bourbon, during his sojourn in London, to Sir William Gordon, equerry to the Prince Regent, and to the Duc de Chartres. After their death M. de Choulot had been made the confidant of the prince, who had furthermore, when suffering under the consequences of a fall from his horse, committed the secret to Manoury. Nothing has ever been known, or is yet known, respecting that secret, except that it is important and formidable.

Not one of the lessons derivable from this history was lost upon the people, in whose bosoms there remained an imperishable leaven of distrust; for the people believes with alacrity in extraordinary crimes. Victim, moreover, of the excesses of pride and the usurpations of might, it is granted to it to enjoy these grand spectacles of power prostrated or dishonoured, and of ancient races extinguished; spectacles which God affords it to lift it up and to avenge it.

CHAPTER III.

WHILST the bourgeoisie and royalty, become for a while united, were consolidating their domination, the foreign sovereigns were gradually recovering from their alarms.

The first thought of the new government had been to obtain recognition: it therefore resolved to base its policy on the maintenance of the treaties of 1815. This was preparing for itself a fearful situation. Would it not be necessary on the one hand to truckle to foreign powers in order to please them, and on the other to degrade the nation in order to calm it? The cabinet of the Palais Royal did not foresee these consequences, or if it did, it braved them.

On the 19th of August, 1830, Louis Philippe wrote to the Emperor of Russia, notifying his accession. The substance of the letter, every expression of which seemed carefully weighed, showed through all the forms of timorous obsequiousness, what was to be the attitude of the new government. To reassure Europe as to the conse-

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quences of the revolution of July, Louis Philippe represented that event only as an unfortunate but inevitable act of resistance to imprudent aggressions. Himself he exhibited as the moderator of the victors, and the natural protector of the vanquished, thus flattering the monarchical principles of the czar to the height of absolutism. To the same end the author of the letter protested his respect for the deposed sovereign, whom he designated, even after his fall, *King Charles X.;* thus doing homage to the principle of legitimacy. Louis Philippe softened down whatever might have been obnoxious in lauding the charter, by calling to mind the fact that it was a fruit of the invasion and a gift of the Emperor Alexander. Lastly, he adroitly gave it to be understood that the peace of Europe would depend on the support afforded him by the Holy Alliance; and although wholly devoted to England, as we shall see by-and-by, he allowed Nicolas to hope that the *catastrophe* which had occurred in Paris would not have the effect of breaking off the alliance contemplated by the Polignac ministry between France and Russia.

The history we are about to write was comprised beforehand and in its whole extent in this letter.

The Emperor Nicolas no doubt had not expected these marks of submission of the French government; for on the first news of the revolution of July he had taken measures for making war on France. He sent Field Marshal Diebitch to Berlin to determine the King of Prussia to an offensive alliance; he gave orders to the Russian troops to hold themselves in readiness for an approaching campaign; and he wrote to Prince Lubecki, minister of finance in Poland, desiring him to provide funds without delay for putting the army into active service.

Prince Lubecki replied that Poland had eight millions of florins in its treasury, and a million of *écus* in Berlin, and that it was consequently ready to undertake the preparations for war requisite under the circumstances.*

The Grand Duke Constantine pressed the French consul in Poland to swear allegiance to Louis Philippe. This consul was devoted to the elder branch of the Bourbons, and the cabinet of St. Petersburg was afraid of seeing his place supplied by an agent of the ideas that had triumphed in Paris.

Such was the disposition in which the letter before mentioned found the Emperor of Russia: it flattered his pride without subduing his resentment. He did not even take the trouble to dissemble his scorn, and the envoy of the Palais Royal was received by the chief of a yet semibarbarous people with an insulting haughtiness, to which the government of the Restoration itself would not have submitted.

The attitude of Austria was not by any means so hostile, because

* Documents extracted from the portfolio of the Grand Duke Constantine, and produced by Lafayette before the Chamber of Deputies on the 22d March, 1831.

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its diplomatic interests were different. The cabinet of Vienna was not interested, like that of St. Petersburg, in the destruction of England. It signified little to the Emperor of Austria that the King of France was English at heart, provided he showed a disposition to bridle the revolutionary spirit, and to shield from every blow the European system established in 1815. Louis Philippe promised all this. His accession was therefore to be hailed with joy by the sovereigns who had in 1815 divided the spoils of France between them, appropriating the secondary nations like human cattle, with which they might do as they pleased. In this respect Russia herself ought to have rejoiced at the accession of Louis Philippe; and she would have done so, had not her views on Constantinople given her a special motive for anger and resentment.

M. de Metternich, moreover, made his policy consist in avoiding every violent shock. Fond of repose from egotism, he was so likewise from incapacity. They alone brave the storm who feel within them the strength to master it. M. de Metternich wished to enjoy without trouble a reputation easily usurped, and the falsehood of which would have been exposed by the least complication of affairs. He did not content himself with merely receiving the assurances given by Louis Philippe in an encouraging manner, but he strongly urged the King of Prussia not to delay acknowledging the new government; and, in fact, it was by way of Berlin that the recognition of Austria arrived; that of Prussia was joined with it.

The King of the Low Countries had not hesitated to acknowledge Louis Philippe, delighted as he was to see on the throne of France a king who renounced for his country the left bank of the Rhine and Belgium.

As for England she considered the issue of the Three Days as the most fortunate event in her history. Thanks to the elevation of the Duc d'Orléans, it was for the benefit of the English that the revolution of July had been accomplished. Accordingly William IV. gave General Baudrand the most cordial reception.

The joy which these little family successes caused in the Palais Royal was not altogether unmixed. An Italian prince, the Duke of Modena, refused to recognise Louis Philippe, and Spain put forth an offensive manifesto against the government of July.

The Duke of Modena's refusal was singular. There had never been any thing in the relation between that prince and the Duc d'Orléans previously to the revolution of July, which could have foreboded a hostility so violently pronounced. The Duke of Modena, who was said to be a conspirator, ought much rather to have made common cause with a revolution, on which all who conspired for the independence of Italy had so long reckoned. The strange insolence of his refusal, and the still stranger impunity allowed him by the cabinet of the Palais Royal gave rise to offensive suspicions. M. Misley had been talked of as a mysterious agent sent from Italy

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to the Duc d'Orléans on behalf of the cause of Italian independence. Some shrewd persons thought that by his adherence to the treaties of 1815, Louis Philippe disconcerted the hopes he had inspired; that the Duke of Modena was exceedingly irritated at this; and that his refusal was the energetic expression of a displeasure, the secret of which it was impossible he should reveal to Europe.

The manifesto published in the name of Ferdinand VII. by M. Calomarde, was more easily accounted for. Spain not having been a participator in the treaties of Vienna, the adherence of Louis Philippe to those treaties did not, in the eyes of an absolute monarch, sufficiently cover the stain of his usurpation.

The Palais Royal failing to win the Spanish government by persuasion, determined to act on its fears.

The news of the revolution of 1830 had attracted to Paris from all quarters of Europe the most illustrious victims of the tyranny of Ferdinand VII. Brought together by common misfortunes and common hopes, Mendizabal, Isturiz, Calatrava, San Miguel, the Duke de Rivas, Martinez de la Rosa, the Count de Toreno, &c., had formed a sort of junta in Paris, the avowed object of which was to revolutionize Spain. The French patriots formed a second association, in support of the former, under the name of *Comité Espagnol* The committee, which consisted of MM. Dupont, Viardot, Marchais, Schœlcher, Chevallon, Etienne Arago, Gauja, Loëve-Weimar, and Garnier-Pagès, began operations with much ardour. A subscription was opened, and considerable sums were collected. Colonel Pinto was the principal intermediary between the patriots of the two nations. M. Calvo, a banker, took upon him the financial interests of the body of Spanish emigrants. The project of raising a loan was talked off. To form a military chest, enrol refugees, and send them to the Pyrenees were the objects on which the *Comité Espagnol* employed its strenuous exertions.

Ere long it was assured of the protection of the government. General Sebastiani was the only member of the ministry who appeared averse to any intervention, even indirect. M. Dupont having personally applied to him for his co-operation in the labours of the committee, he replied that the first duty of the French government was to avoid a European conflict; that the new government could not, without compromising itself, assist the Spanish revolutionists; that for his own part his mind was fully made up to exert his voice in the council against every measure intended to encourage their proceedings; that as a man, nevertheless, but solely in that capacity, he did not refuse his succour to misfortunes that grieved him. "But in that case, monsieur," exclaimed Dupont, "there is war between you and us."—"Very well, there is war," the minister coldly replied.

M. Guizot displayed a very opposite way of thinking. He replied to M. Louis Viardot when the latter besought the support

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of the administration on behalf of the refugees, "Tell those who sent you that France committed a political crime in 1825; that she owes Spain a signal reparation, and that that reparation shall be given."

But the committee was well aware of what weight would be the personal adherence of the king. An audience was therefore demanded of him by MM. Dupont, Marchais, and Loëve Weimar. A day was appointed, and those gentlemen were presented at the Palais Royal by Odilon Barrot. The king received them with exquisite suavity. He admitted that France was threatened with war on the banks of the Rhine; that as dangers might at any moment spring up against her on the north, it was important that she should be secured from all assault on the south. He added that the protection promised by Ferdinand VII. to the Carlists of the south seemed to him alarming, and that it was consequently of vast political importance to deprive them of the Pyrenees. He said too he was not unaware that this policy prompted him to combat family interests: "But as far as regards Ferdinand VII., they may hang him if they like. He is the greatest blackguard that ever existed." The representatives of the committee finding the king thus disposed, thought it was a favourable opportunity to talk to him of the projects of the Spanish refugees. These were to offer the crown of Spain to the Duc de Nemours on his marrying Doña Maria, whereby French interests and the political system of Louis XIV. would be made to prevail in united Spain and Portugal. Such a proposition had little to recommend it, in consequence of the mutual hatred of the Spaniards and Portuguese. It was not however on that account the king rejected it. He spoke without any disguise on the danger of yielding to a temptation of the kind. He regarded the offer of a crown to one of his sons as singularly rash, and he did not choose to compromise himself in the eyes of Europe. As for the subsidies in money, for which he was asked, he abstained from either promising or refusing them; but some days afterwards he placed at Lafayette's disposal a hundred thousand francs out of the privy purse to aid the enterprises of the Spanish revolutionists. Sixty thousand francs were conveyed to Bayonne by M. Chevallon; and M. Dupont was commissioned to go to Marseille and deliver forty thousand to Colonel Moreno, who was to transmit them to General Torrijos.

The Spanish refugees thus directly countenanced by the French government, hastened with hearts full of hope to the conquest of their country. Every day bands of thirty, forty, and fifty men set out for the Pyrenees, with drums beating and colours flying. Passports were delivered to the volunteers by M. Girod de l'Ain, prefect of police. The *impériale* of the diligences was always bespoken beforehand for the refugees. Lastly, muskets being collected from all quarters, and M. d'Ofalia, the Spanish ambassador, complaining of this, secret depots of arms were made with the consent of MM. Montalivet and Guizot.

General Mina was in Paris preparing to set out for the Pyrenees.

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Marshal Gérard had an interview with the celebrated partisan leader, lavished on him the most lively testimonies of sympathy, and promised his cause the support of the French government. "But it is important," he said, "not to do any thing over hastily. Set out for Bayonne without delay, and pledge yourself to me that you will engage in no enterprise until France shall have put herself in a perfectly satisfactory position with regard to Europe." Mina could not suspect the good faith of Marshal Gérard; he gave the promise, and set out for Bayonne without communicating to any one either his hopes or his prospects. When he reached Bayonne he kept his word: but his inaction at a moment when every thing depended on promptitude and daring, very soon made him the object of painful suspicion. The Spanish refugees formed two camps, on the one side were the partisans of France, on the other those of England. Mina was accused of treachery by some of his countrymen; it was thought he had sold himself to the English. Fettered by his plighted word he could neither act nor defend himself. The distrust so natural to men labouring under adversity, sprang up amongst the refugees, divided them, impelled some to dangerous precipitation, and froze the zeal of others. A worse evil was soon added to the mischiefs of these divisions: Ferdinand VII. had been seized with terror, and had made known to Louis Philippe the conditions on which he consented to support him. This was what the cabinet of the Palais Royal looked for. Instantly it forbade the departure of the refugees, suspended its aid to them, took means to disperse their masses, obliged the authorities to exercise an active *surveillance*, and sent inhospitable orders flying on the wings of the telegraph to Bayonne.

Then it was that Colonel Valdès, yielding to the impulses of his despair, crossed the Bidassoa. On the 13th of October, at the head of a small gallant band, he set foot on the sacred soil of his native land, amidst a thousand cries of *Viva la Constitucion*, and without any other warrant of success than the justice of his cause and his good sword. Fortune was favourable to him at first: some generous Spaniards rallied round his flag, the flag of an outlaw. But painful disappointments awaited him. Another partisan leader, General Chapalangarra, had entered Spain under the fatal conviction that he had but to show himself to raise the country; and his reply to those who represented to him the danger of such excessive confidence was, "The balls know me too well to strike me: and even if I fall what does it matter? I shall at least show how a soldier of freedom can die." These last words were prophetical: observing a royalist post, he advanced towards it alone, after giving orders to his men not to fire, and he uttered a few amicable words. He was answered by a volley, and fell dead. His comrades, too feeble to resist, retreated to an inn where a hundred men were posted, whom the royalists had caused to be reconnoitred by a spy disguised as a vender of cakes. This post was vigorously assailed, and made a brave resistance.

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Eight Parisian volunteers fought there for the cause of Spain, four of whom were killed; the other four, after a gallant defence, succeeded in saving themselves by swimming. Chapalangarra's troop was decimated and dispersed. This first check was but the signal of a great disaster. Valdès, deprived of a support on which he had reckoned, and overborne by superior forces, had concentrated his strength at Vera, where he could not fail to be surrounded and destroyed. The news reached Mina who then resolved to quit Bayonne, and hasten to the aid of his brother in arms. He assembled his companions, baffled the vigilance of the authorities, got the better, through the kind assistance of some French patriots, of the custom-house officers who waited to seize his medical stores, and at last crossed the frontiers after many obstacles and dangers. A most serious misunderstanding subsisted between Mina and Valdès. The former only wished to force Ferdinand VII. to liberal concessions, the latter wished to dethrone him. But when the two chiefs met they shook hands, sacrificing their mutual dislike to the cause of their country which called them both to the same field of battle. Valdès remained at Vera, and Mina marched to Irun, of which he made himself master. Unfortunately the Spanish leaders had not been able when they commenced their enterprise to foresee all the dangers that awaited them.

It had been agreed that whilst Mina entered Spain by Navarre, General Placensia should simultaneously enter by Aragon, so as to hold the troops of the latter province in check. But the arms sent to the latter general were seized by order of the French government: five hundred muskets and six thousand cartridges, collected by General Vigo, were confiscated at Maulian, and a similar confiscation took place at Bagnères, where General Gurrea was stationed: for the French government was as zealous to put down the efforts of the Spanish patriots as it had at first been to excite them. The Spanish government too was carefully made acquainted with every thing that took place in France. The Captain-general of Aragon was therefore made aware that his province was not menaced, and he received orders to unite his troops with those of Navarre. All resistance was thereby rendered useless. Mina, who after the capture of Irun had occupied the heights of Oyarzun, was warned that Valdès was on the point of being hemmed in. He immediately sent him his cavalry and a small body of infantry commanded by Generals Lopez-Banos, and Butron. With this reinforcement Valdès disputed the ground foot by foot: it was struggling with impossibility. He was forced to retrace his steps across the frontier, followed by such of his comrades as had not fallen in the unequal strife. Alas! the soil of France was not less fatal to those unfortunate men than that of their native land. There, where they expected an asylum, many were to find but a grave. With a violation of the law of nations, the audacity of which was only equalled by its scandalous impunity, the royalists pursued their enemies even into the French

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territory and there shot their prisoners. An aide-de-camp of Valdès, filled with grief and indignation, would not preserve his life in that France which he had yet loved: he returned to Spain to die there.

There remained to Mina only a small force. He endeavoured to regain the frontier. Hardly beset on all sides, pursued without respite, and tracked by huge Pyrenean bloodhounds, he passed two days in climbing the mountain-sides, often compelled to hide in the depths of the ravines, and even in the clefts of the rocks. At last he reached Lorda, a house situated a league from the frontier on the French side. He had travelled thirty-eight leagues in forty-two hours; his hands and feet were bloody; and the wound he had formerly received in the war of independence had broken out afresh. Several of his companions fell into the hands of the royal carabineers and were massacred: some of them were shot in the market-place of Irun, amid cries of *Viva el Rey absoluto.*

The cruel soul of Ferdinand VII. was satiated with vengeance: he ceased to threaten the cabinet of the Palais Royal. But from that moment France was execrated by all the Spanish patriots, and it was manifest that if ever Spain became democratic she would become English. Now the triumph of democracy in Spain being inevitable, the French government had re-erected that barrier of the Pyrenees which the genius of Louis XIV. had levelled.

Whilst France was losing Spain on the south, fortune seemed to be opening to her on the north the road to peaceful conquests.

There existed in France at this epoch two governments, that of Louis Philippe and that of the clubs, the former calculating and reserved; the latter active, impassioned, loud-tongued, and fond of sudden flights. The party in Paris that talked of proselytism, and wished that France should at last push forward to the Rhine and lay her hand on Belgium, was composed in general of young men, unused to public life, of little wealth, and consequently of little weight in a society actuated by mercantile principles. Nevertheless the zeal of that party suggested wiser counsels than did the fears of its opponent. In the perplexed condition of Europe, prudence consisted in daring every thing, and the most rash in appearance were in reality the wisest, for peace was alike the ultimate result of either system: only France would have imposed it on Europe, had she shaken off the treaties of 1815, whereas by adhering to them she was forced to sue for it; and in imposing peace she would have dictated its terms, whereas in suing for it she was compelled to accept them.

Unfortunately the propagandist policy wanted champions of weight from their social position. With the exception of General Lamarque, General Richemont, and M. Mauguin, the latter of whom kept up a constant correspondence with the partisans of France in Belgium, no man of note came forward to offer a vigorous resistance to the ultra-pacific tendencies of the court. Most of the old generals of the empire longed for nothing more than to pass the remainder

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of their troubled lives in the sweets of repose. Some of them saw in the adoption of the policy desired by the new dispensers of fortune an easier way opened to their ambition. In the sphere in which diplomatic questions were discussed, industrial France was every thing, martial France was nothing.

Still the propagandist party actively turned to account the state of vacillation into which the revolution of July had plunged France, and the momentary weakness of all the powers of government. Many of its emissaries set out for Belgium, where they heated the public mind, and sowed among the people the seeds of those passions with which they were themselves animated, insomuch that on the night of the 25th-26th August, 1830, the cry was raised in the streets of Brussels, "*Let us do like the Parisians.*" The impetus which then possessed some young men on coming out from a representation of the *Muette*, at first led to what seemed only a broil. The house of a ministerial journalist sacked; the tricolour flag unfurled; some armorers' shops plundered; the windows of the *cour d'assizes* broken; the hotel of Van Maanen, the minister of justice, set on fire amidst the exulting shouts of the multitude; this seemed to be the whole list of the acts of vengeance of the Belgian nation towards Holland. The whole was a violent protest rather than an attempt at revolution.

And in fact almost all the Belgians concerned in trade were linked to Holland by the ties of private interest; the boldest hardly desired more than an administrative separation, with the Prince of Orange for king. The people was disposed to wish for more, not from any exact appreciation of its own interests, but because its feelings of rancour and tendencies to revolt were fostered by the catholic clergy.

This descrepancy of sentiments was manifested the day after the disturbance of the 25th of August. The first thought of the bourgeoisie was for the re-establishment and the maintenance of order: it made haste to send a deputation to the Hague, with a respectful address to King William, which ended with these words:

"Fully relying on the goodness and justice of your Majesty, the citizens of Brussels have deputed their fellow-citizens to wait on you, only in order to obtain the pleasing certainty that the evils complained of will be remedied the moment they are known. The S.S. are convinced that one of the best means of arriving at this so desirable end will be the prompt convocation of the states-general.

"*Brussels, this 28th August*, 1830."

It is certain that the Belgian bourgeoisie (as far as those who constituted its principal force were concerned,—namely, the manufacturers and trades) was much more disposed to fear, than to desire a thorough revolution; first, because such a revolution would naturally have placed Belgium in a state of violence, and have hurried it into a course full of troubles; and secondly, because a shock of such magnitude was not necessary to bring about a relief from the grievances complained of. Fifty-five deputies represented the north in the second chamber, and an equal number the south; a few more representatives given to the southern constituency, would therefore have

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sufficed to overthrow the bases of the union, and to transfer the sceptre of the Low Countries from the Hague, to Brussels.

But the 25th of August placed things on a headlong declivity, on which it would have been very difficult to have stopped them. An intense fermentation prevailed among the people; a new bait had been held out to discontented ambition; the colours of Brabant waved in Brussels; the insurrectional movement of that city spread to Liége, Louvain, and Namur; and, as if to render the rupture inevitable, the Dutch journals intemperately called for the punishment of the *rebels*.

It was in the midst of the general anxiety, on the 31st of August, 1830, that the Prince of Orange and Prince Frederick, arrived at Vilvorde at the head of their troops. A commission was instantly named at Brussels, to propose to the princes to enter the city. They consented to do so, on condition that the colours of Brabant should be displaced for those of Orange. On receiving intelligence of this the city of Brussels was in uproar; the streets were broken up, trees were felled, and barricades prepared. A fresh deputation set out for Vilvorde, passing through the hosts of an excited population. At eleven at night the deputation returned to Brussels; and at midnight, a proclamation in these terms was read in the bourgeois guard-houses, amidst passionate cheers.

"H. R. H. the Prince of Orange, will come this day with his staff alone, and without troops; he demands that the *garde bourgeoise* should go to meet him. The deputies have pledged themselves for the safety of his person, and that he shall be at liberty to enter the city with the *garde bourgeoise*, or to withdraw if he think fit."

The next day, the 1st of September, the Prince of Orange made his entry into Brussels. The bourgeois guard had marched to meet him in order of battle, so to speak, and proudly waving the colours of Brabant. The Prince of Orange encountered the head of the column at the bridge of Laëken. He was accompanied only by some aides-de-camp. An innumerable multitude thronged the road along which he had to pass. The drums beat as he approached, and the guards presented arms. He could even judge from the shouts of *Vive le Prince*, that greeted him here and there, that he was not entering a hostile city. But when he saw the streets encumbered with huge barricades, and all the ominous paraphernalia of a perilled city, he turned pale, and nearly fainted. Besides, as he advanced, the voice of the people swelled louder and louder above that of the bourgeoisie, affrighting his ear with these shouts of war, *Vive la Liberté! Down with Van Maanen!* He wished to proceed through Rue de la Madeleine, to his own palace, but every tongue cried, *To the Hôtel de Ville!* Intensely agitated, he continued his route with extreme haste, and like a fugitive. In the Place de la Justice, where he appeared alone, his aides-de-camp not having been able to keep pace with him, a sentinel gave the alarm, the guards posted in the Place hurried up and pointed their bayonets at him. Thus the revolutionary fever had already seized on Brussels, and the prince found

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himself engaged in an enterprise, the issue of which might be most disastrous. He abridged as much possible, his stay in a city, where already the colours fatal to his house, were waving on all points. But he had been waited on by several successive deputations; he had been visited by almost all the men of note in Brussels, and a commission appointed to advise on the measures to be taken under the circumstances had at last uttered the word *separation*. That word allowed the Prince of Orange the hope of a crown. "On that condition you will be faithful to me?" he said, in a meeting in which the question was to be decided. "Yes! yes!" was the unanimous and enthusiastic reply.—"And you will not unite with the French?"—"Never!" Upon this, impassioned language was interchanged between the prince and those by whom he was surrounded; the emotion of the assembly was at its height, and it is said the Prince of Orange burst into tears. On the 4th of September he left Brussels, never to return.

The Prince of Orange was a man of talent, chivalric, and French in manners and in language. He did not basely court popularity, he made it gather round him spontaneously. But his love for play, and his strong propensity to libertinism, furnished his enemies with a weapon which they used with indefatigable rancour. Thus it was, that he was accused, not without some show of probability, of having purloined his wife's diamonds to pay his debts. His father did not love him. William, a man of business, had no feeling in common with a man of pleasure, whose inclinations he disapproved of, and whose capacity gave him umbrage. He preferred his younger son, Prince Frederick, who justified, by an extreme mediocrity of mind, the paternal affection, which in kings is always jealous. Now, it was Prince Frederick's hand, as we shall hereafter see, that broke the last link between Belgium and Holland.

The news of these events produced a deep sensation in France. Though there was no comparison to be made between the situation of France, and that of Belgium, the Parisians were pleased to see in the revolution that had just begun in Brussels, the influence of the heroic example set by the people of Paris.

The court was occupied with other thoughts. The king, having had a private interview with two Belgians, who were at that time in Paris, made no secret to them of his sympathies; he spoke of William as a wise and liberal prince, and appeared grieved at the shock given to the throne of a monarch who had recognised him with so much alacrity, and in so handsome a manner. Louis Philippe could hardly venture to display the same feelings before his ministers, particularly before Dupont de l'Eure and Laffitte. But after the resolution he had taken, not to displease monarchical Europe in any thing, how could he have beheld, without dismay, an outbreak that forced him to adopt a decision, either anti-European, or anti-French? For, to refuse the hand of fellowship to Belgium, when on the point of detaching itself from Holland, would have been to give a very

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abrupt, and perhaps dangerous negative to the hopes the revolution of July had awakened among the French people: whilst to accept the advances of fortune, would have led him to an irreparable breach with England, which ever since the time of Edward III., had striven against the establishment of French interests in Belgium.

Not that the union of the two latter countries could have been effected without impediment, even in the full flush of the enthusiasm created by the revolution of July. The Belgian clergy, which exercised absolute sway over the people, detested the French, as a nation far gone in scepticism, and in all the licence of the spirit of inquiry; the nobles felt nothing but aversion for a country which was strewed all over with the ruins of the aristocracy; and as for the trafficking classes, they were in general Orangists. Notwithstanding all this, to attract Belgium to France would not have been a problem beyond the reach of skilful diplomacy. Divisions, which were afterwards to show themselves in their strength, and which might have been turned to account, already existed in the germ between the catholic and the liberal parties. The hostility of the nobles was not backed by such real strength, as to make it imprudent to overlook it. The leaning of the traders towards the Prince of Orange, having no other cause than their mercantile egoism, it would have been easy to convince them of the great gain that would accrue to them from the opening of the French markets to their productions. The separation of Belgium from Holland, coupled with the royalty of the Prince of Orange, could be for the former country only a disguised dependence, and left the fear of the Dutch yoke continually suspended over it. Had not Belgium, after all, once been French? Was not French the language spoken by all the influential and enlightened part of the nation? Were not the Walloon provinces French in heart? If Brussels was afraid of sinking in importance by becoming the mere chief town of a department, was it not possible to overcome its apprehensions, by stipulating that it should become the residence of a French prince, and the capital of an administrative division of France?

Such were the thoughts of those who had the greatness of their native land at heart: but they had potent and stubborn interests to contend with. Many of the French manufacturers dreaded the competition of those of Belgium, in case of a union between the countries, thus preferring their own pecuniary interests to the interests of the nation. M. Casimir Périer, as proprietor of the mines of Anzin, would have lost a great deal of money by the free introduction of Belgian coal. Thus, when France, a land of warriors, had renounced her genius, she with it lost her virility, and found herself doomed to impotence, on the day she consented to be governed by shopkeepers.

These circumstances too well coincided with the political views of the château, not tobe turned to account by it. On Saturday September 4, 1830, the king laid a question of the gravest moment

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before the council, viz. the nomination of Talleyrand, as ambassador to London. M. Laffitte declared that such an appointment seemed to him exceedingly dangerous, because it was unpopular. M. Dupont de l'Eure spoke in still more decisive terms. M. Molé, whose policy was rather Russian than English, was averse to a choice that abruptly forced France into an alliance with England. M. Bignon sided with Dupont de l'Eure and Laffitte. The king broke off the discussion in consequence.

The next day M. de Talleyrand, dining at M. Laffitte's, said to him, "I thank you for what you said yesterday. I know all: the king told me every thing."—"In that case, you know in what terms I spoke of your capacity."—"We will pass over that."—"I added, that I believed you incapable of forfeiting your word."—"It is for that I thank you."—"It is true, I spoke of your unpopularity." Talleyrand replied only with a smile; the others at the table imitated him; and some hours afterwards M. Laffitte learned from the king's lips that M. de Talleyrand was ambassador to London.

No protest was made on the part of the council. Yet the resolution just come to irrevocably pledged France to a novel line of policy. The nomination of M. de Talleyrand as ambassador to London not only bound French diplomacy to the maintenance of the treaties of 1815, but also to the renunciation of the Russian alliance and to the adoption of that of England.

That nomination must have deeply shocked the public had not all minds been dazzled and bewildered at the moment. Who could have forgotten that before 1814 France had been the first nation in the world; that her domain had begun and ended with the Rhine; that Germany had been fashioned for her and by her; that Italy acknowledged her laws; that the capital of catholicism belonged to her; that Spain obeyed her influence; that she was greater than all the pride of Louis XIV. had dared to dream? Now it was in the house of M. de Talleyrand that the negotiations of Paris were opened, those ever shameful preliminaries to the shameful treaties of Vienna; in M. de Talleyrand's house the foes of France had, with two strokes of the pen, wreaked their spite on the military genius of the republic, and its continuation by that of Bonaparte. It was there it had been decided that a million should be given to M. de Metternich, a million to M. de Nesselrode, and six hundred thousand francs to each of the subaltern negotiators, to indemnify the foreign diplomatists for the pains they took to rob us. Surely these were singular qualifications for becoming the ambassador of a revolution, which, in the opinion of the people, was but a protest against Waterloo and its consequences.

The life of M. de Talleyrand, furthermore, was no mystery for any one. He had risen through the protection of the courtesans who dishonoured the last days of the monarchy, and who contributed to its ruin. He had become bishop of Autun on the eve of the church's downfal. He, a *grand seigneur*, had been seen on

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the famous anniversary of the 14th of July officiating at the altar of the country as high priest of that revolution, which gave the death-blow to the aristocracy whereof he was a member. He had had his share of authority, when the 18*th Fructidor* smote his patrons. He had won the portfolio of foreign affairs by the revolution of the 18*th Brumaire*, directed against his friend Barras. In 1814 he had proclaimed himself head of the provisional government, whilst his benefactor, Napoleon, was meditating at Fontainebleau over the ruins of the Empire. And now that the dynasty, to which he had offered his patronage in 1814, was exiled in its turn, he reappeared on the stage once more to bid good day to fortune.

These very facts pointed him out for the admiration of the cold-blooded ambitious and the sceptics whom the misguided course of the July revolution carried to the management of the state. It is the property of petty souls and petty intellects to deem him a man of ability who thrives in his egotism. M. de Talleyrand was not even in this sense a man of unqualified ability. Dismissed from ministerial life under the Republic, degraded under the Empire, almost exiled from court under the Restoration, he could not hold his ground under any of the governments of which his venal and prostitute ambition had favoured the triumph.

As for that other kind of ability, which consists in accomplishing vast designs with feeble means, M. de Talleyrand never possessed it; and of this no question could exist among those foreign diplomatists who had witnessed his incapacity at Vienna. For whilst, in the congress there, M. de Nesselrode secured his master's influence over the south by the infeudation of Poland to Russia, whilst Von Hardemberg gave fulness and symmetry to Prussia with regard to Germany; whilst Prince Metternich enlarged the sway of Austria in Italy; whilst Lords Castlereagh, Cathcart, and Stewart encompassed France with barriers fit to quell the flights of her genius, M. de Talleyrand thought only of driving Murat from the throne of Naples. Thus, though the rivalries between the powers afforded predicaments, of which he might have taken advantage, M. de Talleyrand was unable to obtain any thing or to hinder any thing. The King of Saxony was plundered because of his love for the French; Denmark was chastised for its equally noble and unswerving loyalty; in a word, the bases of the treaties so fatal to France were fixed in Vienna just as they had been previously arranged in Paris. The Emperor Alexander was the only one of the foreign sovereigns who showed a disposition to moderation in victory. M. de Talleyrand contrived to make the czar one of the most dangerous enemies of France.

We cannot, therefore, wonder at the joy which the nomination of such an ambassador caused in London. M. de Talleyrand was for England a toy and a tool. Had he been any thing else the English knew him too well to fear him.

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Fouché who had displayed all the audacity of mischief possessed at least all its genius: Talleyrand, on the contrary, was a man of mediocrity; only he had this advantage, that he knew all the forms and degrees of human baseness, having experimented upon them in his own person. If he did vile actions, it was sometimes with sarcastic levity, sometimes with a contemptuous air, always with the ease of a man of high birth. He would fain have made virtue pass for a proof of bad education, for a mark of low breeding; and he was regarded as the protector of each of the governments to which he had given himself, such a coxcomb was he in his treachery, and so much importance did he contrive to give to his dishonour. Some *bon mots*, made popular by his hangers on, some happy hits of malice had acquired for him a *reputation de salon* that inspired terror. No one reflected that he was feared not only for the wit he possessed, but for that which was imputed to him. He spoke little when he had a mind to show off, had the art of making his advice awaited, and gave it with studied conciseness, thus causing it to be supposed that he thought much. There was nothing about the man, even to his outward lineaments, that did not subserve the lying part he played. Though he was clubfooted like Lord Byron, there was in his whole person a sort of impertinent grace that no one could equal. Imperturbable too in his self-possession, he put others to confusion by the polished insolence of his manners, the impassibility of his features, the perpetual smile of his half-closed eyes, and their profoundly ironical mildness. But all this would not have sufficed for his renown, if Europe, coalesced against France, had not desired to give influence to the man she had selected to degrade and ruin his country. M. de Talleyrand was silly enough to be deceived in this; he was not aware that the foes of France had bestowed on him a celebrity proportioned to her misfortunes. He was a pitiful being, and scarcely even that! For his reputation increased by every flagrant infamy, and his prosperity was the type and epitome of all the disasters of his native land.

M. de Talleyrand's speech on being presented to the King of England, was every thing the English could desire, and on that day were laid the bases of the Anglo-French alliance, an alliance which it was impossible to establish permanently between two nations, that since 1789 had been ruled by the same economic laws, and both forced by the principle of competition to spread themselves abroad, to covet with equal ardour the acquisition of new markets, the manufacturing supremacy over the world, the empire of the seas. This impossibility, which the narrow intellect of Talleyrand was incapable of apprehending, certainly did not escape the sagacity of the English statesmen; but, with their habitual skill in dissembling their sentiments, they accepted with delight the offer of an alliance which the distressed condition of their country rendered necessary for the moment.

The advantage was wholly theirs, France had all the danger. The Emperor of Russia considered the nomination of Talleyrand as

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a sort of declaration of war. He could no longer doubt the change that was about to be introduced under Louis Philippe into the diplomacy of Europe with respect to the question of the East. Nevertheless, as he was not yet prepared for war, he thought it expedient to temporize with his hatred, of which the following letter, contemptuous as it was, was but the mitigated expression.

"I have received from the hands of General Athalin the letter of which he has been the bearer. Events for ever to be deplored have placed your majesty in a cruel alternative. Your majesty has adopted a determination which appeared to you the only one fitted to save France from the greatest calamities, and I will not utter any judgment upon the considerations which have guided your majesty, but I pray that Divine Providence may be pleased to bless your intentions and the efforts you are about to make for the welfare of the French people. In concert with my allies I accept with pleasure the wishes expressed by your majesty to maintain relations of peace and amity with all the states of Europe. As long as these relations shall be based on the existing treaties, and on the firm resolution to respect the rights and obligations, and the state of territorial possession which those treaties have ratified, Europe will find therein a guarantee for that peace which is so necessary to the repose of France herself. Called in conjunction with my allies to cultivate these conservative relations with France, under her government, I will for my part bring to them all the solicitude they demand, and the dispositions of which I gladly offer your majesty the assurance, in return for the sentiments your majesty has expressed to me. I pray your majesty to accept at the same time, &c. &c.

"NICOLAS."

The contemptuous tone of this letter, its ominous reserve, the insulting omission of the words *monsieur mon frère*, which Louis Philippe had taken great care to employ, all this was a thunderstroke to the Palais Royal. It was not discouraged however, but bent all its thoughts on meriting the good will of the courts by new efforts, especially in the Belgian question.

The most frightful confusion prevailed in Brussels since the Prince of Orange had quitted that city. A phantom of a government had appeared there; but as Belgium had not yet uttered its irrevocable warcry against the Nassau dynasty, no Belgian executive dared to think or to call itself legitimate. The people, which in all countries loves violent situations, because they break the monotony of its sufferings, was all astir, and welcomed every hazard. The unreflecting hatred it had long cherished under the zealous promptings of the catholic clergy, broke out against Holland with an impetuosity that threw all things into disorder. Gatherings took place in the public squares of Brussels; arms were demanded on all sides; volunteers were enrolled. The agitations of the capital was followed and rendered more terrible by those of Liège, Mons, Gand, and Namur. Disorder, as always happens, had engendered its orators and heroes; and anarchy was kept up not only by all the obscure ambitious who triumphed in the uncertainties of the times, but also by the Orangists who wished to terrify the opulent part of the nation, and force it to surrender at discretion.

Men must be wretched or ignorant to dare. The Belgian bourgeoisie, seeing above it an irritated king, and below it a growling multitude, trembled, and strove to appease the king by deputations and almost supplicating addresses, whilst to the multitude it opposed its armed sections: but exhausted by this twofold effort, it longed

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for the end of the crisis: an administrative separation and the maintenance of the Nassau dynasty were the objects of its desires.

The states-general had been convoked to the Hague. William opened the session with a speech, in which the desire of peace was translated into haughty language. The Belgians were considered in it as rebels, and the king announced his very decided intention of conceding nothing to the spirit of faction. The separation of the two kingdoms, however, being indicated in the speech as the final term of all divisions, the Belgian deputies joined those of Holland in thanking William, and the address in reply to the speech from the throne was voted by a large majority.

But too violent an appeal had been made to the passions of the two nations to allow the possibility of a compromise. The Belgians were now talked of only with anger or contempt at the Hague: the deputies of the southern provinces were insulted there, and very soon became aware that they were in an enemy's country. The quarrel was envenomed by the discussion on the address. The Dutch orators ejaculated their desire to have recourse to arms, and this imprudent language was echoed from one end of Belgium to the other. Both sides were hurrying fast to the *dénouement*. A Brussels paper, the *Courier des Pays Bas*, already inveighed against the timidity of the Belgian deputies in the states-general. Alarming rumours were spread. Every instant it was expected that the troops, commanded by Prince Frederick, would put themselves in motion. Individual facts derived an ominous importance from these circumstances. Now it was a Belgian soldier wounded in a brawl by a Dutch soldier, and afterwards carried about the streets of Mons on a hand-barrow in the sight of the indignant people: now it was a young man shot by a sentinel in Liège, who fell bleeding into his brother's arms. The opportunity was a favourable one for France. The Belgian bourgeoisie felt itself hurried away from the Nassau party by a movement that was become irresistible. It was sliding along between two abysses, anarchy on the one side, war on the other.

There is no doubt that under these circumstances Belgium would have become French if the greatness of France had been the mark aimed at by the cabinet of the Palais Royal. But the progress of the revolution in Belgium was matter of dismay, not of hope for the French government. Louis Philippe was equally afraid of having to refuse Belgium, because that would be to brave Paris, and of having to take it, for that would be to offend London. The agents of the Palais Royal in Belgium, far from endeavouring to stimulate the movement, strove to discourage it. Lafayette might easily have baffled these discreditable efforts, but unfortunately his activity was wasted in idle speeches. Moreover there was something in the union of Belgium with France that gave pain to his puerile disinterestedness. He would have been glad to see Belgium constitute itself into a republic, without however supposing that France ought to contribute to that result by a direct intervention. In an inter-

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view he had with M. de Potter, who was then in Paris, he asked him for a note on the state of Belgium; and there the matter rested.

We see how critical was the position of the Belgian bourgeoisie thus left alone with its terrors. A fact of little importance in itself, strikingly manifested its perturbation and confusion. As they talked incessantly in Brussels of the speedy appearance of Prince Frederick's troops, some volunteers resolved to push forward as skirmishers on the road to Vilvorde. They set out, and fearing lest the diligence which followed should outstrip them and give intelligence of their march, they forced it to return to the city. On reaching Terwueren they disarmed some *maréchaussées*, and got back to Brussels without further accident. Great was the commotion at the Hôtel de Ville on the news of this proceeding; the audacity of the volunteers was strongly reprehended in a proclamation. The people became incensed in its turn, cried out treachery! rushed upon the Hôtel de Ville, seized the arms there, and attacked several posts. The bourgeois guard fired on an assemblage of working men, three of whom fell dangerously wounded. Dismay reigned in the city; and the next day a proclamation, issued by Prince Frederick, acquainted the Belgians that the Dutch troops were advancing *at the request of the best citizens, and to relieve the bourgeois guard from a painful duty.*

Nor was it long before the Dutch dragoons appeared on the *chaussée de Schaërbeck.* Immediately the tocsin sounded from St. Gudule's; the drum beat to arms; old men, women, and children, laboured at the barricades. The moment showed one of those flashes of enthusiasm that sometimes appear on the approach of great dangers. The citizens embraced each other in the streets, and vowed to die rather than to submit to the yoke. Volunteers from Liège had arrived in Brussels; and with the inhabitants of that city they advanced upon the enemy and made a spirited attack on the Dutch cavalry, some of whom were shot almost at musket length.

On the 23d of September the Dutch troops presented themselves, about nine or ten thousand strong, and towards eight in the evening they entered the city by the Schaërbeck and Louvain gates. It would seem that the Dutch were bewildered at the appearance of the city raging and panting for the combat, and at the fearful sound of the tocsin mingled with discharges of musketry; for instead of marching at once against the unfinished barricades, seizing the important posts, and putting themselves in a position to command the whole city, they drew off to the park where they intrenched themselves with their artillery. There they were assailed for three days by the Belgians, who were masters of the Place Royale, and posted in the adjacent houses. For three days the Walloon poachers, famous for their skill as marksmen, incessantly carried death into the ranks of the hostile army, the artillery of which as incessantly cannonaded the city. The Dutch at last evacuated Brussels, carrying away

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their dead in carts, and leaving for token of their visit, the park laid waste like a field of battle, the pavement strewed with corpses, and the reeking ashes of the houses burned by their shells.

A mortal blow had been dealt the Nassau family. Merciless and vanquished, its crime was double. The horror excited by its abortive effort was soon augmented by reports of the darkest kind. The Dutch, it was said, had been guilty of atrocious acts: they had pillaged several hotels on the Place d'Orange, after beating the proprietors to death with the butts of their muskets; they had been seen on the same spot firing through the loopholes of cellars on poor inoffensive peasants; they had fastened the innkeeper of the Pavillon Royal to a horse's tail, and trailed him along in that condition; they had brutally carried away young girls from boarding-schools, and set fire to sixteen houses between the Schaërbeck and the Louvain gates. A Belgian, named Hauregard, was mentioned, whose arms and legs they cut off, and then threw the bleeding trunk into a ditch. Prince Frederick was reported to have cheered on his soldiers to the carnage, and to have said to his artillerymen, "Courage, my sons! bombard this villanous city. I promise you the plunder of it." These frightful details, whether they were true or not, were greedily received by credulous rancour, and they rendered all reconciliation exceedingly difficult.

There remained, therefore, but two courses for Belgium to pursue; to declare itself independent, or to throw itself into the arms of France.

The former of these two courses appeared very hazardous. In violently separating from Holland, Belgium broke the treaties of 1815. Would this be tolerated in Europe? And if not, how were the Belgians, deprived of the assistance of France, to maintain their independence? War seemed imminent. Even negotiations might engender a universal storm, if France, in ever so small a degree, cherished hopes of conquest. What would then become of Belgium? Would it not then be, what it had so often been before, the ensanguined arena on which the leading powers would contend for the empire of the world? Was it not plainly its interest to give itself, that it might not be taken by the sword? Such was the opinion of those who, like MM. Gendebien and Séron, were inaccessible to mean jealousy, and who preferred for their country the solid benefit of a strong, regular, and respected existence to the frivolous advantage of an impotent nationality, eternally condemned to a subaltern part, subsisting only on the embarrassments of European diplomacy, and always at the mercy of the chances of war. These considerations were backed by urgent interests. Deprived at a blow of all the ample outlets afforded its commerce by the Dutch colonies, Belgium could not give itself to France without France reciprocally giving herself to Belgium. The union of the two countries presented nothing of the character of a conquest, and would only have been the sealing of a noble pact of fraternity

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between them, which would have increased tenfold the power of each. Belgium, moreover, on being declared independent, would need a government. This was a fresh source of difficulties: for, supposing it to become a republic, Europe would fall on it and crush it; if it became a monarchy, diplomacy would enslave it by imposing on it a king. Finally, as though fortune had desired to show all the disorders that might lurk in that independence which was so difficult to secure, Belgium had been weighed down with all sorts of evils since its emancipation. Formidable thoughts had been awakened in the minds of the people by the encouragements which every change of dynasty holds out to audacity, and by the hope of licence and impunity. Hordes of malefactors overran the rural districts; travellers were robbed, rich merchants plundered, manufactories sacked, property of all kinds menaced; anarchy was spreading day by day. To meet all the dangers of such a situation there was only a self-created government of new men, which the necessity for its existence rendered possible, not popular, and which was without force because without prestige.

Thus every thing seemed to invite Belgium to become French. The dearest interests of France were involved in that result, and it would have inevitably ensued had not the Palais Royal moved heaven and earth to prevent it.

Among the influential men of New Belgium, some were republicans, who, like M. de Potter, did not wish to belong to a people relapsed under the yoke of monarchy: others, like MM. Van de Weyer and Nothomb, were semi-sceptics, impatient of their former obscurity, without systematic views, and prone to regard political capacity as consisting in a cold submission to the dictates of force. The French government could easily have engaged these men in support of the institutions of France, all it need have done to that end, being to convince them of its power, and to promise them personal consequence. It took an opposite course, and naturally had them against it: this was what it wanted.

Thanks to this conduct, unparalleled assuredly in the annals of diplomacy, no real French party could be formed in Belgium, though on that side were ranged the logic of facts, the apparent decisions of fate, the greatness and the future prospects of the two nations. The struggle began, therefore, in Brussels, between the *patriots*, warm partisans of Belgian nationality, and the Orangists who had aided in combating Dutch supremacy, but who, not believing in the possibility of Belgian independence, wished for the maintenance of the Nassau dynasty, with new institutions. The moneyed men, many of the trading class, and the greater part of the former *employés* of the kingdom of the Netherlands, formed the orange party. The patriot party comprised the catholics and the young liberals, and was backed by the popular sympathies. The orangists were the richer, and more far-sighted; the patriots were the more active, numerous, and impassioned. Between these two rival parties fluctuated the

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men who, engrossed with their own private interests, were ready to side with the victors.

We have said that a provisional government had been established in Brussels, immediately after the revolution of September. It consisted of the Baron E. d'Hoogvorst, Charles Rogier, Jolly de Coppin, Vanderlinden, Nicolaï, Félix de Mérode, Gendebien, and Van de Weyer, to whom de Potter was added four days after its installation. This transitory government, not venturing to take on itself the decision of any of the great questions suggested by the revolution, hastened to convoke the congress, to which it reserved the right of fixing the destiny of Belgium. Only it published an ambiguous document, in which it declared that Belgium should constitute an independent state. It afterwards appointed a committee to draw up a project of a constitution, all the members of which, with the exception of M. Tielemans, declared for monarchy, and the wording of the project was intrusted to MM. Devaux and Nothomb. When the latter read the document to the provisional government, M. de Potter bitterly remarked, "It was not worth while to shed so much blood for such a trifle."

Meanwhile William had called his faithful subjects to arms, and the Prussians were preparing to second him, when M. Molé declared to them that if they set foot on the Belgian territory, a French army would instantly appear there. No more was wanted to intimidate Prussia. The success of this honourable firmness ought to have proved to the cabinet of the Palais Royal how easy, profitable, and even prudent at that time was a bold line of policy.

Feeling little confidence in his own strength, William had recourse to the English government. He naturally made his appeal to diplomacy, the kingdom of the Netherlands being a diplomatic creation. In a note presented by M. Falck to Lord Aberdeen on the 5th of October, 1830, it was said:

"As the assistance of the king's allies can alone restore tranquillity in the southern provinces of the Netherlands, I have received orders to request that his Britannic Majesty may be pleased to command to that end the immediate despatch of the necessary number of troops into the southern provinces of the Netherlands, the procrastinated arrival of which might seriously compromise the interests of those provinces and those of all Europe. In fulfilling hereby the intentions of my government, I have the honour to inform your excellency that a similar communication has been addressed to Prussia, Austria, and Russia, which having likewise signed the eight articles constituting the kingdom of the Netherlands, are called on, as well as England, to uphold the kingdom of the Netherlands and the existing state of Europe."

In his reply, dated Oct. 17, Lord Aberdeen refused the demand of troops as coming too late, but announced the approaching assemblage of the plenipotentiaries of the Five Powers.

That assemblage took place. Prussia was represented by Count Bulow, Great Britain by Lord Aberdeen, Russia by Count Mastuszewic. The meeting assumed the name of *conference*, and was but a continuation of the *congress of Vienna*. Accordingly it was with inexpressible amazement that Europe beheld France represented therein by M. de Talleyrand, for her people thereby became accom-

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plices in all the measures adopted by their enemies against them. The conference was held in London, as if the better to show that to England belonged the right to regulate the world.

The Prince of Orange had with his father's sanction established a sort of counter-government at Antwerp. He published a proclamation, in which he acknowledged the independence of Belgium. Now so great was still the indecision prevailing in the public mind of the country, that the prince's proclamation produced a prodigious effect. The provisional government affected to disdain it, but the cause of the Prince of Orange was far from being lost. "Popular acts," said Van de Weyer and Felix de Mérode to an envoy from the prince, "might perhaps *produce an exception from the general ban pronounced against the members of the house of Nassau.*"

A serious event occurred to simplify matters. On the night of the 27th-28th an alarming sound was heard from a distance in Brussels. The members of the provisional government had installed themselves in the old palace of the states-general. From the top of the peristyle they perceived a lurid light on the horizon, like that of a great conflagration. It came from the city of Antwerp, which the Prince of Orange had evacuated, and which General Chassé was bombarding. The indignation of the Belgians was extreme. Whether guilty or not of having caused the bombardment, the Prince of Orange remained charged with the crime of having given to the flames the most flourishing city of Belgium, and the only one which had until then remained faithful to Holland.

The moment was approaching when Belgium was to be completely emancipated. The Dutch had been driven from town to town, from post to post. Count Frédéric de Merode was mortally wounded in one of the numerous engagements that took place. The Belgian papers published the details of his last moments: they were affecting, and of a nature to produce a great confusion in France. Just before he expired the count turned to one of his friends and said faintly, "He too is *un brave.* He was an officer of cuirassiers in the Three Days, and would not draw his sword against his brethren;" and with these words he breathed his last.

When the news of all these events arrived in Paris they excited scenes of enthusiasm. The popular societies above all were flushed with pride. Subscriptions were opened in favour of the wounded of September. The clubs sent emissaries to Brussels. The *Société des Amis du Peuple* raised a battalion at its own expense, and sent it forth on its march, giving it a name, a leader, and a banner.

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CHAPTER IV.

A FEARFUL drama was meanwhile preparing. Three ministers of Charles X., MM. de Peyronnet, de Guernon Ranville, and de Chantelauze, having been brought back to Paris from Tours, were sent to Vincennes, where they were soon joined by M. de Polignac.

The prisoners had at first been confined in the Pavillon de la Reine, each in a separate room. Orders were sent to transfer them to the keep of the castle.

M. de Polignac was the first summoned to submit to this painful exchange. There were several courts to traverse, and a great number of national guards and soldiers of the garrison pressed forward to feast their eyes on the spectacle of might laid low. M. de Polignac appeared, walking slowly and bareheaded between two grenadiers. His dress was disordered, and his features showed marks of fatigue, but the fire of a confident belief, which mischances only irritated, still lighted up his eyes. He appeared affected as he ascended the steps of the keep, and stopped and leaned his hand on a grenadier's musket. The governor of the château accompanied him. After numberless vicissitudes, fortune brought him back to that dungeon where he had formerly expiated his youthful hostility to the Empire. Then he was punished for having revolted against the power of the state, and now for having abused it.

M. de Peyronnet, who was to be followed by his other two colleagues, appeared in his turn. He wore his hat; his demeanour was haughty, and the multitude showed no resentment at that pride, which in him at least was not justified by excessive strength of conviction, when an unknown person, taking aim at the ex-minister, cried out, "On your knees, down on your knees, and ask pardon, wretch, for having caused the people to be shot." The man was quieted; but scenes like this conveyed a fearful warning to the government.

The chamber had to name commissioners to examine the accused, and its choice fell on MM. Bérenger, Madier de Montjau, and Mauguin. These gentlemen brought peculiar qualities to the discharge of their new functions; M. Bérenger, much coolness and gravity; Madier de Montjau, a great fund of tolerance combined with a certain austerity of deportment, and Mauguin, on the contrary, the inflexibility of a tribune veiled under the pleasing manners of a man of the world.

The first question on which the commissioners disagreed (and it was trifling in appearance only) was one of ceremony. Were they to surround the discharge of their mission with pomp and circumstance? So M. Mauguin wished. Convinced that it is by the outward signs of things that the multitude are most powerfully acted

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on, and perhaps actuated by a secret desire for display, he required that the journey from Paris to Vincennes should be made with pomp; that the chamber should, in its public displays, borrow from royalty the imposing vanities with which it dazzles the multitude; that every commissioner, for instance, should have his carriage; and that a whole squadron should escort those who were going to represent the justice of the people.

These wishes were connected in M. Mauguin's mind with bold schemes of sway. It was with intense ill-will that he had surrendered the revolutionary power with which he had been invested in the Hôtel de Ville. Having failed to make the chamber disappear in the revolution, he would fain have introduced the revolution into the chamber, engaged his colleagues in conspicuous measures and irrevocably committed them; but whilst subjecting them to all the exigencies of popularity, he would have imparted to them its strength. He himself enjoyed, at that time, a degree of credit with the public, the value of which he perhaps exaggerated, but of which he was the man to make a vigorous use.

Unfortunately M. Mauguin exercised no influence on those in his immediate sphere. He had much talent, and wanted tact. Superior in intellect to most of his colleagues, he let them plainly perceive the fact. Mediocrity in no case pardons talent, but it respects it when content to keep in the back-ground, and then submits to its dictates. M. Mauguin lost the fruits of the most eminent abilities by a legitimate but indiscreet self-sufficiency. He alienated confidence by all those means that usually captivate it. His quick susceptibility to impressions passed for scepticism; his naturally good-natured expression of countenance was spoiled by a subtlety that destroyed its effect. The grace of his manners marked him out for observation, but did not conciliate; and there was even in the suavity of his language something of a patronising air that was offensive. Had it been granted to a man to command events, this inability of M. Mauguin to play the leading part would have been almost a public misfortune; for he knew better than any one else all that can be done, in the sequel of a crisis, by intelligent daring, when guided and controlled by the love of the people. He knew that real liberty can only be founded by means of power, exercised with confidence, intrepidity and audacity, and that great dangers render great things possible by rendering them necessary. But he fell short of ability to command, for want of certain virtues, and still more of certain defects. With talent enough to inspire many with envy, he had not strength of character enough to create himself enemies. Now in the turmoil of parties the value of a political man depends on the violence of the animosities he excites. When power is the prize to be wrestled for, it is hate that points out the candidates.

As member of the municipal commission, M. Mauguin had conceived some excellent ideas, which had broken down by reason of the distrust felt towards him by his colleagues. As member of the

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commission of accusation in the trial of the ministers, he inspired the same distrust, and encountered the same obstacles. His scheme of making an imposing show, magnifying the importance of the chamber, and obviously setting forth its sovereignty before the eyes of all men, was looked on by MM. Montjau and Bérenger only as a petty device of personal ambition. Without openly combatting their colleague's views, they set about baffling them.

The day being come when the commissioners were to proceed to Vincennes, M. Mauguin was very much surprised to see only five or six gendarmes assembled to form the escort, and two carriages instead of eight. He vehemently expressed his dissatisfaction, but it was too late. M. Madier de Montjau carried his modesty to such a length on the occasion, as to write secretly to General Daumesnil, governor of Vincennes, requesting him to give the commissioners a very simple reception. Notwithstanding this, on entering the castle they found the garrison drawn up; the soldiers presented arms to them, the drums beat; and when Madier de Montjau took the governor aside, and asked him why he had not conformed to the instructions given him, "I knew better than to do so," replied General Daumesnil, "Is not the sovereignty now vested in the chamber?" The phrase clearly exhibits the repugnance with which some high personages then regarded every thing capable of giving too much prominence and prestige to the parliamentary sovereignty.

The examination of the ex-ministers was formal, and more grave than stern. M. Mauguin alone showed signs of sensibility. He had formerly obtained from M. de Peyronnet an amnesty for the French refugees in Spain. He had been acquainted with M. de Guernon Ranville, and still more intimately with M. de Chantelauze. When the latter suddenly appeared before him pale, sick, and drooping, he could not refrain from holding out his hand to him, and bursting into tears. M. de Chantelauze seemed indeed borne down under the weight of calamity. M. de Peyronnet, on the contrary, displayed an assurance that was not altogether free from bravado. He accounted for his co-operation in the ordinances on the ground of his absolute devotedness to a king who had loaded him with favours. M. de Guernon Ranville's courage was tinctured with ill-humour. As for M. de Polignac, his demeanour in the highest degree astonished the commissioners. Calm and almost smiling, he seemed to look on all that was going on as an insipid farce. "The irresponsibility of ministers," he said, "is but a corollary of the principle of royal inviolability. The inviolability of Charles X. has not been respected; his ministers have therefore ceased to be responsible." This was tantamount to bidding victory bow to the subtleties of the special pleader; but M. de Polignac thought himself unassailable beneath the shelter of these deductions from a fiction which had not saved either Charles X. or Strafford. "When shall I be set at liberty?" he asked incessantly. Sinister vociferations were heard, however, all round the prison.

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The commissioners were careful to temper the austerity of their functions by many acts of considerate leniency. They cut short the replies of the ex-ministers when they began to be hazardous to their authors. The examination was frequently interrupted by conversations, during which the accused might forget the bitterness of their situation. Refreshments were set before them; indifferent matters were talked of, and the image of the scaffold disappeared. The prisoners complained of being confined *au secret*, and their remonstrances were listened to with favour. M. de Mauguin, above all, seemed disposed to mitigate the condition of the culprits. M. de Polignac was allowed, through his instrumentality, to be visited by the Duchesse de Guiche.

Meanwhile Louis Philippe was intensely concerned as to the danger possibly impending over the last ministers of Charles X. To turn them over to the executioner would be to give bloody pledges to the revolution, at the risk of still more exasperating kings.

The Convention had smitten Louis XVI. in cold blood, without hatred, without passion, as one smites a principle. A terrible but profound policy! Well knowing what it had to expect from the resentments aroused against it, the Convention desired that these should be fierce and implacable, in order that France, buffeted by the tempest, might have but one sole means of safety, and that the most powerful of all, despair.

Louis Philippe adopted quite a contrary policy from his very accession, and this he announced to Europe by saving M. de Polignac and his colleagues. To propose to the chambers the abolition of the penalty of death, in this way to prepare the public mind for clemency, and to intrust the task of passing sentence to the peers of France, most of whom were friends of the ex-ministers,—such was the plan fixed on in the Palais Royal.

The course of criminal jurisdiction had been partially suspended since the revolution. The guillotine had ceased to work all over France, though there were in the prisons men condemned to capital punishment. The rigid Dupont de l'Eure was distressed at this derogation from the regular course of things, and could not understand why the law should remain suspended. But whenever the scaffold was mentioned, the king manifested extreme sensibility. The ministers having decided one day that an appeal to the royal clemency should be rejected (the case was one of parricide) M. Laffitte heard the son of Philippe Egalité exclaim, "My father died on the scaffold," and tears rolled down the king's cheeks as he uttered the words.

The plan thought most feasible for saving the ex-ministers having encountered no opposition in the council, the king rejoiced at this as at a victory due to his personal ascendancy, and he expected every thing from the condescendance of his ministers.

The abolition of the penalty of death had been proposed in the sitting of the 17th of August, by M. Victor de Tracy, and on the

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6th of October, M. Bérenger had read a report on the subject, recommending an adjournment of the question. Two days afterwards the discussion was revived. M. de Tracy demanded that his proposition should be accepted, or at least examined; he was followed by M. de Kératry; and, as it was essential to interest, on behalf of the imprisoned ministers, the generosity of that people, which was still powerful enough to be treated with deference, the orator impetuously exclaimed, "I aver in your presence, messieurs, if it were possible to assemble within these walls the relations and friends of the brave victims of July, and to ask them, 'Do you desire blood for blood? Answer!' that jury would silently shake their heads in sign of denial, and would return in noble sorrow to their desolated hearths. Should I be mistaken, I would adjure the manes of the glorious victims themselves; I would mentally appeal to them to amend a sentence so unworthy of them; for I know that the brave who risk their lives for a holy cause shed no blood but in the heat of the fight." The walls of the chamber rang with applause at these words. M. de Kératry continued his speech, and demanded that the committee whose report had been read should be ordered to draw up the draft of an address to the king, and that the abolition of the penalty of death for political offences should be confided to the initiative of the monarch.

M. de Lafayette next presented himself to the attentive assembly. "An adjournment has been proposed to you," he said. "Doubtless those who have recommended it have not had the misfortune to see their family, their friends, and the first citizens of France, dragged to the scaffold; they have not had the misfortune to see unhappy men immolated on pretence of Fayétism." The revered voice of Lafayette was drowned in the applauses of the chamber. The motion for an address to the king, calling for the abolition of the penalty of death in certain cases, was supported by the garde des sceaux, and the reference of the subject to the committee was unanimously voted.

Such was the impatience of the legislators that, after a brief suspension, the sittings were resumed at eight o'clock in the evening. The committee had by this time completed their task. The draft of the address, drawn up by M. Bérenger, terminated with these words:—

"Sire, the chamber invokes the prompt initiation of this reform by your majesty. Too much glory is attached to it, too many advantages must result from it, for the nation to wish to owe it to any but its king."

By bestowing this high mark of deference on Louis Philippe, the deputies admirably subserved his policy. They proved to Europe that the fall of a dynasty had taken nothing from the force of the monarchical principle in France. And, again, by subordinating the safety of Charles X.'s advisers to the will of his successor, they supplied the latter with an opportunity of doing himself honour in the

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eyes of foreign sovereigns. Whether or not the chamber foresaw all the results of the address, at any rate it adopted it with enthusiasm. The austere Eusèbe de Salverte alone thought proper to protest. "Thus, then, if we are to put faith in the specious dictates of a spurious humanity, we should say to great criminals, You have sought to make our heads fall; keep your own. Go into foreign countries and enjoy the wealth you have amassed; time will pursue his flight; passions will die away, public and private sorrows will be appeased; the history of our troubles, engraved with musket balls and grape-shot on our walls, will no longer be legible: then will your long exile awaken the public compassion, and its voice will demand that an end be put to your banishment, and that you may for a third, perhaps a fourth time, bring your country to the brink of a precipice, down which you will possibly succeed in hurling it." When he spoke of great criminals who were about to profit by the philanthropy of the chamber, M. Eusèbe de Salverte rent the veil; the sensation was intense in the assembly; but it had taken its resolution; the address was voted by an immense majority.

The king replied to the deputation which presented the address. "The wish you express had long existed in my heart." And the next day, to mitigate the effect which might be produced upon the people by the impunity promised to the signers of the ordonnances, M. Guizot appeared at the tribune, and said, in a voice of emotion, "Messieurs, the king has longed impatiently, like yourselves, to sanction by a legislative measure the great act of national gratitude which the country owes to the victims of our revolution. This I have the honour to submit to you. Messieurs, our three great days have cost more than 500 orphans their fathers, more than 500 widows their husbands, more than 500 old men the affection and support of their children; 311 citizens will remain mutilated and incapable of resuming their occupations; 3,564 wounded will have had to endure a temporary incapacity." In the *projet de loi* which followed this melancholy inventory, the government proposed to grant the widows of those killed in the three days an annual pension for life of 500 francs. Their children were to receive 250 francs annually up to the age of seven, and to enjoy the advantage of gratuitous education. The Hôtel des Invalides was opened to the wounded.

Thus had the government pronounced, honour to the victims! no scaffolds for the guilty! There was certainly in this something chivalric and exalted, well suited to touch the feeling of a people like the French. Besides, from a sentiment of magnanimity, easily wrought to a high pitch, above all in France, the wounded of July had become the natural protectors of the prisoners of Vincennes. Several of those courageous citizens had signed a petition against the penalty of death. Some of them attended at the chamber to lend the support of their presence to the motion of M. de Tracy, and the interest they seemed to take in the discussion had been witnessed with tender sympathy.

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The government had congratulated itself beforehand on the result of its dexterity. But it is the vice of every tortuous policy to lead to inextricable difficulties, whilst eluding petty obstacles. Most of the writers of the bourgeoisie descanted in vain on the éclat that would accrue to the cause of the revolution from a clement policy: the people was not deluded. The rumour having spread that the penalty of death was to be repealed, and that the captive ministers were to be tried by the court of peers, excitement prevailed on all sides, and the most menacing language was current in the workshops.

So this is what they meant to come to! The scaffold for obscure culprits, and for illustrious criminals impunity! Let a wretch be driven to commit murder by excessive want, let him yield to the frightful counsels of despair, and none will intercede to snatch his head from the executioner: people would blush to bestow compassion on his crime, which, before it was a crime, was a misfortune. But let nobles, let rich men, and men to whose hands is committed the destiny of empires, sacrifice millions of human beings to their pride, set a city in flames, force brothers to cut each other's throats, and families to groan for ever, let them do this, and when the hour is come for vengeance, nothing will be talked of but clemency, the glory of pardoning will be cried up, and the law will all at once relax its rigour! They want, they tell us, that the revolution shall be pure, that it should shine with the lustre of generosity, as it has already shone with that of disinterestedness and courage. Well then, let the task of judging the ministers of Charles X. be confided, not to the chamber of peers, where they have their relations, their friends, their allies, and their accomplices, but to a national jury specially enrolled for that grave office, and let that jury condemn them, let it condemn them to death; because if they do not deserve such a punishment, they deserve none. Then, when that sentence shall have been pronounced, let an appeal be made to the clemency of the people, and let the people exercise the right of grace by petition. It showed itself great enough, God knows, when, with the absolute mastery of the town, it knew how to keep itself within due bounds, and the properties of the rich found protectors in men who are not always vouchsafed the use of a church steps or stones of the street for their bed. But no. The generosity of the people, which they extol in idle words, in reality is calumniated or rather regarded with fear and dislike. They are afraid lest the people make too glorious a use of its victory; let its sovereignty be manifested by virtue after having been manifested by force. If it is for the sake of the cause of the revolution that they wish to pardon the ministers, let them then address themselves to those who have made that revolution, and not to those who have passively received it.

This sort of language everywhere engendered agitation. The

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people felt itself in a manner insulted in its dignity. The committing the care of its honour to an unpopular and antiquated authority seemed a manifestation of distrust in itself, at which it felt indignant after having given so many proofs of moderation. Its instinctive love of equality was in like manner offended by this apparent concert between all the authorities, in favour of men belonging to the classes which furnish those authorities with candidates or supporters.

The fermentation increased from day to day. Seditious placards made their appearance in several quarters, and the palisades of the Luxembourg were covered with threatening papers. On the 18th of October, large bodies of men set out from the Panthéon, others marched through the Rue St. Honoré singing the *Parisienne*, and a column moved towards the Palais Royal, waving a flag inscribed *Death to the Ministers!* The garden-gates were immediately closed, and the national guard hastened to the spot. The crowd being repulsed, took the route to Vincennes, filling the air with shouts of *Death to the Ministers!* General Daumesnil came out to meet and stop the insensed bands, and threatened that if they attempted to advance further he would blow up the keep. They fell back, but returned again to the Palais Royal, preceded by a drum, and shouting more clamorously than ever. The council of ministers was assembled. The king was walking up and down the terrace with Odilon Barrot. Vive Barrot! was shouted from below: whereupon the king, turning to the préfect of the Seine, with a dubious smile, said, "I have heard *Vive Petion!* shouted in my time."

The guards stood firm, and the rioters dispersed. There remained nevertheless a vague uneasiness in the capital that presaged fresh storms.

The next day the king, dressed in the uniform of the national guard, and accompanied by his eldest son, and by Generals Lafayette and Gérard, went down into the court of the Palais Royal to thank the armed bourgeois, whom he called his comrades, for their vigilance. These ostentatious proceedings more and more closely attached the bourgeois cause to that of royalty, but the people took umbrage at them: it came by degrees to look with a common distrust on every thing belonging to power and wealth.

Insults moreover were not spared the people on the part of many of those liberals of the Restoration, whose cause it had so valiantly upheld. They called the attempt on Vincennes a *second of September* attempted against four men. They declaimed against blood-drunkenness, more irresistible than the intoxication of wine, and they execrated agitation, forgetting that which they had excited, encouraged, and applauded in the month of July. "For three years," exclaimed the *Journal des Débats*, "the democracy gloated in masacres; for three years it lapped the blood of the guillotine."

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And then it went on to say how that same democracy, trodden down under the foot of a soldier, had been forced to atone in slavery for the debauched excesses of its liberty.

Those who had lost the sense of gratitude, without having quite lost the shame of ingratitude, preferred the advantage of dividing the people to the pleasure of insulting it. With a strategy too commonplace to be thought ingenious, they congratulated the combatants of July, the real people, on their mere contempt for agitators—thus supposing the distinction which they wished to create.

Others imputed all the mischief to the popular societies, glowing furnaces, as they called them, in which were plunged and tempered all the passions that had no definite object. But the popular societies had no part in the disturbances excited by the trials of the ministers. The men of whom they were composed were themselves divided as regarded the penalty of death. In the *Societé des Amis du Peuple*, for instance, an avocat having one day called on the meeting to make some demonstration of a threatening nature, as regarded the prisoners at Vincennes, M. Roche, one of the most influential members of the club, protested with extreme vivacity against such tendencies, and the meeting separated without coming to any decision.

When anarchy exists in the nation, it can hardly fail to be found in the executive likewise. The ministry being alarmed, announced through the *Moniteur*, that the universal and immediate abolition of the penalty of death did not appear to it to be possible, and that much time and long toil would be requisite for the purpose of restricting it even to those cases alone, in which necessity justified it. In this interval the Prefect of the Seine addressed a proclamation to the people, which document, whilst it denounced in strong terms the stirrers-up of disturbances, still applied the epithet *inopportune* to the address presented to the king by the chamber.

The proclamation produced intense irritation at court, where M. Odilon Barrot had long been endured only with ill-disguised impatience. Not that his liberalism differed at bottom from that of MM. de Broglie and Guizot; but the court could not forgive him for his disdainful probity, his pretensions to independence, and, above all, his contempt for courtiers. His dismissal was resolved on.

M. Odilon Barrot had for his friend General Lafayette: Dupont de l'Eure thought him almost indispensable. Laffitte himself afforded him a sincere and not timid support against the *doctrinaires*. When the subject of dismissing the Prefect of the Seine was talked of seriously at the Palais Royal, the garde des sceaux appeared ready to tender his resignation. The case was the same with General Lafayette.

The situation was a critical one: the king could hardly bring himself to bend. On the other hand, to part, in the most boiling heat of the popular passions, with two men who alone could morally protect the new throne, would be to encounter fearful risks. M. Sébastiani interposed. His life and his thoughts both belonged to

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the king; he offered his mediation with Odilon Barrot to induce him voluntarily to resign. But Dupont de l'Eure and Lafayette spoke out strongly against this step and the result expected from it. A council was held in the evening.

There already subsisted between the garde des sceaux and his colleagues that coldness which indicates divisions pushed to their last limits. The king was expected. He arrived, and Dupont de l'Eure remarked with surprise the radiant satisfaction of his countenance. Louis Philippe announced that the retirement of the Prefect of the Seine was decided on, and that Lafayette consented to it. "M. de Lafayette! sire," said Dupont de l'Eure, on hearing this, "your majesty is surely mistaken." "I had it from his own lips, monsieur." "Permit me, sire, to believe that there is some mistake on your part. M. de Lafayette has held a very different language to me, and I do not think the general capable of contradicting himself to that degree." The king's face grew fiery red. "However," continued the garde des sceaux, "let us speak only of what concerns me. Since M. Odilon Barrot retires, let me repeat my request that your majesty will accept my resignation." "But you said quite the contrary to me this morning." "I, sire! this time I affirm that you are in error." "What, monsieur, you give me the lie? Every one shall know how you have affronted me." "Sire," replied Dupont de l'Eure, with dignity, "when the king shall have said, yes, and Dupont de l'Eure shall have said, no, I know not which of the two France will believe."

This strange scene had thrown the ministers into indescribable confusion. The king's emotion was extreme. The garde des sceaux had risen and was retiring, when the Duc d'Orleans, who was present at the council, immediately went up to him, and taking him by the hand, led him to the king and said, "Father, M. Dupont de l'Eure is an honest man. All this matter can be nothing more than a misunderstanding." The king was softened and embraced his minister, who, likewise affected, consented to retain an authority, the possession of which was still not without danger.

As for MM. de Broglie, Guizot, Molé, Casimir Périer, Dupin, and Bignon, they well knew that the exercise of power, such as they understood it, would be paralyzed in their hands as long as they should have Lafayette for their superior, Dupont de l'Eure for their colleague, and Odilon Barrot for their subordinate. They resolved therefore to withdraw for a time from office.

The king would have wished to retain all his ministers: these, because their popularity would enable him to encounter the difficulties of the impending trial; those, because they entered into his views, and lent them their unconditional support. In order to restore harmony in the council he appealed to the devotedness of M. Laffitte, over whom he possessed resistless influence at that period. The latter accordingly made every effort to reconcile Dupont de l'Eure

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and the *doctrinaires;* but his efforts were frustrated by the inflexibility of the one, and by the jealous arrogance of the others. It was necessary to form a new cabinet.

The difficulties of the case were great. A sullen murmur, portending insurrection, was abroad; the air, so to speak, was filled with that feverish breath that engenders revolutions; and none ventured to predict what would be the price events would put upon the safety of the prisoners of Vincennes. When the possession of power confers no more than the honour of falling from a lofty eminence, candidates are few. The ministerial portfolios were refused almost before they were offered. There was a moment when Louis Philippe had reason to fear that a blank solitude would be left round his throne.

In truth, that throne seemed then suspended over a precipice. By the reviving joy of the vanquished one might judge the vastness of the public calamities. Their journals reckoned up the recent bankruptcies with pitiless exactness. They asked ironically why the strongest house in Bordeaux suspended payment; why M. Vassal was reduced to the same extremity, M. Vassal who had clapped his hands at the revolution; and why the credit of M. Laffitte himself was beginning to waver.

Then came the republicans, whose accusations struck still deeper. The first need of the people was to live. Well then, above that people which wanted bread, what was beheld? Ministers busied in distributing places. It was high time to put an end to the scandal of this indifference. They pointed to the fact, that disturbances had broken out in the departments du Tarn and de Seine-et-Oise ; that the fear of a famine had excited great apprehension at the last market of Corbeil ; that in nearly fifty departments the indirect imposts yielded nothing, or were collected only by force; and that at Bordeaux it had been necessary to point cannon at the multitude to quell their violence.

Stunned by these attacks, which derived irresistible force from sad reality, the partisans of the new establishment durst not explore the nature of the existing state of things, lest they should discover the germs of a social revolution. They then raised their eyes towards the executive, and talked of changing men at a time when, in order to cure the ills of the nation, a change of things should have been courageously and disinterestedly attempted. But the more glaring was the necessity of a vigorous government, prompt to suggest and teach, the more backward and wavering were the ambitious.

So then, enthusiasm stifled, the people discontented and insulted; commerce languishing; labour, that life of the poor, dried up at its source; factions madly fighting over ruins; the national guard styled pretorian by all those it had excluded from its ranks and whom it threatened; the nation uncertain what use should be made of the scaffold, the chamber drilled in public by a magistrate whom the

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ministers found fault with; the scale of social gradations destroyed; the executive floating about without helm or compass;—such was the singular and formidable state of things brought about by two months' reign; it was impotence struggling in the midst of chaos.

Here, again, M. Laffitte offered the king his support with a devotedness adequate to every trial. He took upon him to collect the elements of a ministry, and he was sincere in the testimonies of affection he gave the king; for the confidence with which his zeal was invoked, far from wearing it out, touched him to tears. Thanks to him, the formation of a ministry became possible, and the following list was arranged on the 2nd of November: Laffitte, president of the council and minister of finance; Maison, minister of foreign affairs; Dupont de l'Eure, minister of justice; Montalivet, of the interior; Gérard, of war; Sebastiani, of marine; Mérilhou, of public instruction.

The king, who for two days vainly endeavoured to conceal his uneasiness, which was partaken by his family, gave free course to his delight. MM. Sebastiani and Montalivet were devoted not only to his fortunes and to his policy, but to his person. He was all powerful over Generals Gérard and Maison, because their capacities were limited; and over M. Mérilhou, because his heart was vulgar. It is well known under what a magic influence M. Laffitte then lived. Dupont de l'Eure alone was an irksome *surveillant*; but the court counted on the disgust he felt for office as a means of getting rid of him, when he should have ceased to be necessary.

There had long been introduced into the language of politics a word which every one employed, though no one was able to define it, not even those to whom it was applied. The name of *doctrinaires* had been given to MM. de Broglie, Guizot, and their friends. The designation, which gave them the importance of a sect, flattered their pride, and they adopted it; whilst their enemies used it to excite the most lively antipathies against them: for it is with words devoid of sense that men are allured or irritated.

In reality the doctrinaires did not constitute a school. Their philosophy was that which had been preached by the eighteenth century. In political economy they did not go beyond those narrow and cruel maxims of '*laissez faire*,' of unlimited competition, and of individual credit, which Jean Baptiste Say had ingeniously recommended to general adoption. Their policy was wholly comprised in that English constitutionalism which had been essayed by the Constituent Assembly, applied in the charter of Louis XVIII., and popularised by Benjamin Constant. They had therefore brought nothing new to society. They acknowledged no other principles than those which had established the preponderance of the bourgeoisie in France, principles which they held in common with Laffitte, Dupont de l'Eure, Lafayette, and all those who were looked on as their adversaries.

There was indeed one difference between them and these pre-

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tended opponents of their doctrines; but there was nothing fundamental in it, and the several parties magnified it beyond measure, less from calculation than through ignorance. With an equal apprehension of all that was calculated to impair the force of the system laid down in 1789, the one party, like M. Laffitte, thought that system so strong, that matters might safely be left to the spontaneous movement of opinion and of events; the other party, on the contrary, took upon them to check that movement. The two parties differed in their appreciation of the means, but there was no opposition between them as to the end aimed at, nor any diversity as to principles.

We may even affirm, that by adopting a temporizing and distrustful policy, the doctrinaires much better accorded with that conservative sentiment which the bourgeoisie was about to push to a frantic excess. The unpopularity of the doctrinaires among the middle classes, whose interests and passions they so well represented, could not therefore be ascribed to the nature of their policy; it sprang from their personal defects, from their haughtiness. Pride was what, in fact, constituted them a school.

Accordingly, the news of their defeat was hailed with pleasure by the majority of the journals, because the press can only subsist by movement and freedom. But in the Chamber, the jealous guardian of the bourgeois interests, the impression produced was quite the reverse, and it eagerly seized an opportunity to declare its sentiments.

The struggle began almost immediately after the accession of the new ministry, on the subject of a motion by M. Bavoux with respect to journals and periodical works. M. de Tracy demanded that the recognizances required of journals should be abolished. M. Guizot declared that, in his opinion, the recognizances should be retained, because they were "a guarantee intended to prove that the men who undertake a journal belong to a certain class in society." This language, inconceivable at a moment when the part played by the people in July was still fresh and vivid in recollection, was applauded by the majority of the Chamber. M. de Tracy's amendment was rejected. In vain M. Bavoux demanded that the amount of the recognizances should be reduced to a fourth; in vain M. Barthe proposed to his colleagues that the stamp duty on journals established by the ordinance of 1816 should be suppressed; all these proposals were rejected with a sort of systematic wrath. The chamber declared itself in a state of open war with the press; and during this time those members of the ministry who had lost their places were preparing their vengeance.

The effect produced by this discussion was remarkable. The press, directly attacked, let loose all its energies against the deputies, and on the 9th of November the assembly met in the midst of agitation.

Fiery language was looked for: nor was this expectation dis-

appointed. M. Guizot ascended the tribune, and began thus: "Gentlemen, I am here to repudiate certain general allegations which apply not to the question immediately before us, but to the whole existing state of things, and also to the conduct which I have been called on to pursue whilst having the honour to sit in the king's council." Hear! hear! was cried from various parts of the hall. Then M. Guizot, with all the gall of his mortified soul, accused his adversaries of not having comprehended the meaning of the revolution of July. "What is the character of that revolution?" he said. "It has changed a dynasty. It has sought the substitute as near the superseded family as possible; and it is the public instinct that has prompted the country to restrict this change within the narrowest limits." At these words there was a burst of indignation on the extreme left. The rest of the assembly was calm, and seemed to approve of the orator's words. Pointedly alluding to his late colleagues, without naming them, M. Guizot reproached them with having sought to elicit new institutions from the revolution. "Well then, my friends, and I refused to continue the revolution in this way." From the sensation produced by these words, the orator could infer that he expressed the passions of the assembly. Accordingly when he added, "We believe that we have been true not only to the primitive character of the revolution, but also to the real and sincere opinion and to the interests of France," Yes! yes! was loudly responded on all sides.

"I honour a republic, messieurs," continued the orator, "it is a form of government which rests on noble principles, and rears up noble sentiments and generous thoughts in the soul. And if it were permitted me I would here repeat the words which Tacitus puts into the mouth of old Galba, 'If the republic could be re-established we were worthy that it should begin with us.' But France is not republican; it would be necessary to do violence to her connexions to introduce that form of government into her territory. . . . . I respect theories, because they are the elaborated productions of human reason; I honour the passions because they play a great and a goodly part in humanity; but it is not with forces of this nature that governments are established."

The emotion was intense when M. Guizot descended from the tribune. A great number of deputies intercepted the orator on his way to his seat, to congratulate him on his speech and to grasp his hand. The new ministers, motionless on their bench, looked on in silence at this insulting ovation.

Odilon Barrot rose. He was new to the Chamber. He declared that in his opinion the government ought to lean on the middle class, because "it was the middle class that really constituted the nation." These doctrines differed little from those which M. Guizot and his friends wished to see triumphant. But personal antipathies and narrowminded ambition found food in these vain disputes, which

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excited a passionate interest in that numerous section of the public, that sees nothing of human affairs except the colour and the surface.

The next day, November 10, M. Laffitte, president of the council, delivered the following words from the tribune. "As member of the last and of the present administration, we have to explain our intentions and our conduct; we will be brief and to the point. . . Every body in the council knew and believed that liberty ought to be accompanied by order, and that the continual execution of the laws up to the time of their reform was indispensable, if confusion were to be avoided. Every body was full of the lessons of experience bequeathed to the world by the revolution of 1789. Every body knew that the revolution of 1830 ought to be kept within certain measure, and that it was necessary to conciliate Europe in its favour by joining a steady moderation to dignity: a common understanding prevailed on all these points, because there were in the council none but men of sense and prudence. But there was a disagreement as to the manner of appreciating and directing the revolution of 1830; it was not generally thought likely so soon to degenerate into anarchy, as to make it needful so soon to take precautions against it, and to show it distrust and hostility; but saving this general difference of opinion no fundamental descrepancy of system divided the members of the last cabinet from each other." This declaration was perfectly sincere, more sincere perhaps than M. Laffitte himself imagined. And yet no one believed it. The most impetuous partisans of the new cabinet reproached Laffitte with having dealt too leniently with his late colleagues, and with having established between their doctrines and his own an affinity evidently impossible.

It was in this circle of misconceptions that the policy of the day revolved. The victorious bourgeoisie took a frivolous pleasure in splitting itself up into sections. Men fought with words, the better to avoid remembering that the seeds of a serious war lay at the bottom of things. As for the people, wrapped in darkness, it hastened from afar to this din of imaginary warfare, without being irritated by it, but also without comprehending it. That the ministers of Charles X. should not escape with impunity was the point which absorbed all its thoughts.

This was not unknown at the court, and Dupont de l'Eure was treated there with infinite deference. It had not been forgotten, however, that on accepting a place in the ministry he had refused the twenty thousand francs to cover the costs of his installation which Baron Louis had pressed him to accept; a very natural refusal, since that kind of allocation, not having been ordered by the Chamber, acceptance in such a case would have been an act of extortion. But the colleagues of Dupont de l'Eure had regarded these scruples, which they did not share, as an offence to themselves. Since then the patriotism of the upright minister had become daily

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more and more obnoxious to them. Inexorable in his virtue, he had imposed, on the king, functionaries whom his majesty knew only through the law suits he had carried on against them and lost. Inaccessible to every personal consideration, and even to the seductions of friendship, he had recently been seen in full chamber rising to speak against a measure of which M. Laffitte professed himself a partisan.* And yet in spite of all this, the most obsequious attentions were lavished on Dupont de l'Eure. His bluntness was parried by force of smoothness, and the most assiduous pains were taken to cajole his puritanism.

Fewer efforts had been required to win upon Lafayette, his vanity making him the slave of every one who appeared to bend under his omnipotence, or to recognize it merely. This vanity, moreover, was in him closely allied to generous instincts, so that one was always sure of commanding him when one ascribed some noble action to the desire of pleasing him. It was accordingly with extreme alacrity that the pardon of several citizens, who had incurred the hostility of the Restoration, was accorded to his intercession. It was a glad day for the old general when he saw the doors of the king's apartment thrown open, and the usher ceremoniously announcing *Messieurs les condamnés politiques*. It will readily be conceived how easy it was to take advantage of these honourable weaknesses of Lafayette. The part he would take in the affair relative to the prisoners of Vincennes was not doubted for a single instant. He had, moreover, a special motive for wishing that the lives of Charles X.'s ministers should be spared. M. de Polignac had proscribed him, and he, with a justifiable artifice of self-esteem, wished to revenge himself on his enemy by saving him.

The court thus assured of the co-operation of Dupont de l'Eure and of Lafayette, beheld with less alarm the approach of the critical moment. It even went so far as to think it perhaps desirable that the popular passions should have an opportunity of venting themselves and becoming spent. The revolution of July had filled the multitude with a vague appetite for excitement which could not die away of itself. Was there no reason for apprehension lest the people should apply its energies to more serious objects, instead of concentrating them all upon its demand for four heads, a demand without force because without generosity?

As for the impression which troubles of this kind were likely to produce in Europe, the court thought that what was essential was not so much to prevent them as to put them down. The more violent the sedition, the more meritorious, in the eyes of potentates, would be its suppression; for it would be a manifestation of courage and strength: and, as we shall presently see from the conduct pursued with respect to Belgium, the desire of conciliating the good will of the English pervaded every thought of the court.

* Laffitte demanded, solely on financial grounds, that the stamp-duty on newspapers should be continued.

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CHAPTER V.

On the 2d of November, the day appointed for the opening of the new parliament, the king of Great Britain, after declaring his satisfaction at the issue of the revolution of Paris, expressed himself in these terms respecting the revolution of Brussels. "I have learned with deep regret the state of things in the Netherlands. I lament that the enlightened administration of the king has been unable to preserve his dominions from revolt."

Two days afterwards, M. Van de Weyer having arrived in London on a mission from his colleagues, Lord Aberdeen and the Duke of Wellington severally declared to him that England was fully resolved not to permit the annexation, direct or indirect, of Belgium to France. When the noble lords assumed this imperious and menacing tone, they were not ignorant that their exhausted country was in no condition to make war. They counted then on the pusillanimity of the French government, on its ignorance of facts, and principally on the desire manifested by Louis Philippe to conciliate the good will of monarchical Europe. They were not deceived.

We have seen in the preceding chapter what were the causes that brought about the formation of the ministry of the 2d of November. Dupont de l'Eure was the most necessary, if not the most influential member of that cabinet, and his soul was wholly French. Unfortunately he was engrossed, as well as M. Laffitte, with the care of internal matters. Many things moreover were kept secret from him. Marshal Maison, minister of foreign affairs, lent his name to acts of which he scarcely comprehended the import. Hence the foreign policy of France was exclusively directed by the court.

The principle of non-intervention was adopted as the basis of that policy from the very outset of the new reign. It was a narrow, ungenerous principle. The emperor Alexander had been better actuated when, in the treaty of the holy alliance, he had laid down the principle, that kings on the one hand and peoples on the other were reciprocally bound, each for all. If the intention was odious, if the application was oppressive, the idea itself was grand. But to adopt the selfish motto, *Each at home, each for self*, was what France could not do without violence to her own genius, without abandoning her calling as high protectress of unfortunate nations. With the exception however of M. Molé, who would not have had France bind herself beforehand by the openly avowed adoption of an invariable principle, all the leading men in the new government declared for the principle of non-intervention. On this point Dupont de l'Eure

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and Laffitte thought as did Sebastiani, and Lafayette like Louis Philippe. Only there was this difference, that the one set believed that, the principle once admitted, it would be rigidly enforced in all its applications; and that, for instance, if Italy should rise, the Austrians would be prevented from crushing her efforts. The others were less scrupulous, and reserved to themselves the right of acting according to circumstances. Hence the participation of the French cabinet in the acts of the conference of London. Did not that participation constitute a flagrant violation of the principle solemnly proclaimed by France? Was it not by virtue of the diplomatic law inaugurated in 1815, that England, Russia, Austria, and Prussia, arrogated to themselves the right of sovereignly disposing of the destinies of Belgium? Strange inconsistency! Men lived in those days in such a whirlwind of events and ideas, that hardly was any notice taken of this flagrant belieing of its own declarations on the part of the cabinet of the Palais Royal.

Be this as it may, the conference of London had begun its work. In its first protocol, dated November 4, 1830, it proposed the cessation of hostilities between Belgium and Holland, assigning at the same time to the latter country, as *the line of the armistice*, the limits it had had before the treaty of Paris of May 30, 1814. The act of the conference was conveyed to Brussels on the 7th of November by MM. Cartwright and Bresson. It was imperative on the provisional government to come to a decision. The predicament was a delicate one. To adhere to this first protocol would have been to admit in the new congress of Vienna a competence which there would be no possibility of subsequently denying; it would have been to make Belgium vassal to the five powers. But what could the Belgian government do? Consult the French ministers? They replied, "Beware of attacking Holland; Prussia would hasten to its support: and in what a position should we then be placed? We should be forced to disavow you, which would be painful to us; or to draw the sword for you, and with you, which is no part of our intentions." The Belgian government, dismayed at this language, adhered to the protocol No. 1, thus submitting to the utmost arrogance of that European dictatorship, which had France for the victim, and the French government for the accomplice of its usurpations.

The Belgian friends of France were nevertheless not wholly discouraged. M. Gendebien was sent to Paris to know whether, in case the Belgians adopted the monarchical form, Louis Philippe would consent to give them his second son for their king. England had declared herself: M. Gendebien was told in reply that Belgium was not to count either on a union with France, or on a French prince. At the same time all sorts of impediments were thrown in the way of the Parisian volunteers armed in the cause of Belgium, and an order was sent to a merchant of Valenciennes to refuse the muskets destined for the *bataillon des amis du peuple*. All this was too extra-

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ordinary not to provoke demands for explanation. M. Mauguin gave notice that on the 13th of November he would address certain questions to ministers.

The appointed day arrived. It was impatiently expected. M. Mauguin ascended the tribune amidst a breathless silence. In the first place he pointed out Europe divided between two principles, with France alone on one side, but drawing the world after her in her train, communicating to it her own repose, or filling it with her own agitation. Proceeding to the affairs of the moment, he cited with surprise and indignation these words in the last speech of the king of England: *I am resolved, in concert with my allies, to maintain the general treaties, by virtue of which the political system of Europe has been established.* "What are these treaties?" exclaimed the orator. "Those of 1814? But these assure the possession of Belgium to the house of Orange. Here then we are constrained by the rules of logic to take the part of the Hollander against the Belgian. . . . . Deplorable position in which we have been placed by an improvident policy—either to compromise the peace of Europe, or to make war on our dearest neighbours." After alluding with guarded indignation to the conduct of the government towards the Spanish refugees, and expressing some fears as to the views of the administration relative to the preservation of Algiers, M. Mauguin proceeded to recapitulate. "Are our hands tied," he said, "by the treaties of 1814? What are we doing, what are we about to do in the Belgian question? What is our position with regard to Spain? Is it true that the French no longer enjoy in the peninsula the protection to which they are entitled? Is it true that the Spanish army has violated our territory? In fine, what is it intended to do with the part of Africa which our young army has conquered?"

A long pause followed these bold apostrophes. The deputies rose from their benches. Tumultuous groups gathered in the semicircle. Marshal Maison attempted to reply, but became bewildered in the vagueness of his generalizations, and his awkward efforts to avoid saying too much.

M. Bignon next advancing to the tribune, with all the authority derived from his diplomatic career, demanded first of all what were the chances for war, what for peace? "Shall we have war? Immediately, no. Shall we have it in three months, in six months? There lies the uncertainty: let us hasten to say that it depends in a great measure on ourselves not to have it; or if it is inevitable, not to have cause to fear it." Then M. Bignon attacked the speech of the king of England, as M. Mauguin had done. Descanting on the term *revolt* applied to the events in Belgium, "What government," he said, "better knows than that of England, that a movement, treated at first as a revolt, receives from fortune, when seconded by it, the title of a glorious revolution? Who better knows this than the house of Hanover, whose elevation to the throne of England had no other origin?" Speaking of the conference of London, "By what right,"

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continued the orator, " do they pretend to regulate at Paris or at London, what is expedient for the good government of another country? They propose to *provide for the security of the other states.* Messieurs, was not this *security of the other states* the principle invoked at Troppau, at Leibach, at Verona? Was it not in the name of this security of the other states that armies of execution were marched by turns against Piedmont, Naples, and Spain? Our government has proclaimed the principle of non-intervention. What then is the object of the deliberations of which it speaks? Is not the very concerting to establish an arrangement on the basis laid down by the English government in itself an oblivion, a violation of the principle proclaimed?" There was a movement in the assembly at these words. The orator continued with increasing warmth. He compared the right claimed of imposing on emancipated Belgium the yoke of a foreign will to the execrable right which had filled several countries of Europe with proscribed men, and had reared scaffolds in Turin, Madrid, and Naples. He cursorily disputed the claims of Belgium to Luxembourg, but at the same time demanded that, within the limits of justice, the sovereignty of the Belgian people should be inviolably respected. And then Europe ought to reckon on the moderation of France. " Suppose in fact, Messieurs," continued the orator, " that instead of the wise king who governs us, the revolution of July had produced a republic, or placed on the throne a prince or a fortunate soldier, more jealous of his own greatness than of the welfare of France, what would there have been to prevent the daring chief, republican or monarchical, at the first sound of the tocsin of war in Belgium, from hurrying thither at the head of troops proclaiming the freedom of the human race, from dispatching other detachments to the Rhenine provinces which have been French departments, from exciting or rather seconding the movement of the peoples against their actual sovereigns by promising them free constitutions? Doubtless this would have been to expose France to fearful risks! But after all fortune often crowns daring with success, and who knows but that at this very moment France, led by an enterprising chief into the career of conquest, and reseizing a territory within its reach which would gladly have become reunited with her, would be already in a condition, with her name and her millions of national guards, to brave the vain efforts of Europe behind her triple ramparts of the Rhine, the Alps, and the Pyrenees?"

The assembly was breathless; but when the orator uttered these words, " If a defensive war was necessary, all our studious youth would soon have cast aside their books for the musket, and would rush with eagerness to pay the debt they owe their country"—Yes! yes! was shouted from the public galleries; the applause was loud and stormy: the warrior spirit of France had been for a moment awakened.

The moderation of M. Bignon's character, his age, the high offices he had filled, his very recent official position, his experience of men and of affairs, all contributed to give an imposing effect to the manly

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enthusiasm of his speech. The conventional eulogiums he bestowed on the monarch were not of a nature to enfeeble the reminiscences of glory rekindled by his words. France had one hour of thrilling emotion, and for the last time Europe was conscious of great perplexity.

Three days before this discussion the Belgian congress had assembled. Never was situation more solemn. These deputies assembled to solve the greatest questions that can agitate the hearts of men: how would they separate? Perhaps amidst the din of revolution; perhaps amidst some vast fiery commotion of the world! For the vicinity of France was enough to insure Belgium, a kingdom with a population of four millions, the power of keeping the eyes of all the kings intent on its least movement. The diversities of passion and interest, the engagements entered into or the hopes secretly conceived, the exalted patriotism of some, the ambitious calculations of others, gave the newly-elected assembly an altogether strange aspect. Among its members were seen the Abbé Haërn, a republican priest; M. Séron, a man of blunt and singular honesty; the impetuous M. de Robaulx; M. Van de Weyer, an apprentice in diplomacy, and parodist of M. de Talleyrand; M. Lebeau, whom triumphs in the tribune awaited; M. Nothomb, who was trying his hand in politics; M. Gendebien, whom France was proud to reckon among her partisans. The first sitting of the congress was occupied by a speech from M. de Potter, whose last words were, "In the name of the Belgian people, the national congress is installed!" The deputies exultingly applauded this declaration of their wholly revolutionary sovereignty. On the platform, where the throne formerly stood, there was only a simple desk. Two tricolour flags waved above it in sign of triumph. The arms of the old kingdom of the Netherlands had given place to the Belgian lion, holding the lance surmounted by a cap of liberty. Those who know what trifles have power over the human heart will see that even in these paraphernalia there was a chance of success promised to the partisans of independence.

On the 18th of November the congress unanimously proclaimed the independence of Belgium, saving the relations of Luxembourg with the Germanic confederation. The decision, however, was far from satisfying all interests, all sympathies. Petitions had been sent in from all points of the Walloon provinces, calling for a union with France; but what could the partisans of that measure do when they had against them the French government itself?

From that day forth Belgium passed under the yoke of diplomacy. Her independence rendered her slavery inevitable. The congress having declared that it continued the provisional government in the high functions with which circumstances had invested it, M. de Potter sent in his resignation, not choosing to hold his authority but from the people, and clearly perceiving that the con-

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gress was about to submit to sinister influences. At the same time a diplomatic committee was formed, consisting of MM. Van de Weyer, de Celles, Destriveaux, and Nothomb, which was to deliver up Belgium as a prey to M. de Talleyrand and the English.

A vassal to diplomacy, Belgium, evidently, could not constitute herself a republic. Accordingly the result of the discussion as to the form of the government had been anticipated. And yet the Abbé de Haërn uttered a profound saying when he exclaimed, in the course of this discussion, "The king is inviolable, the people is inviolable likewise. What will become of these two inviolabilities when set face to face with each other?" A fearful question, which a revolution had just replied to in Paris, amidst blood and ruins! but nothing is more intolerant than interests transformed into passions. The Abbé de Haërn was listened to with impatience. M. de Robaulx, who followed him, in pleading the cause of the republic, excited transports of rage in the assembly. In the end the republic obtained but thirteen votes in that country which had so long and so painfully experienced the vices of monarchy.

Whilst Belgium was proclaiming its independence, the conference of London was, by its protocol of the 20th of December, declaring the kingdom of the Netherlands dissolved. This protocol, signed by M. de Talleyrand, as well as by the other diplomatists, concluded with words wherein was discernible an offensive distrust of the French people. "The conference will apply itself to discuss and concert the new arrangements most adapted to combine the future independence of Belgium with the stipulations of the treaties, with the interests and the security of the other Powers, and with the equilibrium of Europe."

M. Falck protested in the name of the king of the Netherlands, who added a personal protest to that of his ambassador. "The king of the Netherlands," said William, "has learned with profound grief the determination come to with respect to Belgium by the plenipotentiaries of Austria, France, Great Britain, Prussia, and Russia, assembled in conference in London. If the treaty of Paris, of 1814, placed Belgium at the disposal of the high allies, the latter, from the moment they had fixed the lot of the Belgium provinces, renounced, by virtue of the law of nations, the right to retract their own deed, and the dissolution of the ties formed between Holland and Belgium under the sovereignty of the house of Nassau was not within the scope of their authority. The increase of territory assigned to the united provinces was moreover acquired for valuable consideration, viz., the sacrifice of several of their colonies, the expense incurred in fortifying several places in the southern provinces of the kingdom, and other pecuniary charges. The conference assembled, it is true, at the request of the king, but this circumstance did not confer on the conference the right of giving its protocols a purport and tenor opposed to the object for which its assistance had

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been demanded, and of making them, instead of co-operating to the re-establishment of order in the Netherlands, tend to the dismemberment of the kingdom."

Viewing the matter upon the principles of the treaties of 1815 and of the Holy Alliance, what answer was there for this protest on the part of William? It was proved, then, in the face of the world, that the powers which had signed the treaty of Vienna disregarded their own principles, trampled their own work under foot, in obedience to the interests of the moment, and, with all their parade of those high-sounding words, equilibrium of Europe, and general peace, aimed only at exercising a sort of superior brigandage over Europe!

Unfavourable as it was to William, the protocol of the 20th of November was not received with a better welcome at Brussels, because it was said in it, "These arrangements can in no way affect the rights which the king of the Netherlands and the Germanic confederation possess over the grand duchy of Luxemburg." In taking away from Belgium the province of Luxemburg, which considered itself Belgian, which had always been reputed an integrant part of the southern provinces of the Netherlands, and which had been created a grand duchy in 1815, only in consequence of a fictitious exchange, the conference of London reduced Belgium to a state of absolute impotence. The diplomatic committee was forced to submit to a conditional acceptance. A vain deference! The diplomatists of London responded by a note, in which it was said, "The powers cannot recognize in any state a right they refuse themselves (the right of self aggrandisement)." This was, in two lines, twitting France and stripping Belgium. M. de Talleyrand signed all this.

After all, in spite of the mystery in which it was sought to wrap them, the manœuvres of the courts were not so secret but that something transpired and became known to the public. Alarm was conceived in Paris, and the alarms of the patriots were shared in the council itself, by Dupont de l'Eure and Laffitte. Being well aware that concealment was practised towards them, their apprehensions became so much the more lively. Already, moreover, M. Laffitte was beginning to feel an estrangement from the king, which was counteracted by nothing but the remembrance of a long friendship. We will recount the cause of this change of feeling, because it demonstrates on what petty circumstances depend the destinies of a people in monarchical countries.

The king had purchased the forest of Breteuil of M. Laffitte, whose affairs had become embarrassed in consequence of the revolution of July. But it was important to Laffitte's credit that the greatest secrecy should be observed as to the sale, which if it were once noised abroad might awaken suspicions as to his financial embarrassments, alarm the creditors of his house, and oblige it to make forced and premature payments. It had, therefore, been agreed that the deed of sale should not be registered.

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Meanwhile some bankers, whose envy had been excited by Laffitte's elevation, had formed the design of ruining him. Prompted by them, an intimate adviser of Louis Philippe represented to him that, in the jeopardized state of M. Laffitte's affairs, it was imprudent to deal with him without precautions; and that Laffitte was too reasonable a man to require that the royal purchaser should neglect his own interests, by renouncing the protecting formality of registration.

Be it as it may, M. Laffitte received, on the 18th of November, the following note from Louis Philippe:

"My dear M. Laffitte,—From what has been stated to me by a common friend, of whom I say nothing more to you, you must be well aware why I availed myself of the urgent instance of M. Jamet, to whom the secret of the purchase was confided, not by me, but at your house, to cause the private agreement to be registered as secretly as possible."

Nothing could exceed Laffitte's surprise and grief on reading this note. He strove in vain to conjecture who could be that common friend who had advised the king to expose the most faithful of his subjects, the minister of his predilection, the man whose hand had bestowed a crown on him, to the risk of utter ruin. Calling to mind the conditions on which the sale had been made, he could hardly account for their sudden violation. To him, a banker habituated to the course of business transactions, there was something unintelligible in the co-existence which the king thought possible of registration and secrecy. Should he, as an injured friend revenging the wrong done him, abandon the ministry? He repudiated the thought. His retirement, bringing with it that of Dupont de l'Eure, who would doubtless have eagerly seized that opportunity, appeared to him a determination too serious to admit of its being adopted under the influence of personal feelings. He carried his delicacy so far as to keep silence respecting the wound inflicted on his heart. But from that moment his affection for the king became more wary.

Accordingly it was not long before he perceived that the excess of his confidence compromised himself by compromising his country, and he resolved, in concert with Dupont de l'Eure, at last to take up a decided position in the face of France by a conspicuous step. M. Thiers was employed to draw up a speech, which the president of the council was to read to the chamber, and in which should be given a clear exposition of the policy of the cabinet. This speech was read in the council. It spoke to France a language worthy of her. During the reading, the king, who was present, showed signs of the most ardent enthusiasm, pacing up and down with long strides, and sanctioning all the warlike passages both with voice and gesture. The last two pages alone seemed to him too impassioned. This was also M. Laffitte's opinion, and they were suppressed. Just as the council was about to separate, the king asked for the speech, as if to read it over, not forgetting at the same time to repeat how much he approved of its letter and its spirit. The next day Laffitte's astonishment was extreme when

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the manuscript was sent back to him by the king full of erasures. Dupont de l'Eure was particularly mortified at this. Accompanied by M. Thiers, he repaired to the king, and told him that if the erased passages were not restored, he would resign. The trial of the ministers had not yet reached its dénouement: the king gave way, and it was agreed that the speech should be delivered in the form in which it had been read to the council.

The rumour had spread that a ministerial communication was about to be made to the Chambers. The avenues to the Palais Bourbon were densely thronged on the 1st of December. Several members of the diplomatic body repaired to the Chamber. Laffitte presented himself at the tribune. After speaking of the apprehensions of war that had spread abroad, and of the friendly relations that had subsisted since the revolution between the cabinet of the Palais Royal and the other cabinets; after representing the throne of Louis Philippe as raised by the potent moderation of France, and instantly hailed by the enlightened moderation of Europe, "France," said the president of the council, "will not suffer the principle of non-intervention to be violated; but she will likewise labour to hinder the violation of peace so long as its preservation is possible. If war became inevitable, it must be proved before the face of the world that we have not sought it, and that we have engaged in it only because we were left no alternative but war, or the abandonment of our principles. We shall be but the stronger when, in addition to the force of our arms, we shall possess the conviction that we have right on our side. We shall continue, therefore, to negociate, and we have every reason to hope that our negociations will be prosperous. But whilst we negociate, we will arm." Shouts of approbation broke forth. The president, resuming his discourse with increased energy, continued—"In a very short time, besides having our fortresses provisioned and in a state of defence, we shall have five hundred thousand fighting men well armed, well organized, well officered. They will be supported by a million of national guards, and the king, should it be needful, will place himself at the head of the nation." Here the orator's voice was drowned in loud applauses. "We shall march shoulder to shoulder, strong in our right and in the power of our principles. Should tempests burst forth at the apparition of the tricolour, we should not be answerable for this to the universe."

The enthusiasm excited by this warlike speech was immense. Some faces in the gallery of the foreign diplomatists seemed, it was thought, disturbed. Laffitte could congratulate himself on his popularity so nobly reconquered. He had said to the Chamber, "We have a budget sufficient for making war, for we can dispose of a revenue equivalent to a borrowed capital of from 1,400 to 1,500 millions of francs." The delight of the national party was unbounded. It was not aware that little account is made in diplomacy of speeches which are only addressed to the multitude. Some days

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after this memorable scene, M. Laffitte received from M. de Talleyrand a letter relating to private affairs, but into which the diplomatist had insinuated these words of polished insolence:—"People here have been very much pleased with the speech delivered by M. Laffitte. It has been useful to me." This was the first letter the president of the council received from the French ambassador to the court of London since their respective entrance on office. Talleyrand corresponded only with the king.

Such was the state of things when it became known that a revolution had broken out at Warsaw, a vast revolution, the details of which deserve to be known, for it tended to overthrow for ever the treaties of 1815, and to make the sceptre of the west pass definitively into the hands of France.

An intense fermentation had long prevailed in Poland, where political freemasonry, founded by General Dembrowski, had, in the course of a few years, made rapid progress. Under cover of philosophical and literary affiliations it had reached the sanguine youth of the universities; by means of military brotherhoods it had spread through the army, and through the people by means of friendly societies. It was particularly in Warsaw, and among the corporation of shoemakers of the old city, that the revolutionary spirit prevailed. Now after the revolution of July this agitation had assumed a remarkable character, and had spread in all directions. Ere long there was a formidable interchange of bold sentiments and daring hopes between the university of Cracow and that of Wilna. Throughout the whole extent of the palatinates men's minds were filled with a vague, mysterious, and so much the more impatient uneasiness. The ruined nobles, so numerous in Poland, armed themselves for unknown conflicts; expectation was universal, intense; and from the banks of the Vistula to those of the Niemen men were busy shaping pike staves.

But in the heart of this vast movement there had been formed a conspiracy, the aim of which was definite, and the means skilfully arranged. The conspirators belonged to the School of Ensigns, counted among them several officers of the garrison of Warsaw, and had at their head two young sub-lieutenants, named Wysocki and Zaliwski; the former possessing great influence over the young from his decision of character, his purity of mind, and the dignity of his life; the latter from his fiery bearing, his activity, perseverance, and daring. Zaliwski, who was a renowned swimmer, was director of the swimming school of Marymont, near Warsaw, and there the conspirators assembled. It was agreed that the outbreak should take place towards the end of February, 1831. Suddenly an imperial edict arrived, ordering that the Polish army should be placed on the war footing. All Poland was in commotion at this news. None there had forgotten that long and glorious brotherhood in arms which rendered war for ever impossible between the fellow-countrymen of Poniatowski and those of Napoleon. The order

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given to the Poles to hold themselves in readiness to march against France filled up the measure of their resentment against Russia. The advanced guard, as M. Lafayette afterwards stated, resolved to turn upon the main body of the army. The conspirators, feeling the necessity of promptitude, decided that the first blow should be struck on the night of the 29th of November. Emissaries were sent into each palatinate. Measures were cautiously taken for preparing the workmen of Warsaw to rise at the first signal. Lastly, as the support of the patriot generals might prove decisive, their dispositions were sounded, but they replied only with extreme reserve; their fortune was already made. The destinies of Poland were left, therefore, to the courage of a few students, with a few sub-lieutenants at their head.

Meanwhile the emperor Nicholas was making formidable preparations against the West: he was piling up munitions of war in the Modlin square in a quantity that seemed to promise a long warfare, and his soldiers, summoned to the Bug, were only awaiting an order from St. Petersburg to make a descent on France, hurrying Poland forward in advance of them. The intentional *quasi* indiscretions of the finance minister Lubecki, and the boastings of General Krasinski, proved but too well the reality of the projects entertained by the court of St. Petersburg.

From that moment Warsaw assumed a singularly louring aspect. The police redoubled its efforts: the sombre genius of Rosnicki, its director, opened up unexpected resources. All was to no purpose. In vain young conspirators, arrested almost haphazard, were thrown into the dungeons of the Carmelites: they kept their companions' secret, in defiance of torture. Rosnicki's rage was unbounded; the courtiers of the czarewicz, seized with dismay, felt conscious that the swords of invisible conspirators hung suspended over their heads. Constantine alone proved inaccessible to distrust, therein making a capricious exception from his habits of suspicious despotism.

The grand duke was one of those inexplicable beings who, baffling observation, disappoint alike their friends and their foes. His figure was athletic, and admirably symmetrical; his face hideous, and yet gleams of good nature shot from his eyes, deep set beneath their bushy and sandy brows, and tempered the savage expression of his countenance. Fierce by caprice, sensitive by fits, he had astonished men by renouncing the throne of the czars to wed a young Pole whom he loved, and to whose influence he assiduously submitted, with the docility of a child and the respectfulness of a knight. Versed in science and literature, he had nothing but contempt to bestow on their professors; he availed himself of his own acquirements to deride them; and he spoke of the genius of the West, the treasures of which he seemed to possess, sometimes with the flippancy of a grandee, sometimes with the brutal disdain of a barbarian. He delighted in military exercises, in the manœuvres of camps, and in *corps de garde* scenes; and though he sometimes

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gave way to passion, so far as to strike officers, and even to spit in their faces, he loved the Polish army and was proud of it, having himself drilled and disciplined it. Above all, he felt a sort of ferocious fondness for the 4th regiment of the line, which often displayed itself in soldierly buffooneries, or in whimsical and ignoble familiarity. What could have lulled the vigilant tyranny of such a man, amidst the preparations of a plot, the secret of which was legible in every face? No one has guessed, no one has disclosed this.

The 29th of November arrived. It had been agreed on among the conspiritors, that the signal for the insurrection should be given in the north by the conflagration of the Solec brewery, and in the south by that of some houses adjoining the arsenal.

The Russian troops consisted of a body of Volhynians, of another of Lithuanians; both commanded by the Polish general Zymirski; and of three regiments of cavalry. The Volhynian and Lithuanian guards were encamped north of Warsaw, in the neighbourhood of the arsenal. The cavalry occupied the barracks in the south, near the School of Ensigns and the Belvedere, the residence of Constantine. The attention of the conspirators would therefore be directed chiefly to the arsenal and the Belvedere.

About six in the evening eighteen young men issued from the School of Ensigns, rushed on the dwelling of the grand duke, knocked down the sentinels, and ran with bayonets fixed, some into the apartments, others into the gardens. The alarm spread; the terrified valets ran about in confusion; General Gendre and Lubowiski, the vice-president of police, endeavoured to escape by flight, and fell covered with wounds. The grand duke, who was in bed, had only time enough to cast a cloak over his bare shoulders, and by a miracle he eluded the vengeance of the assailants, whilst the beautiful Duchess of Lowicz, on her knees in an apartment on the ground floor, was praying for the life of the prince who had preferred her to an empire. Enraged at having missed their victim, the eighteen conspirators hastened to rejoin their comrades, and the whole body, led by Wysocki, proceeded to the cavalry barracks, which they hoped to surprise. The Russian cuirassiers were already drawn up in order of battle. The adventurous phalanx then rushed towards the street called New World, where the sub-lieutenants engaged in the conspiracy awaited it at the head of their respective companies. But deep silence prevailed in every direction. Solec, which ought by this time to have been in flames, had only showed a faint and transient gleam. The young men were amazed, their minds misgave them that some treachery had been practised, and their perplexity was increased at the sight of a squadron of lancers sent in pursuit of them. The Radziwill stables lay in their way; they took post there, to the number of 200, and, after a sharp conflict, succeeded in repulsing the lancers. At the same moment discharges of musketry were heard at a distance, and a fire blazed up

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in the north. This was the signal agreed on between Wisocki and Zaliwski. Full of enthusiasm and hope, the ensigns dashed onwards, met a regiment of hussars at the entrance of *New World* street, and put it to flight; then raising the national hymn, "*No, Poland, thou art not without defenders*," they hurried towards the centre of the city.

The insurrection had reached the northern part of the latter. A battalion of the 4th of the line, brought over by two sub-lieutenants, marched upon the arsenal, the avenues to which were already occupied by the grenadiers of the 5th, who, at the call of young Lipowski, had sworn to die for the cause of Polish independence. The Russian infantry had put itself in motion; and whilst General Zymirski, who had resolved to stand neutral, was leading the Lithuanians to the Champ de Mars, so as to isolate them, two Volhynian battalions were advancing with horrible imprecations, to meet, one the 4th of the line, the other Lipowski's grenadiers. A double and tremendous fight took place, lighted by the conflagration of the houses of Nowolipie. But from the heart of the old town the multitude was advancing in wrath; and the pupils of the school of artillery, who had joined the cause of independence, were hastening to the scene of battle with two pieces of cannon. The Volhynians at last gave way, and retreated in disorder to the Champ de Mars, abandoning the arsenal, the gates of which were immediately broken open, and more than fifty thousand muskets were distributed among the people.

The insurrection now became universal. The cry, To arms! to arms! had given place to songs of victory. The grenadiers flung away ther black plumes. The armed workmen traversed the streets in a state of excitement bordering on delirium. The Russian soldiers every where abandoned their posts, and strove to make their way back to their corps through this scene of immense confusion. An invincible terror had spread through the abodes of the rich, and, above all, among the shops of the street of the Franciscans, the Jews' quarter. Most of the generals hid themselves. Chlopicki, whose name was already on every tongue, and who was afterwards so ingloriously to play the most glorious of parts,—Chlopicki durst not stir from the primate's palace, to which he had retired. As for the grand duke's ministers, assembled in the palace of the bank, they deliberated there in a state of the most intense perturbation.

In the centre of the city, meanwhile, the Polish cavalry guards, commanded by General Kurnatwski, had declared in favour of the grand duke, and were driving the people before them, when the pioneers rapidly coming up, repulsed the guards, and made them retreat into the Cracow suburb. The grand duke had now but one course open to him, to charge into the city at the head of his three regiments of cavalry, of which Kurnatwski's soldiers formed the advanced guard. But the sudden hurricane seemed to have bewildered his senses. In the camp to which he had betaken himself on escaping

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from his bloodstained palace, he wandered listlessly up and down before the troops, overcome by violent and stunning despair. His reign was over. The morrow's sun rose on independent Warsaw.

The memorable night of the 29th of November closed on heroic scenes, but likewise on deplorable massacres. Several Polish generals were slaughtered that night, and among others the aged Stanislas Potocki. He was haranguing the grenadiers, and endeavouring to withdraw them from the insurrectionary cause, when the exasperated multitude rushed on him, tore him from his horse, and left him mortally wounded in the hands of the gendarmes. The minister Hauke was killed with a pistol shot. Generals Trembicki and Siemiontkowski met with no better fate. When the insurrection broke out the latter was playing cards in his own house with General Skrzynecki, who was afterwards so celebrated. On hearing the fire he went out, and attempting to recal the soldiers with insulting language to their allegiance, he was laid dead not far from the statue of Copernicus.

Of all those who had prepared the insurrection, one alone was unable to take part in it. Lelewel had the misfortune to be retained at that momentous crisis for his country by the deathbed of his father, who expired that night.

The next day, November 30, the cry of independence was raised by every voice; the white eagle everywhere disappeared from the façades of the public monuments; the administrative council made all haste to add popular citizens to its members; men trod with ecstasy the bloodstained streets; they wept with joy and pride; Warsaw was free! And during all this while a countless multitude, assembled before the office of finance, shouted "Chlopicki! We want Chlopicki!" He was sought everywhere, but in vain: he was concealing himself. General Pac had to take the command of the troops in the meanwhile.

Chlopicki was a general brought up in the school of Napoleon: he had served with *éclat* in Spain, under Marshal Suchet: subsequently he had proudly resisted the caprices of Constantine: these were his only titles to the enjoyment of so much popularity. But men of the popular class are easily moved by the semblance of strength, and Chlopicki pleased them by his lofty stature, his martial countenance, the imperious brusquerie of his gestures, and his short decisive tone. Unfortunately these outward appearances concealed a mind of the most ordinary cast and the least fitted for revolutions. Chlopicki, a mere soldier, believed only in the physical force of numbers combined with discipline, he had no idea of the victories possible to audacity, and smiled contemptuously when he was told of what can be achieved by strong convictions, by the fire of long-cherished resentments, the enthusiasm excited by liberty, and the impetuous impulse of the masses. At the first sound of that revolution which wished him for its leader, he took his compasses, and

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measuring the extent of the empire of the czars, he shook his head, saying, "If Poland dares to resist, she is lost!"

He accepted the command, therefore, in order to negociate, not to fight; to soften the emperor's obduracy, not to deliver Poland. In this he was seconded by Prince Lubecki, a man without faith, but possessed of ability, who found it an easy matter to obtain complete control over the mind of the old general, and who made use of him to maintain his own position for some days between two alternatives of treachery.

The Grand Duke Constantine was encamped at a little distance from Warsaw, at the head of a body of about 8000 men. It was an easy thing to destroy that force; to attack it was an absolute necessity, for every revolution that fears to go too far is abortive. Chlopicki preferred negociating;—an enormous, an irreparable blunder at the outset of a revolt. A deputation, composed of Count Ladislas Ostrowski, Princes Lubecki and Czartoryski, and the republican Lelewel, repaired to the village of Wierzbna, where they found the grand duke surrounded by his principal officers. Constantine was by the side of the Duchess of Lowicz. When the deputies entered, he rose to salute them, carefully dissembling his anger, whilst the duchess of Lowicz, though a Pole, and of a temper naturally very gentle, could not control her feelings, which found vent in bitter lamentations. Lubecki replied with the calmness of a sceptic, who takes facts as he finds them, without affection or hatred. Ostrowski was dignified, Lelewel ironical and inflexible. As for the results of the interview, they were null and void. The grand duke only yielded to the force of circumstances in consenting to the return of the Polish guards into Warsaw; and he betrayed truth in giving it to be understood that if his retreat were not molested, the Poles would have no cause to fear his vengeful return.

It was in consequence of this interview that the Polish guards which had followed the standard of the czarewicz returned to Warsaw, as did the patriotic brigades of Generals Skrzynecki and Szembeck. There was something imposing and terrible in the spectacle. Amidst the Poles, all glowing with the pride of their glorious victory, marched with downcast heads those whom a momentary error had withdrawn from the defence of their country. Among the generals who had remained too faithful to the grand duke were Zymirski, who was afterwards to expiate his faults with his blood on the field of battle, and Krasinski, one of the haughtiest minions of Russian tyranny. When the latter appeared in front of the bank, a furious outcry arose, and a thousand hands were uplifted to strike him, whilst he, falling on his knees, begged for mercy. Chlopicki saved him.

Nothing remained for Constantine but to take prompt flight. He gave the order to retreat. His soldiers, stupified and dismayed, marched in silence, turning back their eyes from time to time

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towards that voluptuous city of Warsaw, where many of them left wives and children whom they were perhaps never to see again.

There is nothing in history analogous to the heroic fever that during the early days of the revolution animated the capital of Poland. *To Lithuania!* some exclaimed, and the people, with admirable instinct, caught up the cry, and repeated, *To Lithuania!* A patriotic club, presided over by Bronikowski, kept up the revolutionary fire by vehement harangues. The boldest thinkers, and for that very reason the most intelligent, saw that the revolution could only be saved by dint of vigour; that the country should attack, in order that it might not be forced to defend itself; that Chlopicki had exposed himself to treachery by letting the grand duke escape; that to strike terror into Russia, devoid as she was of financial resources, weakened by her last wars against the Turks, and ravaged by the plague, no more was requisite than to prevent her gaining time to rally her energies, by pushing straight onwards to the Niemen, and spreading the flame of revolt through all the Polish provinces. The people applauded the energy of these opinions, and with looks bent on France, desired nothing more ardently than to draw the sword, being confident of victory. The impulse was prodigious. Incalculable sacrifices were made. The monks offered part of their rations to the public granaries; the women gave their ear-rings and trinkets to the treasury; the rich citizens raised squadrons at their own cost. Never did the like dangers call forth the like resources.

Lubecki, witnessing this temper of the nation, believed for a moment in the possibility of success, and wishing to know of how much that Chlopicki, whom he had at first affrighted, might perchance be capable, he spoke to him of carrying the war into Lithuania, if war seemed to be inevitable. But, like all men of narrow mind, Chlopicki had ended by regarding as the suggestions of his own understanding, all the alarms with which others had contrived to inspire him; and, with all the inexorable violence of his character, he denounced every energetic measure as an act of madness. Provoked by the immense disorder palpable all round him, and the sublime side of which escaped his view, he could not look without rage on the armed multitude that came and went under his windows, singing hymns of war and freedom. The very tokens of respect paid him, the shouts in which his name was extolled, exasperated his rude and impatient spirit. He was not long in making up his mind. The mixed government, formed in the night of the 29th of November, had been succeeded by a septemvirate, of which Prince Czartoryski and the republican Lelewel made part. Chlopicki one day orders a review of the troops in the Champ de Mars, proceeds to the palace of the government, suddenly enters the council hall, and announces to his colleagues, in a decided voice and with imperious gestures, that he assumes the dictatorship; after which he hastens to have himself

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forthwith proclaimed dictator by the soldiers. The closing of the clubs, the intimidation of the sincere patriots, the slackening of patriotic efforts, the revived spirit of the aristocracy and the renewal of its intrigues, such were the immediate effects of this new 18*th Brumaire*. After this the dictator caused the fortifications of the city to be busily repaired, in order to turn public opinion into another channel, and give the popular activity an object on which to expend itself. The zeal displayed in prosecuting the work was admirable, but the patriots came gradually in this way to see Poland in Warsaw. Now the country could only defend itself on the condition of being every where present, wherever there might be place for a battle and for a camp.

Strange to tell, the dictator's popularity long held out despite his errors. The people, with a pertinacious confidence unparalleled in the annals of human folly, never ceased to call Chlopicki the saviour of his country. The diet which had been convoked in the commencement of the insurrection, having by this time assembled, and Chlopicki having been inclined, in a fit of ill humour, to resign the dictatorship, it was necessary almost to supplicate him to resume it. All that was done was to place a committee of surveillance over the all absorbing authority with which he was invested.

The dictator was evidently impatient to make his peace with the Emperor of Russia. Prince Lubecki, on his part, had come to the conclusion that the revolution was about to die away, for want of prompt and vigorous action. Like a calculating and apathetic egotist as he was, he offered to act as mediator, having no other object in view than to go and resume his place in his master's favour; and he set out for St. Petersburg, accompanied by M. Jezierski.

His departure left Warsaw to the empire of mediocrity. As always happens, Wisocky and Zaliwski, the heroes of the 29th of November, had seen their own parts terminate with the cessation of danger; and, before the effervescence of the people had yet subsided, the aristocracy* were already concocting their intrigues, disciplining their forces, and acquiring control over public affairs by the crafts of diplomacy. Prince Czartoryski suffered himself, partly from inertness of character, partly from vanity, to be placed at the head of this movement. Some enterprizing men were ambitious for him, and in his stead, and they created a royalty for him in their crafty harangues. He was nominated minister of foreign affairs; but the real minister was Count Malachowski, an active, intelligent, and resolute aristocrat.

Thus, whilst Chlopicki was studying how he might stifle the revolutionary spirit at home, abroad the revolution was about to be represented by Czartoryski, a prince of integrity and good faith, but steeped in aristocratic prejudices, and still full of the recollections of Alexander's friendship. And, as if these were not hostile influences

* *Aristocracy* and *nobility* are two very distinct things in Poland: this must not be forgotten. See what has been said on this subject in the 1st chapter.

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enough, Polish democracy had furthermore to contend against the constitutional party, guided by Viment Nemoiowski, translator of the works of Benjamin Constant, whose sterile doctrines he had popularized in Poland.

When the insurrection of Warsaw was known in Paris, the event was hailed with an intoxication of delight. The heroism of the Poles was celebrated in all the theatres; people accosted each other in the streets with the phrase, Poland is free. It was a national holiday in France, a second revolution of July. Aid and support to our Polish brethren! was the cry on all sides.

In fact, if the import of the details we have just narrated be duly apprehended, it will be clear how easily and efficaciously France might have aided the Polish revolution. It was not necessary for the government either to march an army to Warsaw, or even to address the language of menace to the emperor; to save Poland it would have been enough to send thither agents secretly commissioned to support, in the name of France, the democratic party, which was capable, by its daring and its impetuosity, of making head against circumstances. That party would then have regained the upper hand; the intrigues of the aristocracy would have been baffled; insurgent Poland would have armed itself with propagandism, the weapon of the audacious; a rush would have been made on Lithuania, and Chlopicki would have fallen, unless, seeing himself encouraged by France, he had changed his system, and displayed, for the purpose of strengthening and extending the revolution, the hearty energy he devoted to paralyzing its resources and smothering its fire.

But such were not the plans of the Palais Royal. If the court appeared, at first, to share in the sympathies of France, this was solely because it would have been dangerous to brave them. Care was taken to belie, in the secret instructions to agents abroad, the aspect assumed in public.

Some time after the 29th of November, a member of the diet had an interview with the French consul. "What are we to expect from the sympathy of the government of July?" asked M. Biernacki. "Nothing," was the consul's cold reply. "But should fortune favour us, should our successes prove to Europe all the energy of our determination and all the reality of our emancipation?" "I repeat, sir, that you have neither encouragement nor support to expect from the cabinet I represent." "You will at least take upon you to be the medium of communication between us and your government?" "No, sir." "To convey to it our despatches?" "They will be opened and read by Austria." "What, then, in your opinion, ought Poland to do?" "Submit." M. Biernacki withdrew, full of surprise and indignation.

Thus then, thanks to the selfishness of governments, Poland was already beginning to find verified the popular and touching phrase of its despair, "God is too high and France too far."

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As to what the Poles were capable of effecting had they not been deprived of every support, even indirect, of this we may form a conception from the prodigies of their long struggle, an endless theme of admiration for the world, and endless subject of sorrow for France!

CHAPTER VI.

THE Chamber of Peers had been constituted a court of justice, and four peers of France, MM. Pasquier, de Bastard, Séguier, and Pontécoulant, had been appointed to conduct the initiatory stage of the proceedings (*l'instruction*) relative to the prisoners of Vincennes.

It was on one of its own members, Count Florian de Kergorlay, that the upper chamber made the first essay of its judicial omnipotence. This fiery tempered gentilhomme being put on his trial for having publicly reproached the deputies with their usurpation of sovereign power, the new king with the illegitimacy of his accession, and the mutilated peerage with the violation of its oath, was condemned to a fine of 500 francs and six months' imprisonment.

To discuss royalty is to destroy it: in the Count de Kergorlay's affair M. Persil, the *procureur général* in the cour royale, had nothing to set in opposition to the pretended legitimacy of Charles X., except the sovereignty of a people which had not even been consulted. All the arguments of the public accuser ultimately reposed upon the theory of tacit consent. Now he might have been answered that tacit consent is valid as the enunciation of a fact, not as the foundation of a right, which would in that case depend on an insolent hypothesis; that this consent almost always results from the impossibility under which the people labours of coming to a mutual understanding and uttering its protest; that it is an old sophism that has served the purpose of every tyranny; that Tiberius had in his favour the tacit consent of the Romans, when at his least frown the most illustrious personages swallowed poison, or opened their veins, without the people ceasing to be indifferent, or the senate to be mute; that lastly, not to go back so far, the Restoration itself might for fifteen years have appealed to this same tacit consent in justification of its own outrageous proceedings.

M. de Kergorlay's trial, as we see, put formidable questions to the issue. The partisans of monarchy were alarmed. A *projet de loi* was presented to the Chamber on the 25th of November, which forbade *any attack on the order of succession to the throne, and on the rights which the king holds from the voice of the nation.* The law was passed with all speed, a law which set out with predicating a fiction in order to shelter from criticism the majesty of a man, in a country in which the majesty of God was left open to all assailants. M. Guizot

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supported the measure, a strange proceeding on the part of a publicist who had proclaimed the sovereignty of reason in his works, and who was a protestant.

On the 10th of December, at eight o'clock in the morning, the ex-ministers were transferred from the Château de Vincennes to the prison of the Petit Luxembourg. Extraordinary precautions had been taken. The Bois de Vincennes was filled with soldiers. On receiving orders to that effect, MM. de Polignac, de Peyronnet, and de Guernon Ranville immediately stepped into the carriage provided for them: but M. de Chantelauze was confined to his bed, and suffering acutely, so that he screamed with pain whenever an attempt was made to raise him up. His removal could not be effected till the evening. The prisoners' escort consisted of two piquets of cavalry of the national guard, brought up during the night by General Carbonel, a squadron of chasseurs, commanded by General Fabvier, and a detachment of artillery furnished by the garrison of Vincennes. The minister of the interior was on horseback. The procession took its way by the Rue du Faubourg St. Antoine to the Bastille, the Pont d'Austerlitz, the Boulevards Neufs, and the Rue d'Enfer, and entered the Luxembourg, by the gate of the Observatoire. The last ministers of the Restoration could look out from their carriage on the spot where the blood of Marshal Ney had been shed,

The anger of the people had for some time past appeared assuaged. Some groups, indeed, had been seen moving in silence round the Luxembourg palace, but the walls of the capital were no longer covered with placards invoking vengeance, and no more shouts for blood were heard in the thoroughfares. How indeed was it to be supposed that a people which had shown itself in the month of July so magnanimous, and so proud of its magnanimity, should have persevered with such cruel obstinacy in demanding four heads? Moreover it was not against the people the ordonnances had been levelled. If it had thought otherwise when it presented itself in arms in the streets, enough had since been done to undeceive it. Accordingly the *Journal des Débats* said, with respect to the removal of the ex-ministers, "During this long transit through so populous a faubourg, and one which took so active a part in the days of July, no crowds were collected together, no shouts were heard; every one went on with his business as usual; one would have been disposed to think that even curiosity had given place to a deep sense of decorum."

But while justice was thus done the people in words, the executive manifested its distrust by measures, the overstrained prudence of which might have been considered by the people either as a plot or as an insult. Military works were effected in the neighbourhood of the capital. Orders had been given, it was said, at the royal residence to have baggage-waggons in readiness in case of flight. General Lafayette, already commander-in-chief of the national guards of the kingdom, was invested with the command of the troops of the line.

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His *chef d'état-major* was ordered to concert measures with General Fabvier. Lastly, by a proclamation of the 8th of December, all the national guards of Paris and the suburbs were prohibited from laying aside their uniform after the 14th, on any pretence whatever.

The same thing naturally occurred then as had taken place during the discussion on the punishment of death: the multitude felt itself offended; it became exasperated, and, goaded by its sufferings, it vented its passions on the first object that fell in its way with an impetuosity the more terrible inasmuch as it was unreflecting.

The folly of mankind is a serious and sad theme for meditation. The people suffered itself to be wholly engrossed with idle anxieties, and it let a discussion passed unnoticed, in which its dearest interests were involved! How often had the working classes execrated in their distress the unjust partition of taxation. Since the establishment of the *droits réunis* there was not one indigent family that had not protested with cries of despair against the daily wrong done to poverty. And yet it was scarcely known in the faubourgs that a law, authorizing the collection of the existing imposts, had been presented to the Chamber; that the abolition of the indirect taxes had found very few advocates there, and many opponents; that M. Charles Dupin had spoken in favour of alleviating the burdens on property, and throwing the chief weight of taxation on the indirect contributions, that is to say, on wine and tobacco, the only luxuries of the poor, and on salt, their only condiment; that these were to be the doctrines of the new régime, as they had been those of the Restoration and of the Empire; and that in a word the people ought to think itself very fortunate that the Chamber, in consideration of the very recent resistances encountered by the fisc, was pleased to repeal the toll on the admission of wine into towns with a population under 4000 souls, and to reduce the dues on retail traffic.

These were matters that concerned the people alone; little was said about them. The discussion did not even occupy a whole sitting. The multitude, so ready to fire up for the sake of chimeras, was about to take up its old burden again without a murmur.

Things were in this position when the public ear was startled by the news of Benjamin Constant's death.

The whole city was afoot to accompany to their last resting-place the mortal remains of a man who had deserved well of liberalism. Ministers, deputies, peers of France, and young men of the schools, all assumed the garb of mourning; all came forth to do honour to his memory. The people, too, flocked to this funeral fête as it does to all fêtes. A squadron of cavalry opened the march. The first six legions of the national guard preceded the bier, which was heaped with laurel crowns; the last six legions followed it, and the hearse was drawn by young men. On each side of it walked, in silence and with heads uncovered, M. Delaberge, chief mourner, and the dignitaries of the kingdom. The colours hung with crape, the drums

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muffled, thousands of heads uncovered, the countrymen of the deceased, having the word *Alsace* traced on their arms, to claim, as it were, a share in the triumph of the dust they followed, the presence in the procession of a detachment of old mutilated soldiers, all this formed a spectacle full of melancholy grandeur. The funeral train proceeded very slowly along the Boulevards, looking at a distance like a vast and almost motionless sea. A low strain of music, above which rose the dismal sound of the tam tam, announced the approach of the venerated remains. Saddened faces appeared at every window, and laurels or flowers were dropped upon the bier. But the passions and the projects of the living were busily astir round the dead man's clay. When the hearse left the temple where the procession had stopped to pray, a great noise and tumult arose. "To the Pantheon! to the Pantheon!" was loudly shouted. The Prefect of the Seine interposed. "The law shall have its way," he said—a formidable phrase, subsequently uttered over another coffin, whence civil war burst forth. The procession resumed its route to the cemetery. Some students hurried to the Place du Panthéon to make an attempt at an apotheosis. The weather was wet and gloomy; night was closing on the city; the mourners advanced by torchlight. Lafayette stepped out from the dense crowd of the funeral train to pronounce the farewell words. Suddenly he was seen stumbling by the edge of the grave into which his friend had been let down, and into which he himself was near falling. All was then at an end, and the multitude dispersed in the dark.

Benjamin Constant had died in penury, and almost of starvation.

He was a man of singularly vigorous intellect, of a feeble temperament, and a cold heart. His rectitude of judgment led him to hatred of injustice, and by force of talent he could occasionally rise to passion; but he rarely displayed energy, because this was not necessary to him, either to stigmatise an abuse, or to deal a mortal blow to an enemy. Adroit in eluding difficulties, master of all the resources of language, familiar with the most subtle artifices of thought, he distilled without effort the venom that lurked in his good-humour, making sport of his adversaries and of obstacles, and always with the same easy suavity. He had given proof of the art of the romance writer in his *Adolphe*, and of the science of the statesman in his work on religion; and the suppleness of his talents seem to have determined him in the choice of his doctrines. The constitutional system subsists only by fictions, balancings, and the complications it gives rise to; it gives subtle natures the advantage over strong and simple minds. For this precisely it was fitted to allure Benjamin Constant, and in fact, by his ideas, his sentiments, his turn of mind, the levity of his morals, his admiration for Voltaire, and his habits of opposition, he belonged to that English and protestant school of which Mounier was the orator, Necker the financier, Madame de Staël the heroine, and of which the Emperor Alexander, educated by Laharpe, became an adept. Benjamin Constant enunciated the

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doctrines of that school with admirable vigour of style. But there was in him, in spite of his profession of liberalism, a great stock of indifference, a sceptical instability often manifested by glaring contradictions. A reign of force and violence would have extinguished him; for having neither the fire that had rendered Danton popular, nor the convictions that had made Robespierre all potent, neither did he possess that deplorable serenity which Barère drew from his readiness to serve all parties. Benjamin Constant's place in a representative system was therefore marked out; he seemed appointed to play an opposition part on account of his taste for popularity, and his sympathies with the young.

Such was the man to whom had just been rendered honours so extraordinary, that Mirabeau, who died in the fulness of his glory, had received none greater. Like Mirabeau, Constant was open to the charge of not having been capable of refusing to the last the largesses of the court. But he did not sell himself: his soul was incapable of a sordid action: only a too strong predilection for play, combined with the ignorance of business common to men of thought, had plunged him into a state of distress of which he had to endure all the bitterness. Though he possessed several houses in Paris, and was surrounded with the outward signs of opulence, such, at times, was his destitution, that a friend one day surprised him in the act of breakfasting on a morsel of stale bread, which he moistened in water. The details of this penury, in which his old age wasted away, were so poignant, that none of his friends dared to disclose the secret of them after his death. They spoke merely of sorrows that had cast a gloom over his latter days, and the melancholy words were called to mind which he had uttered from the tribune the day he appeared there for the last time.

Be this as it may, liberalism had celebrated its own glory in the pompous obsequies it bestowed on Constant. Grand spectacles serve as a parade of strength to dazzle the people. Every solemnity is a means of government.

The day of the trial arrived. When questioned as to the kind of punishment which, in his opinion, ought to be inflicted on the accused, M. Mauguin answered, Death. This reply was soon known to the court, and the Chamber, dreading the tribunelike impetuosity of M. Mauguin, seized the opportunity to substitute M. Persil in his stead, when the *juges-instructeurs* were to assume a new character, and become public accusers. The report presented on the 29th of November by M. Bastard sufficiently indicated the views of the peerage. "The penal code is inapplicable to the trial," said the reporter, and he took care to attribute to the court of peers a judicial omnipotence which, by placing it above the laws, permitted it to exercise clemency.

The proceedings began on the 15th of December. The judgment hall was thronged with spectators at nine o'clock in the morning. An usher appeared with a white wand in his hand tipped with an ivory

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ball, with which he struck three blows. The judges entered. Fingers were pointed from the galleries at such of them as had passed that famous sentence of death on Marshal Ney, which was an assassination. The registrar of the court was also particularly noticed; he it was who had read the fatal sentence to the Prince de la Moskowa. Michel Ney seemed thus to be avenged on his judges and on the Bourbons.

The accused were in their turn led in. Their demeanour appeared neither arrogant nor timid. M. de Chantelauze was unwell, and his face was very pale. The Prince de Polignac displayed a sort of ingenuous serenity, and M. de Peyronnet never for an instant lost his self-possession, whilst M. de Guernon Ranville, as if indifferent to the last accidents of an evil fortune that had nearly expended all its force, opened a pamphlet, which he began to peruse attentively.

The examinations of the prisoners were such as might have been expected. M. Pasquier, a courtier, shaped his questions in such a way that it was possible for the accused to justify themselves by casting the responsibility of all the disasters on Charles X.: but they carefully avoided the snare spread for their honour with the intention of saving their lives; and their replies were a last testimony of fidelity to their absent and unfortunate master.

The depositions of witnesses followed the examination of the prisoners. The revolution was about to pass in living presence before the eyes of Charles X.'s ministers, to call them to account for the blood shed. There were some terrible moments for them in this stage of the proceedings. The witnesses were numerous. One deposed how the fight began, and how many families had been made mourners on the very first day. Another spoke to strange and fearful scenes, the people drunk with heroism and rage; horsemen galloping bewildered through the city; soldiers falling here and there by balls discharged from every street corner; paving stones falling like hail from the house tops, flung by the hands of women and children; in a word, war everywhere, and Paris struggling in the midst of chaos. A third depicted in glowing language the calm fanaticism of Prince Polignac in the very heat of the carnage, and the criminal bewilderment of Marmont. A father related how after going out from home, where he left his son full of life, he returned only to find that son drenched in blood, and to weep over his corpse.

Of all these accusing testimonies the most overwhelming for the prisoners was that of M. Arago, when he reported this infatuated phrase of M. de Polignac: *If the troops join the people, why then, the troops too must be fired upon.* M. de Martignac, the prince's defender, strove to cast some cloud of doubt on this fact, whereupon M. Arago drew him aside and whispered to him "I recommend you to let my testimony pass, and that of M. Delarue which confirms it. For your client's sake do not force me to speak the whole truth: it would be his death warrant. Do you know that M. de Polignac said on the 28th to M. Blanchard, who was celebrated for his fine voice, and who had been commanding the discharge of cannon at the Place de Grève,

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'*Your voice never so heartily delighted me as it has this day?*'" "Is it possible?" exclaimed M. de Martignac, in consternation. "And do you know that, seeing the grief in which General Tromelin was plunged by the contemplation of so many frightful scenes, the prince said to him, '*What are you afraid of? Once collected in the Place Vendôme the revolters are lost. I would pay them to do what they are now doing.*" M. de Martignac hid his face in his hands, and M. Arago, who did not desire the death of the accused, promised not to add these tremendous facts to his deposition.

A report had for some days been in circulation that M. de Sémonville had many significant and singular facts to disclose. Curiosity was strongly excited; it became still more intense when the witness appeared at the bar. He advanced with tottering steps, with stooping figure, as if bent down under the burden of his memory. His face, which wore the marks of old age, had at this moment a peculiar expression of excitement and suffering. Half kneeling on the chair given him to lean upon, he spoke in a languid and feeble voice. He had to relate the proceedings, the course of which had led him on the 28th of July first to the council of ministers and afterwards to St. Cloud. On coming to the moment when Charles X. had received him, he suddenly stopped short, unable to overcome his emotion. The assembly was in suspense. "I know not whether I ought to go on," he said: but in obedience to the president's order he continued his narrative. He represented Charles X. at first resisting all compromise, then softening as he thought of the unfortunate daughter of Louis XVI., letting his head drop upon his breast, and submitting with anguish to the humiliation of surrendering the sword of the monarchy. The sensation produced by this picture was profound, tears flowed from many eyes; but those who knew M. de Sémonville saw in his narrative and his demeanour only a well-contrived piece of acting.

The discussion now began between the advocates for the prosecution and those for the defence; but it was carried on upon neither side with dignity or good faith.

In reproaching the ministers of Charles X. with the violation of the charter, and in making that the ground for denouncing them, the accusers palpably disregarded the truth, for it was by virtue of the 14th article of the charter that the Polignac ministry suspended the constitution.

The accused on their part, in resting their defence on that article, adopted a line of argument in which there was very little candour and honesty; for when laws conceal in their text the overthrow of all liberty, contempt for the people, despotism, and civil war, it then becomes a duty to abstain from all contact with those laws; and to administer them is a crime.

If then there had been in that assembly, before which this great drama was enacted, none but manly souls, the accusers would have contented themselves with saying, "You have desired despotism:

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to reach it you have dared every thing. Through you thousands of citizens have perished. You have evoked from out our institutions hatred, carnage, every convulsion, every disaster. What law can authorise such atrocities? and if there is a law that authorises them, who shall absolve you from the guilt of having applied it? You have reckoned on the sword: vanquished, submit to the law of the sword: prepare yourself to die!"

And to this language what other reply had the accused to make but this, "What we have done we believed it was our duty to do for the salvation of the monarchy. It was a game in which it was a simple matter of course that each of us should stake his head. You are victors, and we know that it is childish to argue against might; if the scaffold awaits us, we are ready."

But it rarely happens in monarchical countries that parties rise to this degree of frankness and courage. Here the accused did not understand that the scaffold alone could bestow amnesty upon them, by mingling their blood with that they had caused to flow. And as for the accusers, their policy being to show that the revolution had been effected solely for the maintenance of the charter, they would talk of nothing but the violated constitution.

It was on this pretended violation that M. Persil made the whole prosecution turn; and thus he involved himself in a labyrinth of contradictions, subtleties and sophisms.

To prove that the ministers of Charles X. had not deviated from the terms of the charter, the 14th article had been cited, which gave the king the right of making the rules and ordinances necessary for the security of the state. M. Persil refused to recognize the authority of that article, which he combated by means of the following article, wherein it was set forth that the legislative power is exercised collectively by the king and the chambers. The reasoning was evidently vicious, since the 14th article related to exceptional circumstances, and the 15th to ordinary cases. Accordingly the ministers could only have been reproached with having made a perfidious estimate of the exigencies of the moment; of having exaggerated its perils in order to rule at their ease; of having mendaciously alleged as a pretext for their audacity the scurity of the state, which was not endangered; or, even without going so far, with having committed one of those errors, which in politics are crimes. But to pursue this line of argument, would have been to renounce the policy adopted by the court ever since July, 1830. If the prosecution consented not to consider the ordinances as a violation of the very letter of the charter, it ran the risk of stripping the revolution of that spurious character of legality which it was the scheme of the new policy to set in opposition to generous impulses, to daring hopes, and to all the projects of innovators. Nevertheless, with a very extraordinary inconsistency, after having absolutely denied the import of the 14th article, M. Persil did not scruple to say, "Not that we would go the length of saying, that if any great danger

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arose, the king had not the right to possess himself for the moment of all the powers of the state; but we say that this would not be by virtue of the 14th article, which supposes the employment of legal means, but by virtue of necessity, which recognizes neither time, nor place, nor conditions." These were remarkable words, disclosing in the men of the new régime the intention of keeping in reserve for themselves that occasional dictatorship, which they accused their adversaries of having seized.

It had further been said, with a view to prove that the accused were protected by the charter, "According to the constitution, the king is inviolable, and the ministers are responsible. Has the inviolability of Charles X. been respected? Has he not been visited in his old age with perpetual exile? Has he not been punished even in the person of his grandson, who was innocent? Has not his race been for ever proscribed? The responsibility of the ministers has therefore been turned aside, and cast upon the head of their master, who by his misfortunes has absorbed it wholly." To this M. Persil replied, that but for the intervention of the ministers, but for their signatures, the monarch's impotence would have silenced his will. "What matters after that," he said, "the lot that has befallen the king and his dynasty? Justice is here in accordance with the most common-place morality. Neither the one nor the other sanctions the confounding together of two things that are distinct, or the pardoning criminals or accomplices because the principal malefactor has suffered the penalty due to his misdeeds." In a moral point of view M. Persil no doubt was right, but he was wrong on the principles of the charter, which declares the king and his ministers unequally responsible, when they are equally criminal. So, then, did not M. Persil denounce that charter as a work of iniquity, when he affirmed in the face of all men, that community of crime infers community of punishment?

Another difficulty presented itself. The charter, it is true, ratified the responsibility of ministers in case of treason or of extortion, but it left it to other laws, not yet in existence in 1830, to specify that class of crimes, and to determine their prosecution. How was the silence of the constitution to be remedied? The reporter of the Chamber of Peers had solved the question by proposing to confer on the peerage, as a court of justice, the twofold faculty of defining the crime and naming the punishment. But this would have been to carry the revolution beyond the limits of the charter, a course, above all things, dreaded by the most clear-sighted champions of the Palais Royal. M. Persil, therefore, inveighed earnestly against this doctrine.

Nevertheless, being himself aware how crazy was the scaffolding of the prosecution, he took care to conceal the poverty of his logic under the rudeness of his language. The words perfidy and cowardice were every moment in his mouth; he was bitter, insulting, and implacable. Embodying in his rhetoric the splenetic feelings of

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the bourgeoisie, he revelled with savage vehemence in the pleasure of trampling on the vanquished representatives of that aristocracy, but lately so arrogant and disdainful.

M. de Polignac's tranquillity was not at all ruffled during M. Persil's speech; but M. de Peyronnet shot angry glances at his accuser; and his abrupt movements often betrayed the pangs of his wounded pride. When it was his turn to speak, he rose and proved that a circular, dated a month before his accession to office, had been inserted in the indictment against him. M. Persil was confused, and stammered out some unsatisfactory excuses; whereupon the accused retorted in a slow and solemn voice: "Sir, you call for heavy pains and penalties: truth is for us a right, for you a duty." This incident, in itself of little moment, nevertheless made a strong impression on the assembly. Some were surprised, others indignant, at the advantages afforded the accused by the inconsistencies of the prosecution.

Whilst these various emotions were prevailing, M. de Martignac rose to speak on behalf of his client, M. de Polignac. There was something touching in the relative position of M. de Martignac and one of the accused, M. de Peyronnet. They had been born in the same town and in the same year, as the orator stated in the beginning of his address. Their destinies had run a parallel course at college, at the bar, and in the magistracy. "And now," said M. de Martignac, "after having had our share of high station we meet once more; I, as formerly, lending the aid of my voice to an accused man; he as a captive, the object of prosecution, forced to defend his periled life and good name. The long confraternity, which so many events had left undisturbed, was for a moment interrupted by the unhappy effects of political dissension. These walls, within which we now stand, have sometimes witnessed our acrimonious debates; but of all these recollections, that of our old friendship alone presented itself in the castle of Vincennes!"

M. de Martignac's speech was full of a persuasive and gentle eloquence characteristic of his style. He first applied himself to demonstrate that the fall of Charles X.'s dynasty had relieved from all responsibility the four ministers, the survivors of the wreck. He asked where were the guarantees the charter had promised them, where the laws of blood applicable to the crimes imputed to them. And what were those crimes? They had violated the charter? But was the 14th article so clear as to leave no excuse for having interpreted it in favour of the tottering throne, in favour of the ancient monarchy of the Bourbons when the tempest once more assailed it?

Then speaking of the civil war so audaciously provoked, and afterwards fomented, M. de Martignac poignantly expressed the horror with which he regarded it; and in order to clear his client of the frightful imputation of having deliberately designed it, he called to mind all the traits of good feeling exhibited in the life of M. de

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Polignac, and pointed out the excessive tenderness of his heart, as evinced even in his greatest errors. And yet that man's head was demanded: wherefore? What more was it needful to add to that vengeance which had placed between France and the dynasty she rejected, the vast sea, and still more vast events. Three crowns shivered in three days, the flag of eight centuries rent in an hour, were not these sufficient triumphs? What was the use of making might cruel? Was there no danger to be apprehended from accustoming men's eyes to the implements of execution! "You are laying the foundations of a new throne," said M. de Martignac in conclusion; "do not place them on a soil drenched with blood and tears. The blow you would strike would open an abyss, and these four heads would not be sufficient to fill it."

The next day, December 19, M. de Peyronnet having risen to speak, there was a singular thrill of curiosity throughout the assembly. Haughty language was expected, but the expectation was disappointed. M. de Peyronnet's speech was an appeal to the indulgent opinion of the public and of his judges. He narrated his life with a modest self-approval. In early life he had devoted his youthful ardour to assuaging poignant affliction and protecting the unfortunate. When he afterwards became engaged in public affairs, he brought to his duties a firm conviction, and at the same time a heart open to pity. It was through him the two amnesties had been called for and obtained under the Restoration; it was he who had turned aside from the heads of General Parthès, of Olanier and Fradin the sword of royalist vengeance already uplifted over them. Standing there as he did within a few paces of the scaffold, it was allowable for him to mention that more than three hundred convicted persons owed life and liberty to him. There was nothing in his political career which his conscience told him it was his interest to conceal, or his duty to disavow. As for the law of sacrilege, if he had proposed that sanguinary law, it was only because he was forced along by the irresistible flood of the prejudices of the period. The law on the press, stigmatised under the name of *loi d'amour*, he had brought forward only in an essentially altered form, and his devotedness alone had induced him to encounter the responsibility of a conception which was not his own. Had he enriched himself in office? No, he had quitted it in debt; the royal munificence had provided for the education of his children; and he had a right to say with Sunderland, "I have filled a post of great credit, without power or advantages whilst in it, and to my ruin now that I am out of it." M. de Peyronnet then read an essay he had published towards the end of the preceding April, on what constitutes the illegitimacy of *coups d'état;* and confessing the misfortunes occasioned by that in which he had been concerned, he exclaimed, "Blood has been shed: this it is, the recollection of which hangs heavy on my heart. An unfortunate man in my position has little

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left but tears, and perhaps he ought to have those counted in his favour which he does not shed for himself."

This speech almost rendered superfluous the harangue of M. Hennequin, who in fact did but reproduce under a novel and ingenious form the arguments already developed by his colleague and by his client.

The audience, moreover, were impatient to hear the pleader on behalf of M. de Chantelauze, a young *avocat* of the Lyons bar, whose high reputation for liberalism and eloquence had preceded him to Paris. The attention of all present was captivated from the moment M. Sauzet began. The tall figure of the orator, his pale and worn countenance, the words at once pathetic and brilliant, that issued fast on each other from his mouth, as though impelled by the full assurance of triumphant right, the continual balancing of his body, attributed to the impulses of an emotion with difficulty restrained, all this struck that frivolous part of the public which is swayed by words and beguiled by appearances.

After glancing rapidly at what was personal to M. de Chantelauze in this important trial, M. Sauzet categorically asserted the dogma of human necessity. He said that necessity was the living interpretation of charters; that as a society could never command its own suicide, there were critical occasions on which it was necessary to overthrow it, to escape destroying it; that the 14th article consequently ruled the world, and was written in the nature of things, even when it was not written in constitutions; that peoples, after all, had their 14th articles as well as kings; revolutions being only the counterparts of *coups-d'états*. There was, therefore, only one question for investigation: Had the ordinances been drawn up under the law of this sovereign necessity? On this point doubt was impossible. The dynasty of the elder Bourbons might no doubt have kept its ground by means of skilfully managed concessions, if the source of its perils had lain only on the surface of society, if it had had to struggle only against the hostility of the parliamentary liberals, if it had had to defend itself only against a few obscure intrigues, if it had been forced, for its own safety, only to grant a small extension of liberty. But no: the dynasty of Charles X. was the child of invasion. This was what beset it with pitfalls, this was what encompassed it with swarms of indomitable enemies, and left it no alternative but between despotism and suicide. It could not be denied that, after the revolution, the bourgeoisie had suddenly changed its tactics, passing from the worship of liberty to that of authority, hedging round the throne with love, and repressing, with sombre vigilance, all daring flights of mind. It was therefore neither the old order of things, nor the monarchical principle, nor the consequences of that principle, which it had been intended to smite in the person of Charles X.; but much rather the insolent work of the enemies of France during their moment of victory.

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Thenceforth how should the dynasty of Charles X. have been able to disarm the sentiment of nationality so violently excited against it,—a sentiment, moreover, very strong in the country, since it had even vanquished, in former days, the fanaticism of the league, and baffled the Macchiavelism of the Spaniard Philip II.? Thence the orator concluded that the struggle between royalty and the nation under Charles X. had exhibited all the characters of fatality. Thus the exercise of autocracy became a necessity; if it was a crime, to abstain from committing it was beyond human strength; and as for its expiation, what further was needed than the spectacle of Charles X. embarking at Cherbourg, followed by his weeping family?

Such was, in substance, the line of defence adopted by M. Sauzet. The orator spoke the truth when he represented the revolution as a retaliation for Waterloo; but he attributed to the heads of the bourgeoisie sentiments which, in reality, subsisted only among the people. *Vive la charte!* had been shouted above the men in rags, and these had repeated the cry without clearly understanding it; but it was from among themselves that had burst forth the generous hatred of the white flag which became implacable. It was from amongst themselves that had come forth, during the three days, those who had been seen falling on their knees before the tricolour flag, or covering its sacred tissue with kisses and tears. As for the dogma of fatality, so successfully asserted by the orator, it was certainly no new one, for Europe still thrilled at the recollection of the heroic and bloody application it had received under the Committee of Public Safety.

Be this as it may, the effect was immense. The peers left their places and thronged round the orator to congratulate him. The Duc de Fitzjames was among the foremost. The emotion was intense in the galleries, from which applauses had issued on several occasions.

The journals propagated the details of this triumph out of doors with many encomiums. Indignation then became unbounded among all those who had taken the revolution in a literal sense. What! was the trial becoming for the advocates of the accused matter for oratorical jousting, and for the accused themselves an occasion of apotheosis! The defence was transformed into a panegyric, and all these sad reminiscences had been stirred up only to convert the tomb of the victims into a pedestal for the men against whom the voice of blood cried for vengeance! Honest minds revolted at the idea of such an insult offered to the most legitimate resentments.

If, as M. Sauzet alleged, Charles X. had found himself placed between the necessity of asserting arbitrary power and that of abdicating, why had he not resolved on the latter course? Instead of sacrificing the people to his pride, why had he not sacrificed his pride to the people? The fatality of his position might possibly have condemned him to lay down his crown, but it could not absolve him from the guilt of the violent means he had taken to preserve it. He had, therefore, not only done violence to the nation,

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he had sought to do violence to destiny, a twofold crime, of which both master and servants had voluntarily braved the consequences. Fatality, besides, excuses nothing or every thing. Convictions? They may be pleaded by man before the bar of God, but if human justice was to disarm itself before them, impunity would be assured to all crimes, and the murderer, for instance, would have but to prove the sincerity of his hatred in order to establish his innocence. This was what the instinct of the people, superior to all reasonings, had to offer in opposition to the pompous sophisms of rhetoricians.

M. Sauzet resumed and completed on the 29th his speech, which fatigue had compelled him to break off on the preceding day. M. Crémieux followed him, and disclosed, as he lifted his arm, the uniform of the national guard concealed under the gown of the barrister. Uneasiness was on every face, and the judges made efforts to conceal their trouble, which made it more alarming. M. Crémieux began his speech with these words: "I must speak, and I am still a listener." His address, at first substantial and logical, gradually became exalted into a strain of pathetic and vague poetry. Suddenly his voice faltered; he tottered, and was carried out fainting. The whole assembly started to their feet. They thought they heard an ominous sound—the drum beating to insurrection.

The multitude in fact inundated the approaches to the place, and thronged the gates, uttering frightful clamours. Just then a waggon from the royal printing-office entered the principal court-yard, and thus opened a way to the angry crowd. The guard hastened from the Luxembourg to keep back the intruders. Horsemen set off at full gallop to warn General Lafayette. Alarms of pillage had been skilfully propagated among the trading classes. Thousands of armed men issued from the shops at the sound of the drum, calling them to muster. On the left bank of the Seine every thing seemed in preparation for civil war.

Confusion prevailed in the interior of the palace. M. Berenger had resumed the pleadings against the accused opened by M. Persil, but he confined himself to a cold and subtle discussion of constitutional fictions. The assembly was evidently engrossed with other thoughts. M. Eugène Briffault, a journalist who had retired to a small closet to draw up some notes, sent in the news he received from without, written on small slips of paper, to his comrades. These slips were thrown on the floor of the court. Terror magnifying the danger, it was whispered about that ten thousand men were about to scale the walls of the palace. The judges trembled on their seats. The sittings were for a moment suspended. In vain M. Lavocat, the second in command at the Luxembourg, endeavoured to assuage the alarm; in vain he pledged himself for the maintenance of order, and described the national guard as hastening to the scene from all parts; M. Pasquier, in his confusion, understood the words in the very contrary sense, and entering the hall of audience, cried out, "Messieurs, the sitting is adjourned: the commandant of the national

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guard informs me that it would not be prudent to hold a night sitting."

The Chamber of Deputies had also assembled, and was in a state of no less perturbation. M. Laffitte endeavoured to restore confidence, by attributing the movements in the capital to a not very numerous body of agitators; but the moment he left the tribune the deputies thronged round him with signs of distress and dismay. Dupin aîné exclaimed, that since the national representatives were threatened, and an attack on the royal residence was talked of, firmness was imperatively requisite, and to give way once, were to submit to the necessity of giving way for ever. "Let us separate the people from those who wish to mislead it," said Odilon Barrot, in a speech that was strongly applauded. The president at length rose, and urged the chamber to resume the tranquil course of its deliberations. But the agitation was extreme, and no one dared to dwell in thought on the stormy scenes expected on the next day.

There was at this period in Paris a bravo named Fieschi, a sort of ruffian *bel esprit*, a man of base, cruel, and extravagantly audacious soul. This man, who belonged to no party, and who joined a brutal exaltation of temperament to a boundless cupidity, was nevertheless a native of Corsica, a country inhabited by a noble race, as honest-hearted as intrepid. He had gathered round him some wretches worthy to serve him as soldiers, and they held themselves in readiness for a *coup de main*.

Besides these irregular and chance forces there were three recognised parties capable of taking the field, the legitimatists, the bonapartists, and the republicans.

The first were not formidable, on account of their great wealth. It was their political interest that the new government should be overturned, but their social interests demanded that it should not fall under the violence of an unbridled people. Exposed to the risk of seeing their wealth swallowed up in the storm, they were yet imprudent enough to invoke it: they were in a singularly false and contradictory position; conservators and factious at one and the same time, friends to disorder, provided it would consent to expire on the threshold of their sumptuous abodes, revolutionists overflowing with hatred of revolutions, forced in a word to strive for anarchy with a desire not to succeed too completely.

The bonapartist party was composed of men of stability, and it had struck root everywhere; in the people, the administration, the army, and even in the peerage. But it had a flag rather than a principle. This was the insuperable cause of its impotence. Those moreover who were naturally called to guide it, had already an established position, which it was important to them not to compromise. They were generals of the empire, most of them aged, better qualified to deal with battles than with insurrections, and in whom the passion for adventurous efforts was blunted if not worn out. Add to this that the government had left them little to desire.

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The most formidable party was therefore the republican. Weak and almost imperceptible in the month of July, it had since then become rapidly recruited. Its leaders as yet wanted experience, but ignorance of obstacles often confers the power to overcome them. If the republicans did not possess all the knowledge and skill derived from political practice, they had on the other hand all the energy and devotedness that is lost in such practice. There was also this much in their favour, that they followed the downward course of revolution instead of climbing up hill. They acted on the people through the generosity of their sentiments, and on the schools by the impetuosity of their steps. They predominated in the patriotic associations. The love of popularity, of which they were the dispensers, secured them the services of influential personages. They held the executive in check by their audacity, and they had contrived to effect for themselves a strong position even in the body of the national guard. Fully aware that by dispersing themselves they would annul their own strength, they had taken pains to have themselves enrolled in the artillery of the national guard. Of the four batteries composing it, MM. Bastide and Thomas commanded the third; the second under the orders of MM. Guinard and Cavaignac, belonged to them wholly, and they had contrived means to gain over the other two, though the Duke of Orleans had entered the first in order to combat their influence.

At the period of the trial of the ministers, an association of men altogether new to public affairs, but enterprising and resolute, had been formed in the school of medicine. Overtures were made to the *Société des Amis du peuple* to march against the Palais Bourbon, seize the persons of the deputies, and proclaim a dictatorship. Such was the plan proposed: it was an 18*th Brumaire*, save that it wanted a Bonaparte and known names. Such proposals would have been ridiculous if the universal anarchy had not rendered projects apparently the most rash, capable of being realized. This one met with a sneering reception in the *Société des Amis du peuple*. The fact is that no party had then sufficient consistence to enable it to take the lead in a new revolution. The initiative could only come from the people, in case the irritation produced by the trial of the ministers should prompt it to rise as it had done in July. To follow the movement, to second it; to place, if necessary, arms and artillery at the disposal of the multitude; above all, to prepare the events of the next day—the most daring could not without extravagance venture to do more. The republicans therefore, did not conspire; they held themselves in readiness.

Be this as it may, they were become the object of an active surveillance, backed by a persevering system of malevolent insinuations and calumnies. As their influence was considerable in the artillery of the national guard, it had been for some time one of the most earnest desires of the court to dissolve that corps: and Count Pernetti, the colonel, far from resisting the project, already thought only of

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the means of promptly carrying it into execution. On the 19th of December General Lafayette learning from M. de Montalivet, the brother of the minister of the interior, that a plot had been laid to carry off the pieces of cannon, sent M. Francis de Corcelle to give warning of this to M. Godefroy Cavaignac and his friends. The latter having heard talk for some days of a bonapartist conspiracy, promised to take measures accordingly, and that same day M. Cavaignac threw on an écarté-table in the Louvre a packet of cartridges, which the *artilleurs* of the second battery divided among them. The people of the Palais Royal on hearing of this were, or pretended to be, in great alarm. The most odious and gratuitous suppositions were propagated among such of the artillerymen as were not of republican sentiments; they were brought to agree among themselves on a secret sign of recognition; promises of money were made, and some was actually distributed; lastly, an ex-militaire, named Bucheron, pledged himself in a interview with General Rumigny, to form a band of determined men to spike the cannons on the first symptom of an outbreak.

In the midst of this confusion and alarm the king adjusted the manifestation of his hopes and his fears to the requirements of his policy. He testified his apprehensions to those whose zeal would have been lulled by a show of too much security; and on the other hand he displayed great confidence in presence of those who, being more especially compromised, might have reason to tremble for the issue. Thus while he was writing letter after letter to M. Laffitte, to acquaint him that a plot was forming in the artillery; that the conspirators designed to deliver up the cannon to the people; that the state of things was critical and serious, he had conversations with M. Madier de Monjau in which he wore a smiling countenance, and spoke in confident language. The popular effervescence of which he was told appeared to give him little concern; he affected even to be glad of it; and being pleased to condescend to a picturesque familiarity of expression, he compared the impetuous bounds of the people to certain movements by which horse-jockeys recognise the vigour of a stallion.

This did not prevent his taking every measure for promptly putting down resistance. In reality, he was perhaps very glad to have an opportunity of figuring in the eyes of Europe as a conservative king, he who had been till then in the estimation of other monarchs but the crowned representative of a successful revolt.

One thing only made him uneasy: he believed himself ill-seconded. Every revolution awakens in subalterns the spirit of adventure, and consequently creates in those whose ambition has been favoured by fortune, a disposition to see everywhere only treasons and plots. An excessive distrust prevailed in the court of Louis Philippe, and the need of control which resulted from it had caused the establishment of several different classes of police, whose reports clashed with each other, and by their contradictions rendered every thing un-

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certain. Every moment gave birth to absurd or lying stories, and a thousand denunciations prompted by nothing else than the necessity felt by their authors of earning their bread by proving their own importance. Thus it was that General Fabvier was pointed out to the court as a man who entertained dangerous projects. To him nevertheless had been conferred the task of watching over the lives of Charles X.'s ministers; perhaps this was done to baffle the turbulent schemes imputed to him, by imposing upon him obligations of honour.

M. Taschereau, secretary-general of the prefecture of the Seine, was also accused of having an understanding with the republicans. He was summoned to the Palais Royal, where he demanded that he should be confronted with his accusers, and offered his resignation. It was not accepted: the government waited till the crisis should have passed by.

But no one was looked on with more suspicion than M. Treilhard, prefect of police: and to such a pitch was the feeling carried, that but for the extra-official interference of M. Laffitte, the prefect of police would have been arrested one day on the stairs of the Palais Royal.

It is true that M. Treilhard contributed, as a functionary, to the success of a policy of which he did not comprehend the hidden meaning. The following passage was remarked in the proclamation he published on the 20th of December. "Citizens,—You cannot but be aware that our enemies have long pointed to the issue of this trial as the rock on which public order would be wrecked. They had already counted on the rigours of winter, but your patience disappointed their guilty hopes, as your courage confounded them in July." Nothing was better adapted than these words to restrain the roused people; but they could hardly obtain approval from the court, which, always pre-occupied with the necessities of external policy, was much more bent on gaining a victory over the republicans than on completing the victory that had been won with their assistance in July. The essential thing in the opinion of the able men of the régime was to quell what they called anarchy, or rather to appear to quell it. Now this policy was ill-served by magistrates who, like M. Treilhard, cast on the vanquished of July, that is to say on the old conservatives, the responsibility of public disturbances.

M. Odilon Barrot had likewise published a proclamation, and one that contained threats. "I declare," said the prefect of the Seine, "that the first act of aggression will be regarded as a crime; should there be among us a man guilty enough to assail the lives of his fellow-citizens, let him not consider himself as exposed only to the chance of war: he will be simply a murderer, and will be sentenced as such by the court of assize, according to the rigour of the law." This was invoking against aggressors of the popular class that inflexible severity of the laws which was to be mitigated at that very

same moment in favour of the ministers and *grands seigneurs*, the aggressors in the month of July. Language like this might find acceptance with the courtiers; but they could not pardon Odilon Barrot for having said in the same proclamation, "Sprung from your ranks, perfectly sympathizing with you in opinion and inclinations, what you feel I feel. I am no stranger either to your impatience to see promised institutions realized among us, or to your just resentments, or to the popular want of a great reparation: but is the reparation, which our generous nation has a right to demand, to be found solely in the blood of a few wretches?" Odilon Barrot talked of promises of which he expected the fulfilment. This was enough to make him be looked on at court almost as one of the factious. And yet he restrained the impetuosity of some of those about him. "The moment is favourable," they said, "for making conditions and exacting guarantees. The new royalty has need of us. Let us set a price on our co-operation. Policy and the interests of liberty alike command this." Such was the language in particular of M. Taschereau, a man of clear and practical understanding. But Odilon Barrot's good faith was of an excessively timid cast. A novice in official life, and trembling lest he should violate the laws of administrative discipline, he oscillated between his duties as a public functionary and his convictions as a citizen.

Thus anarchy existed in the executive as well as in society.

The municipal guard, the ranks of which had been opened to a great number of the combatants of July, seemed little disposed to take arms against the people. There were no longer any gendarmes. The soldiers had been so often told in July that to fire on the people was a crime, that it was impossible to rely implicitly on their support. The court had, therefore, to wait impatiently for the termination of the crisis.

It was at hand. Only a few formalities remained to be discharged. M. Madier de Monjau, though a member of the committee of accusation, had made up his mind for clemency: this was known. As for the peers, their decision was not problematical. Only it was necessary to afford them facilities for the execution of their part; it was necessary, by skilfully devised eulogiums, to give the verdict expected the *éclat* of a supreme, exceptional decision, from which there should be no appeal. This Madier de Monjau perfectly understood. Before the court of peers, he represented one of the three powers of the state. He thought that his language might have some influence on public opinion, and he resolved to make himself the deliberate apologist of the judges, in order to show what respect was due to the judgment they were about to pronounce.

The 21st of December was to be a decisive day: the government had, therefore, taken its measures on a formidable scale. The Rue de Tournon, the Rue de Seine, and the Rue des Fossés-Monsieur-le-Prince, were filled with armed men, as well as the Places St.

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Michel, de l'Odéon, and de l'Ecole de Médecine. Six hundred men of the national guard of the *banlieue*, and two squadrons of lancers, were posted at the gate of the Luxembourg towards the Observatory. Two battalions of the line were ranged along the grand avenue. The garden was occupied by the national guard. In a word, all the approaches to the palace had been rendered inaccessible to the multitude, and more than thirty thousand bayonets glittered on the left bank of the Seine. Round this army buzzed an immense throng.

The audience having begun, the accused were led in. The numerous spectators in the galleries curiously scrutinized the faces of the ex-ministers, who showed no more signs of emotion than on the preceding days. It was even observed that M. de Chantelauze had thrown off his languor. M. Madier de Monjau advanced. He was very ill, nevertheless he refused to be seated whilst he spoke. In his speech he contrived very artfully to mask the indulgent nature of his conclusions by the vehemence of his attacks. He spoke in terms of energetic reproval of the defence, as having been haughty, provocative, and aggressive; as having falsified the events of July, by representing them as the inevitable result of the vices of the charter, and as a proof of the absolute incompatibility between the dynasty of Charles X. and the nation. To the countless obstacles alleged by the defence to have left royalty no other resource than a *coup d'état*, he opposed an animated picture of the attempts against liberty voluntarily perpetrated by the Restoration. He expressed his astonishment, and almost indignation, that the advocates for the prisoners had testified on behalf of their clients no other regret than that of having lost the battle. When he came to the history of the evils produced by the violation of the laws, he recounted that history in its true character—tragical and bloody. But in proportion as he advanced to his conclusions, his language became less severe, and his thoughts less clear and definite. He ended with these significant words—"It is not alone by your position, messieurs, that you are elevated above all magistracies; it is still more by that wisdom and political experience for which nothing can stand instead in such a cause, and in the midst of such passionate excitement. Thus, messieurs, whatever be your verdict, it will command our conscientious respect. We cheerfully render you the deliberate homage of that respectful confidence which is the noblest of your rights, and which we look on as the first of our duties." M. de Martignac replied in a touching manner, and fell back exhausted on his seat. M. Sauzet kept silence from fatigue. MM. Hennequin and Crémieux added a few words to M. de Martignac's address: after which M. Bérenger, rising in the name of the three commissioners, said, in a grave tone, "Peers of France, our mission is ended; yours begins. The facts of the case are before you. So is the book of the law. The country awaits, expects, and will obtain good and

rigid justice." Upon this the president orders that the matter be taken into deliberation. The accused retire, and the crowd disperses, immersed in deep thought.

A carriage was waiting for the ministers at the postern of the Petit Luxembourg They all four got into it, and it passed slowly at first between the files of the national guard. But when it reached the end of the Rue Madame, where an escort of two hundred horse under General Fabvier awaited it, it set out at full speed on the road to Vincennes. M. de Montalivet, the minister of the interior, and Lieutenant-colonel Lavocat, galloped one on each side of the carriage. This being closed only with glass windows it would have been easy to fire into it, and every thing was feared from the anger of the people. The party took care not to pass through Paris, and reached the outer boulevards avoiding the faubourg St. Antoine.

The news of this flight produced an extraordinary sensation when it spread through Paris. The rumour at first ran that sentence of capital punishment had been passed on the ministers, and the national guard in the Place St. Michel openly testified their joy at the news. But when the report of a condemnation was succeeded by that of the flight, indignation burst forth on all sides. The multitude advancing in dense columns endeavoured to force its way through the battalions surrounding the palace. The national guard stood its ground, and bayonets were levelled. The exasperated people shouted on all sides "*Death to the ministers!*" and, kindled to rage by its own clamours, beheld in the soldier citizens opposed to it only a pretorian guard. The latter were themselves perplexed by the most discordant feelings. The protection afforded the accused incensed them; the fear of pillage kept them spell bound. A concourse of men armed with clubs assembled in the Place du Panthéon. M. François Arago hastened up at the head of a company, and attempted to harangue the crowd, but they replied to him only with shouts of "*To the Luxembourg! to the Luxembourg! Death to the ministers!*" M. Arago endeavoured to calm the most fiery among them. "We are of the same opinion," he said to them. "Those are not of the same opinion," cried a voice, "whose coats are not made of the same stuff." The quarrel waxed warm: M. Arago received a violent blow in the chest, and only succeeded by dint of energy and patience in restraining the angry groups whose demeanour became momently more and more threatening. General Lafayette presented himself at another point, full of confidence in the authority of his name. He urged the groups to disperse, but in vain. "I do not recognise here," he said, "the combatants of July." "Like enough," replied a man of the people, "you were not among them."

A cannon shot was heard. It announced to the king that the captives of Vincennes were in safety. The republicans assembled in the Rue Dauphine took it for a signal, and hurried to the quay, shouting, to arms! A great mass of people followed them, and they

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reckoned on the pieces of cannon in the hands of their comrades in the courtyard of the Louvre. But the gates had been closed, and all communication was cut off between the artillerymen and the people.

No engagement had yet taken place; only some partial brawls had occurred. The Count de Sussy, colonel of the 11th legion, had received two blows of a mallet on the chest; Serjeant Dehay was stabbed with a knife, and a national guard with a dagger in the Rue Tirechappe; a pistol shot was fired between the Quai des Augustins and the Pont Neuf, and some wounds were inflicted with sharpened foils. But here ended the list of the casualties of the great battle that had been expected.

So then a countless multitude had poured into the open streets with rage in their hearts, and cries of vengeance on their lips; opposite parties busied themselves, if not to direct the passions of the multitude, at least to take advantage of their explosion; and, after all, during several hours of overwrought torturing suspense, scarcely were a few drops of blood shed.

History, perhaps, offers us no more astonishing spectacle. To understand it we must recollect that in France the destinies of the people had always been subordinate to those of the bourgeoisie. At all times, save only 1793, an exceptionable epoch, sublime, terrible, and nameless, the men of the people had fought for the cause of the bourgeoisie and under its leading. The revolution of July itself had been but the effect of this tacit and unconditional alliance. Here, for the first time, the two powers were confronted, and they paused in amazement at finding themselves mutual enemies.

Meanwhile night was come. Fires were lighted in the streets and open places. The national guard bivouacked as on a field of battle. Whether it was from fear or prudent forethought, most of the inhabitants of the quarter, thus converted into a camp, placed *lampions* in their windows. The peers deliberated in the Rubens gallery. The deliberation should have lasted several hours had the usual forms been observed, but the moments were precious, the judges could see from the windows of the palace the glittering of numerous weapons; it was absolutely necessary that the verdict should be ready in the course of the evening. Sustained by the punctilio of honour, that hypocrisy of fear, they all answered to the roll-call; but their courage abandoned them as the dénouement drew near. At the moment when sentence was about to be pronounced they rushed precipitately towards the door of the hall. "This is indecent," cried M. Pasquier. "Let the doors be closed, the sitting is only suspended." The intimation was ineffectual; a panic had seized the judges. They assumed various disguises, and stole away by secret issues. At ten o'clock M. Pasquier entered the audience hall. It was almost entirely deserted. The half extinguished lustre threw but a dubious light on the empty benches. It was in the

midst of solitude and darkness that M. Pasquier pronounced sentence of perpetual imprisonment on all the accused, and condemned Prince Polignac to civil death.

In the margin of the document in which this sentence was inscribed, the hand of a high personage had written in pencil:—"*Try to point out in a more precise manner that King Charles X. was the sole author of the evils that for three days desolated Paris.*"*

It was at Vincennes that the accused were made acquainted with their condemnation. After the reading of the sentence M. de Chantelauze said to M. de Guernon Ranville, "Well, *mon cher*, we shall have time for many a game of chess." M. de Chantelauze had too much penetration to take his condemnation and that of his colleagues literally. M. de Polignac, with a mind more simply and frankly constituted, appeared vividly affected. Far from being grateful to the court of peers for so much indulgence, he considered himself as an innocent victim to the rancorous rage of party.

No sooner was the sentence known in Paris, than the whole city was filled with tremendous agitation. The court was in an ecstasy of joy. It knew not the whole extent of its danger. The indignation of the people had infected the national guard, which saw itself duped. We are armed, said the citizens in the ranks, to maintain order, to cause the laws to be respected; but not to protect criminals, and to enable the peerage to condemn the revolution of July, by sparing from too well-merited punishment those who provoked that revolution. And as they thus spoke some threw away their muskets, and others broke their swords on the very stones by the palace gates. The guards returned to their homes, possessed by the most gloomy forebodings. The city was illuminated, and families passed the night in horrible anxiety, for civil war was looked for on the morrow.

The interior of the Louvre above all wore a threatening aspect. To keep in check the artillery men of the second battery, whom the king's partisans suspected of intending to give up their cannons to the people, troops had been marched into the courtyard by the Rue du Coq-St. Honoré, posted on the left side of the quadrangle, and supplied with ball-cartridges. These precautions appearing insufficient, companies of the national guard were also introduced into the courtyard, and M. de Rumigny, aide-de-camp to the king, sent a chest of cartridges to M. Carrel, the commandant of the Louvre. The republican artillerymen on their part had their musketoons loaded. Filled with anger, bravery, and magnanimity, they were ready to sacrifice their lives. But division prevailed not alone between the national guard and the artillery, it existed also in the latter body itself. The second battery and a part of the third were republican; the first and the fourth were in general devoted to the government and the dynasty. The commandant Barré had gone

* This singular fact was divulged by M. Briffault, who held in his hands the minute of the sentence, immediately after it had been pronounced.

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the preceding day to receive orders from the colonel. "It is known," said M. de Pernetti to him, "that the people is to march upon our cannon and endeavour to carry them off. They must be piled, spiked, and unlimbered, if the people makes its way into the Louvre."—"To file the pieces and spike them," replied M. Barré, "would be to insult the artillerymen; but they may be unlimbered." And he took upon him to effect this, and actually accomplished it on the evening of the 21st. Suddenly Captain Bastide arrived in the courtyard, and going up to the third battery he ordered it to quit the square, whereupon it obeyed and put itself in motion. Upon this the commandant Barré going up to the captain, said to him, sharply, "Who commands here? you or I?"—"I do not know you!" replied M. Bastide, energetically; "and if you do not immediately replace the limbers you have had taken away I will proceed to some extremity." The situation was critical: a few words more and blood would have flowed. Already the cannoniers of the fourth battery threatened M. Bastide; those of the third drew their swords, and prepared to defend him; the commandant Barré had the limbers brought back, and hurried off to resign his command to the colonel, who refused to accept it. At any moment the conflict might begin. A republican proclamation, drawn up by the chief quarter-master of the second battery, and read on a table of the *corps de garde* by one artillery man, was torn up by another: it was thought that the quarrel would have led to blows. The strangest rumours were afloat. The comings and goings of some officers were noticed with uneasiness. Suspicion was in every mind, and the glare of the fires in the courtyard reflected by the drifted snow, showed misgiving written in every face. Men muffled in cloaks appeared about the middle of the night: they passed silently through the ranks of the national guard and mingled with the artillery men. These were the king's eldest son and some courtiers of his train. He came no doubt to judge for himself of the temper prevailing, and to encourage by his presence those whom he believed faithful to his father's fortunes.

On the 22d of December the journals having spread the news of the sentence passed by the court of peers through all quarters of the capital, the agitation began again, and displayed a much more alarming character than on the preceding evening. A black flag was unfurled in the Place du Panthéon. Dense crowds gathered with confused cries round the Palais Royal and the Palais du Luxembourg. The drums of the national guards beat everywhere to arms, but those whom it summoned were worn out with watching, fatigue, and discontent. In this danger recourse was had to the schools. Their popularity had been great since the month of July, and on this occasion the government could count on their support. Imbued with the not very sapient doctrines of liberalism, and animated with a generosity of sentiment that hardly left room for the calculations of a profound policy, the students, for the most part, be-

held only the chivalric side of the question presented to France. Besides, there was talk of pillage, and they thought it would be good and comely on their part, after having defended liberty in July, to sally forth once more in defence of order. It is easy to conceive how attractive to young men must have been this moderatorship, which seemed to enhance their importance, and to attribute to their youth the virtues of mature age. They assembled therefore, passed an address, which they published with the express sanction of the prefect of the Seine, formed themselves into civil battalions, and, in conjunction with the 12th legion, set out on their march through the city, demanding respect for the law, preaching quiet, and calling on the multitude to retire to their homes. The pupils of the École Polytechnique had put on that magic uniform which, five months before, the men of the people hailed with enthusiasm. The students of the other schools wore their tickets in their hats for distinction sake. After them came ten or twelve thousand working-men, who, hardly knowing what were the intentions of the young men who served them as an advanced guard, made the air ring with challenges and threats. Thus reappeared in modern Paris those processions of stout-handed students in which the anarchy of the middle ages used formerly to manifest itself: for even in this mission of peace, taken upon themselves by the students of the schools, there existed a principle of disorder.

The court was doubtless conscious of this; but its policy being then one of expedients, it rejected nothing by means of which it could gain time, and tide over its destiny till the morrow.

Thus when the deputation from the schools presented itself at the Palais Royal, the king received it very graciously, and sent it away delighted with the affectionate simplicity of his manners.

In every false or imperfect civilization the people in order to march to the fight has need of leaders not sprung from its own ranks. What though it bears the burden of the ranks above it, it is in its nature, after envying their *éclat*, to submit voluntarily to their influence. It is possible that in December the multitude only awaited leaders dressed in the costume of the bourgeois class: as none such presented themselves, but on the contrary, the multitude found themselves opposed by all whose dress differed from their own, they soon became disconcerted and dispersed, their greatest perplexity being that they had to count only on themselves.

By the evening order had been fully re-established, according to the language of the rulers of the day. The city was illuminated as on the preceding night; but in the homes of the affluent gloomy forebodings had given place to a sort of hectoring and vulgar exultation.

Between the cessation of danger and the incipient establishment of security there is a brief interval, in which it is possible to assume the merit of courage without incurring its hazards. The king possessed an admirable tact for seizing that happy moment.

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In the evening of the 22d of December, attended by six footmen carrying flambeaux, and by a great number of courtiers, he went down to the courtyard of his palace, in which were assembled some hundreds of inquisitive loungers. The *Journal des Débats* failed not to say, in relating this proceeding, "His people saw him, touched him, and seemed to ask pardon of him for all the excesses committed in their name." The forms of adulation had certainly not been more servile before the revolution of 1830; but the men, who like MM. Lafayette, Odilon Barrot, and Dupont de l'Eure, felt indignant at the language of the new courtiers, ill understood the necessary consequences of the monarchy they had chosen to have.

A vote of thanks to the national guard of Paris was proposed next day, December 23, by M. Dupin aîné in the chamber of deputies; and M. Laffitte, president of the council, called likewise for a vote of thanks to the young men of the schools. But proclamations had been issued in the name of the students, expressing a desire of seeing liberty guaranteed after order should have been restored. The deputies of the centre signified their dissatisfaction at these conditions laid down by the young men as the price of their assistance. Still M. Laffitte's proposal was adopted. But the offended students loudly assumed the responsibility of the proclamations censured by the deputies of the centre; and recollecting what they had done in July for that liberty which they said was doled out to them in niggardly instalments, and for which they had paid hard cash, they contemptuously rejected the thanks of the chamber.

The court was faintly excited at this tardy show of opposition, and ordered its journals to treat as mutinous schoolboys those whose prudence and discretion it had just before craftily extolled.

As for Lafayette, what is to be said of the part he played in these recent commotions? Candid as a child, though he had grown old in political warfare, no one had contributed so much as he to a result which was to prove the grave of his dearest hopes. Vainly had some of his friends supplicated him to look to the bottom of things, to distrust the court, and not to postpone dictating conditions until the court should be able to dispense with his support. To all these suggestions and entreaties, his constant answer was, that he had nothing more at heart than to prevent the revolution of July from dishonouring itself; that there would always be time enough for him to succour liberty if in peril, and that it went against his sense of honour to abuse the need of his support under which the court laboured. Never was blindness carried to such a pitch; but it is only just to admit that there was a generous thought commingled with it. Lafayette was not unaware of the blow he was about to inflict on his popularity with his own hand, and for a man like him the sacrifice was immense; but he made it, and with a touching serenity. In his order of the day of the 19th of December, he said that his brethren in arms would find him what he had been at the age of nineteen, "The man of liberty and of public order, loving his popu-

larity much better than his life, but determined to sacrifice both rather than neglect a duty or suffer a crime." With a more elevated intelligence, Lafayette would have understood that a statesman has no right to renounce his popularity on light grounds; that it is a power for which he is bound to account to his country; and that if there is meanness of soul in proposing to oneself popularity as a final aim, there is weakness of mind, when one possesses it, in not considering it as an instrument.

Lafayette's imprudence was therefore inexcusable: he was cruelly punished for it. On the 24th of December, whilst the city, still throbbing, though tranquillized, was attesting the magnitude of the service he had rendered to royalty, the title of commandant general of the national guards of the kingdom was abolished by order of the chamber of deputies. Lafayette was dismissed. Several amendments were proposed with a view to make an exception from the rule in his favour; but they were all rejected in succession. At last the ministry proposed that the king should be left free to confer the honorary command on M. de Lafayette by a new ordonnance; a mockery by which the government seemed to confess its ingratitude, whilst desiring to justify it.

It is certain that the authority which was withdrawn from Lafayette was exorbitant. His friend, M. Eusèbe Salverte, had openly declared this from the tribune. He himself had in former times avowed that the irresponsible command of the whole armed bourgeoisie of the kingdom could not be intrusted to a simple citizen without danger to public liberty. But it was curious that the objectionable nature of his power was never discerned until after that day on which at his own proper risk he had exerted that power in a manner so profitable to the chambers, the ministry, and royalty. In this there was something at once strange and odious. Wherefore, too, had Lafayette been left to believe during the whole course of the trial of the ministers that his command would terminate only with his life? Why had so much care been taken to solve the question in that manner, both in the committee named to examine the draft of the law respecting the national guard, and in the royal council before which that law was laid after passing through the hands of the committee. So then they had tricked the old general! They had so long flattered his vanity only that they might implicate him in the service of a policy not his own, and then turn him off when they had made use of him. This was what all the friends of Lafayette thought, and said openly, and it was soon universally repeated by the public.

Lafayette was absent from the chamber when the vote in which he was concerned was passed. No intimation was given him of the blow intended for him, nor was his presence awaited. On hearing of his colleagues' resolution, he was stung to the quick; and as the sentence of dismissal was not direct and literal, he immediately sent in his resignation to the king. Still the *gentilhomme*, even in his

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resentment, he took care not to let his letter to the king betray the depth of his offended feelings. Perhaps he was glad to put to a final proof the affection due to him from Louis Philippe.

This is the reply the king addressed to him on the following day, the 25th:

"I this moment receive, my dear general, your letter, which has equally pained and surprised me, through the decision you have come to. I have not yet had time to read the newspapers. The council of ministers assembles at one o'clock; I shall then be at liberty, that is to say, between four and five, when I hope to see and to make you recall your determination."

This letter appeared inexplicable to Lafayette. He knew that the king took an active part in the business of government, and that no important measure was adopted by his ministers without his previous knowledge and approval. What, then, was the meaning of the phrase, "*I have not yet had time to read the newspapers?*" The king said he was surprised at the decision come to by the general! But there was nothing spontaneous on the latter's part in that decision; it was but the necessary result of his submission to the will of the chamber. In consequence of these observations, Louis Philippe's letter, instead of calming Lafayette, only increased his irritation.

He was surrounded, moreover, with men who strove to stimulate his sense of the insult offered him, some from attachment to his person, others to pay court to him, a few from patriotism, and in order to engage him irrevocably to the cause of the people.

He went, however, to the Palais Royal. Louis Philippe received him with the liveliest testimonies of affection, signified his regret at the jealous distrust evinced by the chamber, and censured his ministers' want of tact. But the general, waving all personal topics, talked only of liberty threatened, of the revolution misunderstood, and of the government gone astray upon erroneous paths. This was coming to a definitive rupture with the court.

The attitude assumed by Lafayette proved that his mind was made up, and that the more efforts were made to bring him back, the more he would resist. The president of the council, the minister of the interior, the king's aide-de-camp, M. de Laborde, and M. de Schonen, went one after the other and begged him to retain, not the command of the national guards of the kingdom, but that of the national guard of Paris. "Think well upon it," said Laffitte to him; "to-day, in uniform, you are the first citizen in the realm. To-morrow, confounded with the crowd, you would be, in combating the executive, only the first of the anarchists."

As might have been foreseen, these efforts were fruitless; but they seemed to cast all the fault of the rupture on the obstinacy and pride of Lafayette. His enemies took advantage of this to calumniate him; his dismissal was nothing more than a quite voluntary resignation, caused by ill-humoured caprice, and the court triumphed doubly, in his retirement, and in the complexion they had contrived to make it assume.

The following proclamation was published on the 26th December:

"BRAVE NATIONAL GUARDS, MY DEAR FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN,—You will participate in my sorrow on learning that General Lafayette has thought fit to give in his resignation. I flattered myself with the hope of seeing him longer at your head, animating your zeal by his example, and by the recollection of the great services he has rendered to the cause of liberty. His retirement affects me the more sensibly, because again, a few days ago, the excellent general took a glorious part in the maintenance of that public order which you have so nobly and so efficaciously protected during the last agitations. I have the consolation of thinking that I have neglected nothing to avert from the national guard what will be for it a subject of lively sorrow, and for myself a real affliction. "LOUIS PHILIPPE."

The moral effect produced by Lafayette's retirement disappointed the expectations of the court. Surprise was universal.

Dupont de l'Eure forthwith indignantly resigned his functions as minister of justice. His resignation was wished for, and it was accepted with alacrity, Dupont de l'Eure being no longer indispensable.

The blow that had been just struck was the signal of a counter-revolutionary movement, which it was proposed to push to extremes.

After all, Lafayette's services were too well known to be forgiven him. Such is the vice of monarchies, that if one serves them in a strikingly conspicuous manner, one menaces them. The reproach of ingratitude is idle when addressed personally to kings; and it is to the principle of royalty itself it should be addressed. Any king who should prove himself grateful to a subject, an illustrious citizen, would thereby place the throne in a subaltern position.

The command of the national guard of Paris was conferred on General Lobau. M. Baude replaced M. de Treilhard in the prefecture of police. The resignation of M. Taschereau, which had previously been tendered and refused, was accepted. Of all the men whose independent character was feared, Odilon Barrot alone was retained. They said of him in the palace, "He will no longer be formidable, when he ceases to have M. de Lafayette above him, and M. Taschereau under him."

Such was the upshot of that trial, which had so strongly aroused all passions, and exposed the new monarchy to such great risks. It served to make palpable the power and presumption of the bourgeois interests. It proved two things clearly: first, that the people was, as yet, neither sufficiently enlightened nor sufficiently sure of itself to have a will; and secondly, that every thing might be obtained of the bourgeoisie, by acting on its conservative instincts and appealing to its fears. The experiment was therefore complete, and the more fortunate for the court, inasmuch as it could thenceforth say to the foreign ambassadors, "Write to your sovereigns that the revolutionary spirit is vanquished."

This result was vaunted as the fruit of an able policy. Nevertheless, there was nothing in it of which the court had reason to boast. To appear in arms in the streets and keep down the people, the bourgeoisie had only to follow the dictates of its own fears. And as for the multitude, it was natural that, being left to

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itself, it should retire from the field through ignorance, amazement, and weariness.

That is assuredly a very vulgar policy, and one within the scope of the most ordinary capacities, which consists in flattering might, and following obsequiously in its train: this is what the executive had now done, in securing itself behind the bayonets of the bourgeoisie. The situation of Paris was no doubt a violent one; but by reason of its very violence, it was impossible that it should be of long duration; and the passions of the multitude, even had they not encountered so lively a resistance on the part of the middle classes, would have died away for want of aliment, and, above all, for want of guidance. What had the government to be vain of? To control with a vigorous hand the headlong impulses of the people, to make use of them while mastering them, and to direct without weakening them; this is difficult and glorious, this is the achievement wherein is manifested the art of governing men. But every government which bends all its efforts only to deaden the spontaneous movements of the people, proves thereby that it feels itself incapable of shaping them to a profitable result; it avows its own impotence; and in its material conservation I see only the shame of its moral abdication. After the revolution of July, which left so many problems to solve, and furnished so many passions to employ, what glory had been his, who, wafted to power by the tempest, should have laid hold on the social body, still panting from the crisis it had passed through, and instead of checking its course, should have guided while he soothed it!

CHAPTER VII.

THERE were then but two personages whose claim to the throne of Belgium merited any serious consideration, the Duc de Nemours and the Duc de Leuchtemberg. Either would have suited France. As King of the Belgians, the Duc de Nemours would have been a natural link between the two countries. The Duc de Leuchtemberg, the son of Eugène Beauharnais, was of a stock beloved by the French nation; as King of the Belgians, he might one day ask of France a more brilliant crown, and offer it a fine kingdom in exchange.

But the interests of France, in this particular, did not coincide with those of Louis Philippe. To consent to the coronation of the Duc de Nemours would have been to provoke England, which country was by all means to be propitiated. To consent to the coronation of the Duc de Leuchtemberg would have been to run

the risks incident to the vicinity of a Buonaparte. M. Sébastiani accordingly did not hesitate to declare to M. Firmin Rogier, in the name of Louis Philippe, first, that the union of the two countries was impossible, because contrary to the will of the English; secondly, that Prince Otho of Bavaria was the king best suited to Belgium; and thirdly, that the King of the French would never bestow one of his daughters on the son of Eugène Beauharnais, and that in crowning that prince the Belgians would expose themselves to lose the potent friendship of France.

M. Firmin Rogier made known this reply to the diplomatic committee in two letters addressed to the Comte de Celles,—confidential letters, but which the congress insisted on reading. The second of them contained the following passage :

"I thought it right to ask M. Sébastiani if his words had an *official* character which would allow of my reporting them. 'Yes, undoubtedly,' he replied, 'and of this you may judge for yourself.' Then, calling his secretary, he dictated a letter to M. Bresson, which I forward along with this, and in which the views of the French government, respecting the projected union between the two countries, the candidature of the Duc de Nemours and that of the Duc de Leuchtemberg, are clearly and formally expressed. M. Bresson, I believe, is authorized to communicate to you this letter, which, besides, contains nothing more than what I write to you this day. It was, no doubt, with an express purpose that M. Sébastiani dictated it aloud in my presence."

The unexpected publicity given to these strange details threw the Palais Royal into confusion. Sébastiani found himself constrained to dispute, in the columns of the *Moniteur*, the veracity of Firmin Rogier's statement, and the latter, in his turn, formally retorted the lie given him by Sébastiani. Public opinion was held in suspense by these flagrant contradictions, when all doubts were cleared up in M. Rogier's favour by the following letter, addressed to the Comte d'Aërschot, president of the diplomatic committee:

"M. le Comte, the National Congress having thought fit in its wisdom to consult the government of his majesty, the King of the French, whose feelings of interest and good will towards Belgium are known to it, I hasten to communicate to you a despatch I have just received from M. le Comte Sébastiani.

"I have the honour, &c. &c.,

"Brussels, Jan. 23, 1831. "Bresson."

The despatch addressed by M. Sébastiani to M. Bresson was dated, January 11, 1831, and began thus :

Sir,—The situation of Belgium has again arrested the attention of the king and his council. After a mature examination of all the political questions connected therewith, I have been ordered to make known to you precisely the intentions of the king's government. It will not consent to the union of Belgium with France ; it will not accept the crown for M. le Duc de Nemours, even though he be offered it by the congress. His majesty's government would see in the choice of M. le Duc de Leuchtemberg an arrangement of a nature to trouble the tranquillity of France. We have no design to trespass, in the least degree, on the liberty of the Belgians in the election of their sovereign; but we act also upon our right to declare in the most formal manner that we would not recognise the election of M. le Duc de Leuchtemberg. Undoubtedly the Powers on their part would be little disposed to that recognition. As for us we should be determined in our refusal only by reasons of state, to which every thing must give way when they are not at variance with the rights of any individual," &c.

This despatch, which, as well as the preceding letter, was read to

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the congress, was that of which Rogier had spoken, and which Sebastiani had dictated aloud in his presence. All the members of the congress were stupified with amazement. They indignantly asked each other was it allowable to put such a trickery upon a friendly people. Calling to mind the high toned negations of M. Sébastiani, some admired their audacity, others sought to account for them through that sort of absolute self-denial proper to courtiers. All inveighed against the pretensions of a government which, itself the offspring of liberty, desired to destroy it among other nations. "I move," said M. Deveaux, "that the document you have heard read be printed, in order that all Europe, and above all the French nation may know how the French government understands the liberty of nations. I move that it be printed, in order that M. Sébastiani, who has dared to deny the non-official communications made to our envoy, may not be able to deny those of an official character."

As almost always happens, the French government in committing an injustice had committed a blunder. Its well known predilection for peace rendered its threats vain, without making them the less irritating.

The Leuchtemberg party gathered strength in consequence. What till then had been for Belgium but an affair of calculation, became a question of honour, and the offensive injunctions of the Palais Royal naturally enlisted on the side of the Leuchtembergists all the authority of generous sentiments, all the potency of patriotic enthusiasm. Already the protocol of the 9th of January, by which the Conference enjoined the Belgians to renounce their enterprise against Maëstricht, and the King of Holland to restore the free navigation of the Scheldt, had excited the most tremendous storm in the congress, and had been accepted only amidst universal uproar, as men accept the laws of violence. Now, if the Belgians were indignant at the pretensions of diplomacy, with what redoubled grief and rage must they have beheld those pretensions outdone by those of France, from which they had looked only for friendship, aid, and protection! Eulogies on the son of Eugène were soon on every tongue. His bust was crowned in the theatre, in presence of a whole people filling the air with acclamations; whilst the partisans of France no longer dared to raise their voices, filled with shame as they were at the unpopular part thrust upon them by the French government.

This result, so easy to foresee, struck consternation into the Palais Royal; and M. de Loevestine was summoned thither. He was a man of honour, of soldierly manners, and was known to be highly esteemed in Belgium, where he had lived long. M. de Loevestine received secret instructions, and set out for Belgium.

M. Bresson, who had been sent thither by the London conference, was without influence there. Lord Ponsonby, on the contrary, as representative of Great Britain, had a very great authority, and made very sad use of it. Lord Ponsonby was a diplomatist highly

skilled in the science of petty means and vulgar trickeries. Adding his own passions to those of his country, and animated by a hatred to France which he ostentatiously avowed with arrogant levity, he had embraced the cause of the Prince of Orange, with whom he said he was related through his wife. And he served that cause with as much puerility as zeal, sending his domestics abroad into the streets and public places to retail factious language, and not disdaining to go himself from shop to shop as the apologist of William's eldest son, and to excite the sordid minds of the shopkeepers against the new state of things and its disorders. But the most notable members of the congress did not the less throng round Lord Ponsonby, day by day, to adore in his person the victorious ascendancy of England. He was surrounded, above all, by such of the Belgians as, piquing themselves on being statesmen, built their hopes of fortune on the favours of diplomacy. More than once he shut his doors against MM. Van de Weyer and Nothomb, whose diplomatic erudition touching the grand duchy of Luxemberg was not at all to his taste, and whom, when he opened his heart to his intimate friends, he called pedants.

M. de Loevestine came to the aid of M. Bresson's expiring influence, and they put in operation every thing they could imagine to ruin the hopes of the Duc de Leuchtemberg; and in this they were seconded by Lord Ponsonby; for England did not wish for King of the Belgians a prince who might have become King of the French.

In spite of all these efforts, the party of the Duc de Leuchtemberg went on daily gathering strength, because the more wary refused to compromise their own prospects by declaring against a candidate who had no competitor. M. de Loevestine wrote, therefore, to the Palais Royal that the election of Eugène's son was certain, if the Duc de Nemours was not formally proposed in opposition to him.

This letter was immediately sent to M. de Talleyrand, who replied that England would not hear of the Duc de Nemours on any terms. It was necessary, however, to come to a decision: the moments were precious. M. Bresson set out for Paris, at M. de Loevestine's request, and brought back thence an express authorization to state, that if the crown were offered to the Duc de Nemours it would be accepted for him by his father.

From that moment M. de Loevestine's difficulties vanished. The acceptance being represented as certain, tempted ambition with the prospect of easy success. The friends of France took courage again, and a portion of the orange party joined them from hatred to the patriots. An insuperable distrust, however, still lingered in many minds. "Beware," said the partisans of the Duc de Leuchtemberg and the republicans; "you are deceived. M. de Loevestine is doubtless an honest man; but is he not the blind instrument of some intrigue? He affirms non-officially that the Duc de Nemours would

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be granted us; but do not M. Sébastiani's official despatches state the contrary? And is it not the height of imprudence to put more trust in the declarations of an individual than in diplomatic documents?" This objection had been foreseen. Letters were written from Paris to all the members of the congress, by the most eminent personages, all tending to confirm M. de Locvestine's assertions. He himself, in his frankness, did not hesitate to declare before the members of the provisional government that his mission was by authority; and, as hesitation still prevailed, he pledged his word of honour.

It was under the influence of these stratagems that the discussion relative to the choice of a sovereign was opened. It was keen and impassioned. Fear and hope alternately agitated the consulting parties. It was known that from the urn placed before the assembly might issue, not only the weal or woe of Belgium, but a profound change in the destinies of Europe. The speakers who most strongly supported the nomination of the Duc de Nemours. were MM. de Mérode, Charles Rogier, and Charles de Brouckère. Among them was remarked M. Van de Weyer, who, having become the representative of diplomacy in Belgium, ought, it was thought, to have kept silence. The Duc de Leuchtemberg had in his favour MM. de Stassart, Jottrand, de Gerlache, de Rhodes, and Lebeau; the words of the latter made a strong impression on the assembly.

Whilst the discussion was proceeding, Lord Ponsonby continued, in behalf of the Prince of Orange, to sap the momentarily restored influence of the French party, whether it was that he was ignorant of the policy of which that party was the dupe and tool, or that, in the exaggerated intensity of his rancour, he envied France the honour of a favourable, though a sterile vote. An orangist movement which broke out in Ghent was attributed to the English ambassador, and was immediately suppressed.

Certain it is that the very day the congress was about to come to a decision, Lord Ponsonby caused one of his secretaries, M. Oury, to translate a memorandum against the election of the Duc de Nemours, and he prepared to go and read it to the assembly.

M. Bresson on his part, in order to incline the balance in favour of the French prince, communicated a letter from M. Sébastiani to the congress. It stated that the government of Louis Philippe did not adhere to the protocol of the 20th January, and that it considered the free consent of the two estates as necessary to the solution of all the difficulties subsisting between Holland and Belgium. This declaration was deceitful as the sequel proved; but its effect was not the less decisive. Once more faith was put in the sympathy of the French government.

Messengers were continually passing and repassing between the palace of the representatives and Lord Ponsonby's hotel. His lordship burned with impatience, and bitterly complained of his translator's tardiness. At last the document was nearly finished, and the

carriage of the English ambassador was in waiting, when a messenger arrived and told him that all was over, and that upon a second ballot the assembly, by a majority of one vote, had proclaimed the Duc de Nemours king of Belgium.

This decision was hailed with the liveliest enthusiasm. It snatched Belgium from the convulsions of anarchy. The city was illuminated. Joyous acclamations mingled in every quarter with the din of cannon. The partisans of the Duc de Leuchtemberg took part in this exultation, some from disinterestedness and good faith, others because they had to obtain pardon from the triumphant candidate for a hostile vote.

The Belgians had no conception that at the very time they were testifying their sympathy with France by these touching demonstrations, M. de Talleyrand was signing in London the protocol of the 7th of February, a protocol which belied the last assertions of M. Sébastiani respecting the liberty of Belgium, a protocol which excluded every French prince from the throne of Belgium.

The conference was obeyed. In Paris the opinion of the ministers was for accepting, and that opinion found an energetic supporter in the eldest son of Louis Philippe. But a stronger will brooded over France. M. Sébastiani was ordered to reply by a refusal to the election of the Duc de Nemours: and such was the character of the despatch, that the young man who acted as secretary to the minister, with a courageous feeling of pride and shame, refused to sign it.

The deputation which was to offer the crown of Belgium to the Duc de Nemours was already on its way to Paris. The king of the French received it with affability, and formally refused the crown offered to his son, alleging as the motives of his refusal his little ambition, and the necessity of preserving peace.

All the sound portion of the nation was horror stricken. The English were in transports of joy.

To conceive how agreeable Louis Philippe's refusal must have been to England it is enough to consider what was then the condition of that kingdom. Her finances were so burdened that the suppression of two hundred and ten places in the treasury had been resolved on, and it was in preparation, in that eminently monarchical country, to subject the civil list to a reduction offensive to royalty. The misery of the working classes had reached that dire limit at which despair begins. The potato crop had wholly failed in Ireland, the people of which country eat no bread, and the landowners trembled in the midst of their oppressive opulence, for nothing was to be seen throughout the land but pale vagrant hordes of armed paupers. O'Connell too had risen amid so many ruins,—a violent orator, a tameless and turbulent spirit, a man all powerful by the excess of his rancour, and of his audacity, the demigod of a famishing people. "The Repeal of the Union!" was his cry; it made every Irish heart thrill, and seemed to presage the horrors of a sort of civil war. To match this agitation of slaves for ever incensed, England had her conflicting parties, struggling in furious confusion.

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The Duke of Wellington's ministry which had been overthrown, was already triumphing in the convulsive exhaustion it had bequeathed to that of Lord Grey. On the one side were the tories, athirst for vengeance; on the other the whigs engrossed with the task of procuring forgiveness for their success; below, the radicals insulting the defeat of the former, threatening the latter with their support, and hurrying along the people in their train; and as pretext for these convulsions, electoral reform, that fatal problem, that sacrifice offered to the unknown, that first blow dealt by the genius of modern innovation against that English aristocracy by which England subsisted.

Hence there was for the English an absolute impossibility of making war, or even of thinking of it: so that in drawing over Belgium to herself, France would have inflicted on them the twofold humiliation of having their impotence demonstrated, and their threats chastised. Hearty and earnest therefore were the thanks they bestowed on fortune. More than ever might M. de Talleyrand now regard himself as a man of genius: he was popular in London.

As for the Belgians, threatened by M. Bresson, deceived by M. Sébastiani through the instrumentality of M. de Loevestine, humiliated and repulsed, they accused France of all the evils in which they found themselves plunged; and not sufficiently discriminating, as often happens, between the French nation and the government which represented it, they vowed thenceforth against the former the same hatred that already kindled against her the heart of every true Spaniard.

During this time a horrible tempest was gathering in the north, and threatening forlorn Poland. Invested with sovereign power, Chlopicki had exercised it, as we have seen, only to stop the ascendant march of the revolution. Full of respect for the majesty of the czar, he continued to consider himself as his lieutenant, and it was for fear of rendering negotiations impossible that he delayed the organization of the army. The ardent patriots murmured at this perverse obstinacy in temporising, and the dictator's popularity suffered in consequence. He multiplied his enemies by causing the momentary arrest of the republican Lelewel; and by refusing to sanction the Polish manifesto. That manifesto, since so famous, was notwithstanding drawn up with much dignity and moderation. The rights and the woes of Poland were set forth in it in a tone of high-souled sadness that touched the hearts of every European people. But the dictator had a soul without poetry, and a mind without compass. He forbade the printing of the manifesto, and it was necessary to lithograph it clandestinely. It concluded with these words:

"Convinced that our liberty and our independence, far from ever having been hostile as regards conterminal states, have on the contrary served in all times as an equipoise and a buckler to Europe, and can still be more useful to it than ever, we appear before sovereigns and nations with the certainty that the voices alike of policy and of humanity will be lifted up in our favour. Had Providence destined this land to perpetual servitude, and if in this last struggle the liberty of Poland must sink under the ruins of her cities and the corpses of her defenders, our enemy shall reign only over deserts; and every good Pole will have this consolation in his dying mo-

ments, that in this battle to the death he has for a moment shielded the threatened liberty of Europe."

This grand and melancholy appeal was addressed particularly to France. With her face turned towards the west, Poland invoked the tutelary genius of that French people which of yore had gone to save the Christians of the Holy Land; which had filled all the history of the middle ages with the valour of her knights; which on the eve of a deep-searching and memorable revolution had sent the noblest of her children to succour the young freedom of the New World; which at the close of the eighteenth century had deluged the battle-field and the scaffold with her blood, to propagate a doctrine of fraternity; which lastly, under the Empire, had lavished her strength in mortal efforts to open the free paths of the ocean to the weaker nations:—a people of fiery soldiers and generous adventurers! But by a strange combination of historical fatalities a government of cold-blooded calculators hung heavy on the necks of those soldiers and adventurers. At the very moment when from the banks of the Vistula all arms were outstretched towards France, the cabinet of the Palais Royal suffered the most humiliating and rigorous conditions to be imposed on it as the price of a reconciliation between it and the court of Russia.

In his hatred of the house of Orleans the emperor had sent an order of recall to Pozzo di Borgo, his ambassador in France. This news threw the court into consternation; but it was aware of the esteem and regard entertained by the Emperor of Russia for the Duc de Mortemart. No doubt peace would be obtained if such an intermediary were employed. Nicolas pointed him out as the only one he was disposed to receive favourably. The Duc de Mortemart's inclination was sounded. He was loath to go to St. Petersburg, and the most urgent solicitations were necessary to prevail on him to do so. He was persisting in his refusal when he received a letter from Count Nesselrode, informing him that his acceptance would be agreeable to the emperor. Pozzo di Borgo, on his part, wrote to the duke,—"After your nomination, *and its insertion in the Moniteur*, I will immediately present my credentials."*

* We have before us the original letters of Nesselrode and Pozzo di Borgo. These valuable and unedited documents, which M. de Mortemart is kind enough to communicate to us, are as follows:

"The emperor desires me, my dear duke, to testify to you on his part how agreeable to him personally is the mission which is to bring you back to Russia. Under the circumstances, he has deigned to recollect that on taking your leave you assured him that, if ever an opportunity presented itself of rendering a special service to the union between Russia and France, you would be ready to return to his majesty, in order to exert your efforts to obtain a result as conformable to the interests of both empires as it would be accordant with the intentions and wishes of the emperor.

"You have just proved, my dear duke, that you are bent on fulfilling your promise. His majesty takes pleasure in telling you this. He will have much more pleasure in repeating it to you *viva voce*. I shall say no more to-day, for you too well know the emperor's sentiments regarding you, not to be sure of the satisfaction it will afford his majesty to have once more with him a comrade in arms of the Turkish war, whom he is pleased to honour with his esteem and confidence.

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The fear of seeing war break out between Russia and France, if the emperor's wish was not complied with, overcame the Duc de Mortemart's reluctance. Named ambassador of France to St. Petersburg by the French government, after having been in a manner nominated by that of Russia, he set out on his journey. His instructions were to cement as closely as possible the alliance between the two cabinets, on the bases laid down by the treaties of Vienna; and, as regarded Poland, to implore the emperor's clemency.

Sébastiani affected to believe that Poland expected only pity of him who had been so long her master. He knew, however, through the Polish agent Wolycki, that the pacific mission of Lubecki and Jezierski to the czar was owing only to the personal indecision of the dictator of Warsaw. As for Poland, Wolycki had not concealed from the minister, that she expected nothing save from her sword.

On his way through Berlin the Duc de Mortemart met a diplomatic agent from Poland, who communicated to him a proposition submitted to the diet relative to the dethronement and exclusion of the house of Romanoff. Trembling at the prospect of the dangers Poland was about to bring down on herself, and persuaded that, abandoned by the French government, she was about to plunge fatally into a bootless resistance, M. de Mortemart strove earnestly to dissuade from all violent measures. It was too late: Poland was already come to that pass at which she could listen to nothing but her despair.

Besides, the reply of Nicolas, so long expected, had arrived in Warsaw on the 15th of January, 1831.

The czar therein encouraged the fidelity of the dictator by adroit flatteries, but he was determined that Poland should surrender at discretion. Chlopicki appeared disposed to obey; the diet, on the contrary, wished to try the hazard of a war to the death. A rupture took place, therefore, on the 19th of January, between Chlopicki and the diet, and the former resigned the dictatorship, after a terrible scene, in which he gave way so much to passion, as to kick and thump the doors with his fists. Czartoryski tried vainly to calm him, and in vain entreated him to accept, at least, the command of the army. "No, no," he exclaimed, "I should be a *blackguard*

"Permit me, on my own individual part, to express to you the very sincere pleasure it will give me, my dear duke, to renew with you those relations on which I have always set so much value.

"Receive the assurance of this, as well as of my high consideration and sincere friendship.

"St. Petersburg, Dec. 11, 1830. (Signed) "NESSELRODE."

"My dear Duke,—A courier, arrived last night, brings me word that the emperor will receive you with the most lively satisfaction. Of this you will find a further proof in the accompanying letter for you from Count Nesselrode. I have just communicated these auspicious particulars to General Sébastiani, who is gone to report them to the king. After your nomination, and its insertion in the *Moniteur*, I will immediately present my credentials. Meanwhile, keep all this to yourself. Speak of it, however, to the king and the minister, and despatch with speed whatever is to be done before your departure. Receive, &c. &c.

"Thursday, Jan. 7. (Signed) "POZZO DI BORGO."

to accept it." On hearing this news the soldiers manifested deep affliction: the movement party strove to stir up the people to riot against the ex-dictator, and some went so far as to accuse him of treason: whilst he, in the confidence of virtue, made open display of his contempt for such suspicions, and walked about the streets of Warsaw calm and respected.

A generalissimo was needed; the eyes of his countrymen were turned on Prince Michael Radziwil, an excellent Pole, but timid through modesty, and incapable through irresolution. He was selected on account of his relationship with the house of Prussia, and of the good effect so great a name would have with the powers. Chlopicki, moreover, in pointing him out for the diet's choice, promised to aid him with his advice. This being settled, the sitting of the 25th of January took into consideration the proposal of the nuncio Roman Soltyk, to the effect that Poland should be declared independent, and the house of Romanoff for ever excluded from the throne. Czartoryski had used every means to cause the withdrawal of this motion which dismayed him. He saw Soltyk; he laid before him the chances of war, and showed him that all hope of accommodation would be irrevocably cut off; he tried to move him by family considerations, or to bend him by flattering his vanity. Soltyk remained unshaken.

Meanwhile the diet was dubious; it hesitated before that great act which would leave it without other force than that of heroism. Jezierski, one of the negotiators sent to St. Petersburg, spoke of his interview with the czar, and then read to the diet the memorial he had laid before Nicolas, and which the latter sent back to him full of notes written with his own hand. One of these notes ran thus:—"I am king of Poland; *I will drive her* (*je la roulerai*). The first cannon shot fired by the Poles shall annihilate Poland." The reading of this note sent a thrill through the whole assembly. Others were read, in which the authors of the revolution were insulted, called miscreants, &c. Thereupon a member presented himself at the tribune, and striking the hilt of his sabre, he asked if it was to be endured that a sovereign should insult men of honour and courage? The assembly remained motionless, and gazed in silence on the speaker. Anthony Ostrowski rose to support the motion, and energetically called to mind his father's words to Alexander on delivering the charter to him—"This compact is sacred. Woe to whoever shall violate it!" Wolowski attempted to speak in his turn; but by this time the emotion had seized every heart; silence had given way to fearful excitement. Suddenly Leduchowski was heard shouting in a voice of thunder, "*There is no longer a Nicolas!*" On the moment all the nuncios started to their feet, and all repeated that terrible cry, "*No more Nicolas! No more emperor!*" At this news, which the nuncios hastened to spread through the city, the people were all in uproar. Warsaw was illuminated that night, and the city was filled with a gloomy enthusiasm, and with that mighty ardour

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mingled with mighty perturbation, which seizes a nation when it is struck with a foreboding of its end.

Events like these were of the highest interest for France; they filled her at once with pride and uneasiness. On all sides were heard expressions of sympathy for her children's old companions in arms; every day fresh struggles were made for them in the chamber. M. Mauguin keenly interrogated the ministry, demanding whether it was its intention to sustain or to abandon Poland, and whether or not France might conceive any hope for the people she had always loved.

"Poland has claims on the friendship of France," replied M. Sébastiani, "she alone remained faithful to us in our days of adversity. Her woes come home to our inmost souls; but what can we do for her? Four hundred leagues part us from that unfortunate people. Must we attempt with arms in our hands to achieve the conquest of the whole north of Europe? It is the campaigns of Napoleon that you propose to us." Lamarque and Bignon replied with much warmth and eloquence. They indignantly called to mind that partition which was the great crime of the eighteenth century. They both insisted that the rights of Poland flowed from the treaties of 1815, which had promised that people a distinct organisation, a *nationality*, and in which Alexander had pledged himself to govern it as a *united state*. They proved that the czar was but the constitutional king of Poland. "Shall we go and brave the colossus of the north?" exclaimed General Lamarque. "But that colossus, formidable at home, where the inclemency of the climate protects him, could not long move without the aid of the English. Left to himself, he knows his vulnerable points. A firm language and judicious negotiations might bring him to a sense of justice, of moderation. These virtues are no strangers to the young conqueror who has crossed the Balkans. He knows, moreover, that Sweden still thinks of Finland; that Turkey is always ready to recross the Danube; that Persia would soon return to the Araxus; that the Circassians, the warlike tribes of the Caucasus, the Tartars, who are chafing under the yoke, long for the moment when they may fly to arms; and that if England and France would interfere conjointly, a few ships of the line, and a few frigates passing through the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus into the Black Sea, would carry terror along its coasts, and destroy Sebastopol and its squadron, Odessa and its magazines."

These speeches were enthusiastically applauded. They fed and kindled public opinion, and by dint of wishing for the safety of Poland, men came at last to hope for it. But to have justice on their side is for nations, as well as for individuals, but a sorry chance of victory.

And yet the power of Russia was much less formidable in reality than in appearance, and the opposition orators, such as MM. Lamarque, Bignon, and Mauguin, were not themselves aware in how

great a degree the generous policy they advocated was a wise and thoroughly business like policy. The czar too accurately knew the resources of his empire not to have been seized with deep dismay at the events in Poland. As long as he had seen Poland kneeling before his anger in the person of Chlopicki, he had displayed all the inordinate pride of the despot, and it was then he wrote the savage words, *je la roulerai*. But when he learned that the Poles appealed to God and to their swords, that Chlopicki's dictatorship could not master the revolution, and that the fall of the house of Romanoff was pronounced, he fell suddenly into the utmost despondency. M. de Mortemart's carriage was impeded by the snows between Koenigsberg and Memel, and he did not reach Warsaw until after the energetic resolution passed by the diet of Warsaw. He was surprised on his arrival at the emperor's sadness. Nicolas opened his mind to the French ambassador as to the concessions he would have been inclined to make to insurgent Poland. Among other advantages he would have insured it that of being governed for the future only by a Pole, to be chosen by himself from a list of three candidates presented by the diet. What a happiness for Poland if the cabinet of the Palais Royal had by an energetic and even menacing mediation, turned to good account a disposition of mind so favourable to that country!

Be it remembered too, that the Emperor Nicolas was the least martial of all the princes of his times. Manœuvres, reviews, parades, all this he was fond of, and he might be vaunted as the best corporal in Europe. But the sight of a field of battle overwhelmed him. He dreaded too the openings which the shocks of European war might afford to the jealous and envenomed ambition lurking in his own family: for Constantine by the insolence of his demeanour, and sometimes by the haughtiness of his refusals, seemed to taunt the czar with the obligation of a crown conceded. A vehement difference of opinion which had broken out on the occasion of the Turkish war, had added to the acrimonious feeling subsisting between the brothers: the grand duke had refused to detach from the Polish army some regiments demanded of him, but which in the excess of his caprice, he chose to require for his amusement and his parades.

It was in the beginning of February that Field-marshal Diebitch Sabalkanski entered Poland with 120,000 Russians and 400 pieces of cannon. To oppose this formidable invasion, the Poles had but 35,000 infantry, 10,000 cavalry, and 136 pieces of artillery. The remaining forces of the country, amounting to 15,000 men, were disposed of in the garrisons of Prague, Modlin, and Lamosc.

Diebitch's army had crossed the marshes of the Upper Narew over the ice, and was shut in between the Narew and the Bug as it marched towards the confluence of those two rivers; but a night's thaw having suddenly occurred, the marshal abruptly changed his plan of campaign, and determined to transfer his line of operations

to the left bank of the Bug, leaving behind him all his left wing, composed of 25,000 grenadiers, under the command of Prince Szachoskoï. Chlopicki guessed that this great movement was intended. He proposed to cross the Bug, and fall on the Russian columns as they severally came up, or else to take post on the left bank, to drive the enemy into the thawed river, and prevent its passage so as to shut in Diebitch between two broad currents which were about to become impassable. Others thought of burning Warsaw, transferring the war to another theatre, joining the revolted Lithuanians, and pushing on, if needful, to Constantinople, from which point, obtaining the aid of Turkey, they might keep in check the huge unwieldy empire of the czar. This plan, if daringly executed, might have saved Poland; but Radziwil thought only of gathering all his troops round the capital and coming to a decisive engagement at Praga. A man of timid intellect, he knew not that in revolutionary times, nations are saved by the means that would be destructive to those regularly governed.

On the 19th of February the Polish army deployed on all the line extending from the marshes of Zastaw to Kaveneczyn. Chlopicki, the *de facto* commander-in-chief, reckoned on choosing his field of battle between Grochow and the Alder Wood; but no sooner had Count Pahlen debouched, at the head of 30,000 men, from the forest of Milosna, than General Szembec, followed by the Zimirski division, attacked him opposite Wawer. Instead of an ordinary engagement it was a desperate hand to hand combat that took place on the verge of the forest. The Russians were driven back again and again into the forest, until Rosen coming up to their assistance with thirty pieces of cannon, the assailants were forced to fall back on Grochow, favoured in their retreat by General Krukowiecki.

The next day, February 20, the Polish army, which had lost but a quarter of a mile of ground, had on its right flank the Vistula, and the Alder Wood on its left. Behind it was Warsaw, which offered it an asylum, but it was horrible to think that in case of disaster an army of 45,000 men would have only one bridge over which to effect its retreat. Victory was for Poland a matter of necessity.

Diebitch sought to carry the Alder Wood, which was the key of the position. It was held by Skrzynecki and Gielguds' brigade, which occupied the skirt of the wood. Rosen came up with six regiments of infantry, supported by 36 pieces of cannon, crowning the Dombrowa Gora summits. The fight began man to man with the bayonet. Rosen's grenadiers entering the wood were thrice driven out, and the open ground on the outskirts was covered with the dead. Count Witt's cavalry came up to support them, but the Polish artillery, spreading into a crescent, poured a cross fire upon it, routed it, and separated it by a line of gore from the Russian grenadiers, who could no longer retreat or advance.

Surprised and furious at seeing his troops decimated by an enemy

so inferior in numbers, Diebitch put an end to the engagement, and resolved to await the arrival of Prince Szachoskoï, whom he had left in the rear. The plain was strewed with dead; there were Russian regiments which the grape had reduced to the number of a battalion; the two armies concluded a truce of three hours to bury their dead; but exhausted with fatigue after a carnage of thirty-six hours, they prolonged the truce for three days. Prince Szachoskoï, whose march the commander-in-chief had been unable to stop, arrived at Nieporent on the 23d of February, after passing the Narew without obstacle.

Daybreak on the 25th beheld both armies ranged in order of battle. Forty-five thousand Poles confronted more than one hundred thousand Russians. Silence prevailed in both camps. The Polish generals held a council of war in a cabin; but the odds were too great, and they were filled with discouragement. Chlopicki, despairing of the salvation of his country, shed tears of rage. Meanwhile the generals of each division were at their posts. Skrzynecki's division, reinforced by the *faucheurs**, occupied the centre. Szembec was on the right, in possession of Grochow and protected by the marshes of the Vistula. On the left wing Zimirski occupied the Alder Wood.

At nine in the morning the battle began along the whole line. Diebitch strove at any cost to get possession of the Alder Wood, the key to the position. Chlopicki sent orders to defend it to the last extremity. Zimirski's division fought there with desperate determination, and he himself was mortally wounded. At last by force of men and cannon the field-marshal made himself master of the wood, planted his artillery there, and attacked the second line of the Poles, commanded by Skrzynecki. That general received orders to repulse the Russians and recover the wood. Chlopicki came to his assistance, and both putting themselves at the head of the grenadiers, they charged into the right side of the wood, and drove out the Lithuanians at the bayonet point, who, retreating in disorder threw the whole army into alarm and confusion. This was the precise moment for a charge of cavalry. Chlopicki sent orders to that effect to General Lubienski, but the latter refused to obey. Maddened and desperate, Chlopicki dashed into the midst of the enemy, and replied to the aides-de-camp who applied to him for orders, "Go and ask Radziwil; as for me, I seek but death." He was soon unhorsed by a shell, and was secretly carried off from the field of battle; but the news of his wound was spread through the army and filled it with consternation.

Meanwhile the field-marshal had put all his reserves in motion; Prince Szachoskoï, who had been fighting all the morning at Bialolenka, baffled the experience of the veteran Krukowiecki, deceived him as to his manœuvres, and leaving his rear-guard to keep the

* Infantry armed with a weapon peculiar to Poland, somewhat resembling a scythe blade set straight upon its handle.

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Polish general in play, at length effected his junction with Diebitch. Surrounded by a battery of forty pieces of cannon, that poured a murderous slanting fire upon his ranks, Skrzynecki retreated and abandoned the wood. Diebitch then brought up his 15,000 cavalry, who charged into the plain, preceded by fifty-eight pieces of flying artillery. Conspicuous in the mass were the famous cuirassiers of Prince Albert, the same that had entered Paris in 1813 at the head of the allied forces. The Polish infantry had rallied, and now presented a fresh front, which remained impenetrable to the hulans; but the Szembec division unable to resist the impetuous charge of the hussars, gave way and fell back in good order on Praga, whilst a battalion of recruits made a dastardly retreat over the ice of the Vistula, and carried terror and dismay into Warsaw. At this moment all eyes were turned towards the north, watching for the arrival of Krukowiecki's division, which had been victorious at Bialolenka; Krukowiecki remained motionless, like Grouchy at Waterloo. To add to this disaster, the approaches to Praga were choaked up by multitudes of bewildered peasants, heaps of dead and dying, and sumptuous equipages employed in the carriage of the wounded, and drenched with plebeian blood. The disorder was immense; the night had fallen, the air was filled with smoke and rent with groans. In order to unmask the batteries at the head of the bridge, Malachowski set fire to the houses of Praga, and the flames lighted up that scene of disaster, the Beresina of Poland. The women and children of Warsaw utter shrieks of despair; but workmen with axes in their hands, hurrying from the old city, in an instant break down the obstacles, clear away the rubbish, and leave the passages free. Upon this the infantry again formed in line, and checked the Russian cavalry by a well-sustained fire. The Albert cuirassiers, passing between the squares, imprudently pushed on as far as to the second Polish line. Their heavy squadrons, sinking in the mud, were soon hemmed in on all sides. Their ranks ploughed up by congreve rockets, and furiously charged by the white lancers, all that brilliant cavalry of Prince Albert was annihilated, and with loud hurrahs the pikemen rushed on and struck down all who had escaped the lance and the bayonet. Thus was France avenged, and it was by the hands of the Poles that the old advanced guard of the invasion was swept from the face of the earth. This terrible day was fatal to five thousand Poles, and cost the Russians the *élite* of their officers, and more than ten thousand men put *hors de combat*.

Night closed in, and the cannonade ceased. Skrzynecki and Szembec were for following up the victory, and proposed to the commander-in-chief that they should fall on the Russians under cover of the darkness. Radziwil was afraid that the only bridge of Praga would be carried away by the ice. He gave orders to retreat, and crossed over to the left bank of the Vistula, whilst Diebitch marched his army back into the forest.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHILST these events, were engrossing the attention of Europe, the King of the French was busied in consolidating his dynasty, and was calmly pursuing the accomplishment of his designs. Seeing the leaders of the bourgeoisie thronging round his throne, under the influence of fear, ignorance, and narrow mindedness, he had ceased to render them flattery for flattery. He became less cautiously reserved in his manners; his language daily grew more conformable to his sentiments. The popularity which had been so eagerly courted at first, not from natural inclination, as in Lafayette's case, seemed now to be held in little account. There began even to be an undisguised tendency to talk in a style betraying political sentiments which, till then, had been kept half concealed.

At this period deputations were sent to the king from all parts of the kingdom. That from the town of Gaillac having said, "Abroad France desires to be independent of the foreigner, within she would be independent of factions," the king replied, "Should the necessities of the country oblige me to call on the national guards and all the citizens to defend our independence against foreign aggression, I should make the appeal with entire confidence; but I hope the necessity will not exist. We must not alone cherish peace, we must avoid every thing that might provoke war. As regards domestic policy, we will endeavour to maintain a *juste milieu*." The secret was out; the character of the system to be pursued was declared.

These words of the king resounded through all France. Some thought that the monarch was not sorry to have an opportunity of gaining credit with foreign cabinets for his courage in stemming the heady current of popular feeling. Every body remarked the unusual clearness and precision of his language.

It remained to be known in what manner the active passions that demanded of the revolution an object and an issue, were to be repressed and stilled. In the violent situation of French society, it had need of an innovating government in default of one of a warlike character. Now the chance-medley government, thrown up by the three days, breathed only hatred of innovations and dread of war. Some fearful explosion was therefore to be expected; and the executive, in its impotence to prevent it, prepared the means of remedying it when it should have broken out. They talked of purchasing arms, provisioning the fortresses, levying troops, and reinforcing the garrisons. Never had preparations for war been made

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with so much zeal as from the moment when it had been finally resolved to leave the sword of France in its sheath. The government in fact had need of soldiers either against Europe or against domestic insurgents. The national guard itself no longer sufficed to allay the jealous fears of the executive or to secure impunity for its errors.

But these military preparations would necessarily occasion considerable expense. The budget of 1831, presented by M. Laffitte, suddenly disclosed the depth of the yawning gulf. That budget amounted to not less than one thousand one hundred and sixty-seven millions of francs.

This was three hundred millions added to the burden which the country had endured under the Restoration.

In reality there was nothing alarming in this. For the essential thing as regards taxation is not so much its amount as the manner in which that amount is employed: and since the concentration of capital increases its efficiency in a manifold ratio, the heaviest taxes are the most fruitful of good results in the hands of an intelligent and honest executive. But for fifteen years liberalism had waged unceasing war on the principle of authority, and liberal doctrines had grown upon the public mind, encouraged as they were by the spectacle of a madly prodigal government. The announcement of the amount of the budget was therefore received with fear and dissatisfaction. Egotists shook their heads at the chimera of cheap government; and the young complained of a peace that was as costly as war, and were indignant at the thought that the expences of inaction should be the same as those to be incurred for glory.

The legitimatists on their part dwelt pointedly on the absurdity of so many deceptions. They groaned triumphantly over the increase of expense on the one hand and the diminution of income on the other. They called to mind with pitying pride, that in the first seven months of 1830 there had been an excess of income over expenditure; whereas on the contrary, in the five latter months the deficit had been—in August, 5,651,000fr.; in September, 6,881,000fr.; in October, 5,454,000fr.; in November, 1,041,000fr.; and in December, 12,377,000fr. Then adding to the gross amount of these deficits the 30,000,000 lent to commerce, and the 54,000,000 estimated increase of expenditure in 1830, they called on the genius of the revolution to confess itself bankrupt, and they showed at the very portal of the opening year a deficit of more than a hundred millions for which the country they said had to thank the revolution alone.

The moral interests of society seemed still more compromised than the material. All was tumult and confusion in the intellectual world. The spirit of inquiry now knew no bounds, and it set about wandering from the safe path, with an indescribable and elaborate perversity.

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Mingling cynical errors with some bold truths, the St. Simonians laboured in the *Globe* to shake all the old foundations of social order. That industry should be regulated in obedience to an authority self-constituted and sole judge of its own legitimacy; that production should be concentrated to excess, and its advantages portioned out in the ratio of merit; that the transmission of property should be abolished as well as that of offices; that marriage, the legalization of adultery, should give place to the sovereignty of inclination and to the emancipation of pleasure; that the empire of society should be substituted for that of the family; such were the doctrines then undergoing elaboration at the hands of young men, mystical and sensual, but full of talent, energy, and zeal. Their moral philosophy was summed up in these words, "To each according to his capacity, to each capacity according to its works;" and beholding with indignation the vices of a social system, in which recompenses were bestowed almost in the inverse ratio of services, they congratulated themselves on the apparent wisdom of their formula; until a loftier school promulgated the laws of a superior morality, and deduced from the diversity of natural powers not the inequality of rights, but that of duties.

These intensely exciting investigations were carried on amidst a thousand aimless anxieties, and furious, though singularly frivolous contentions. The liberals, after their victory, had divided into two camps, that of *movement* and that of *resistance*, sonorous words answering to little more than mere instincts—vague words, by means of which the disputants concealed from themselves the uncertainty of their aims and the emptiness of their maxims and belief.

Then came a small number of republican democrats, already assuming for their war-cry the abolition of the proletary caste, and the bourgeois republicans, the logicians of liberalism, who contented themselves with shouting to their friends of the day before, "The work of destruction is not complete: why is royalty standing when every thing else is prostrate?" Lastly, that nothing might be wanted to this noisy war in the dark, champions were seen entering the lists who invoked the Empire in the name of liberty.

In this vast whirlwind of interests, thoughts, and principles, it was scarcely to be expected that religion should escape untouched. Religious reforms were attempted, some of them futile, others of moment. A priest, named Chatel, took upon him to introduce the vulgar tongue into the service of the church, a schismatical proceeding evincing no depth of judgment, because it divested of all mystery, that is to say, of all poetry, the prayers which ascend from simple souls to God.

But amongst the religious reformers of the period there was one who filled the age with his name. Whilst the Saint Simonians were talking in the *Globe* of reforming society, M. de Lamennais, with much more weight and learning, and not less *éclat*, talked in the *Avenir* of regenerating the church. Deploring the mistakes

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committed by the illustrious Bossuet, and assailing the doctrine of Gallicanism as one which had never done aught but transfer to royal tyranny what it insisted on taking from the high guardianship of the popes, M. de Lamennais and his disciple, the Abbé Lacordaire, demanded that the church should become independent of the state; that the influence of the executive should no longer clog the jurisdiction and the educational functions of the church; that the clergy should be more directly subordinate to the papal see; and that the priest should be paid by his flock: but at the same time they declared execrable the maxim of the Gallicans, that a prince, once established, may do what he pleases with impunity, as though there were to be no other remedy for tyranny than the will of the tyrant himself; they applauded beforehand all revolutions produced by a just resistance to brute force: in a word, they avowed themselves partisans of the sovereignty of the people, supporting their views by the authority of St. Thomas, and without troubling themselves to consider if the sovereignty of the people, in a political sense, did not infer the sovereignty of the flock in matters of religion. It is obvious how much happy temerity there was in these notions. It was ultramontanism summoned to the aid of liberty; it was the despotism of kings immolated, by order of heaven, to those two great powers, the pope and the people. The *Avenir* was seized; but being eloquently defended by M. Janvier, and its doctrines approved by the law officers of the crown, it was acquitted; a triumph which was for M. de Lamennais but the commencement of a career of persecution.

But what could persecution avail against a man of his cast? If you would know how much he was capable of enduring in soul and through the force of thought, you had but to mark how feeble was his body, how weak was his voice, how sickly and furrowed his countenance, which yet gave tokens of unconquerable firmness in the vigorous lines of the mouth and the fire of the eyes. Endowed with a sensibility made up in a manner of violence and tenderness, impetuous in temper, yet full of charity, ardent and resigned by turns, in him the tribune was exalted into the apostle, and the soldier into the martyr. Variable, moreover, in his convictions, from his very devotedness and sincerity, his passion for truth was characterised by that sort of despotism which arises from the habit of solitary meditation; and without the least tenderness for errors, his own included, he was ready to do and dare every thing against others and against himself.

Amidst all this agitation, and in presence of such adversaries, the executive daily showed a more and more shrinking bearing. Instead of putting itself at the head of the intellectual movement, to rule and direct it, the government treated the nascent ideas with petty provocations or indifference. The ministry of the interior, occupied by M. de Montalivet, was wholly engrossed with court intrigues, and with administrative or inferior police details. No high presiding intelligence was evident on the part of the government. Authority

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came to be regarded only as an obstacle,—thence its discredit. For it is the lot of governments, created by revolutions, to be respected only on condition of their proving their importance, and compensating, by the splendour of their services, for their deficiency in the *prestige* belonging to an independent origin.

The chambers meanwhile pursued their labours. A law was passed,* providing that, for the future, the number of councillors or judges in the courts of assize should be reduced from five to three; that a majority of seven votes in the jury should be decisive against the accused; and that certain articles of the code of criminal instruction should be annulled, as hostile to the sovereignty of the jury. It is the nature of the institution, as every one knows, that the jurymen are to determine whether the offence is proved, and it is for the judge to apply the penalty. Now, according to the *code d'instruction criminelle*, the judges of the law were, in a given case, to have a share in determining the fact; and thus a fundamental distinction between the two classes of judges was vitiated, if not destroyed. The chambers, by reviving that distinction, effected a useful, though partial reform.

Already, thanks to the active and persevering solicitations of the avocat Patorni, an order of the 12th November, 1830, countersigned by Dupont de l'Eure, had re-established the institution of juries in Corsica, where it had been suppressed by Buonaparte.

These concessions were not enough to relieve the government from the unpopularity under which it laboured. This increased when the chambers were seen adopting with alacrity a law† transforming into an *impôt de quotité* the personal contribution which had till then been numbered among the *impôts de repartition*.‡ Time no doubt had introduced serious abuses and gross inequalities into the apportioning of the contingents, and in justification of the new law an instance could be shown of a wealthy department in which the personal contribution was only at the rate of 94 centimes per head, whilst it amounted to 1fr. 87c. in a much poorer department. But to substitute in the apportionment and collection of the personal contribution, the direct and inexorable intervention of the treasury agents for the fraternal arrangements of the associated tax-payers, was not this to take away

* Adopted provisionally by the chamber of deputies, Jan. 11, 1831; amended by the chambers of peers, Feb. 11, 1831; and definitively adopted Feb. 26, 1831.

† Passed by the chamber of deputies Jan. 26, 1831, and definitively adopted March 17, 1831.

‡ The *impôt de repartition* is that of which the legislative authority fixes the sum total beforehand, and which it apportions out amongst the departments, the departments among the arrondissements, these latter among the communes, and the communes among the individual inhabitants.

The amount of the *impôt de quotité* is not fixed beforehand; each individual finds himself in immediate contact with the fisc, which levies the impost upon him according to the conditions laid down by law.

In the *impôt de repartition*, which is a real composition between the government and the localities, the fisc cannot realise more than the sum fixed, but it cannot realise less. In the *impôt de quotité*, on the contrary, it has all the cost and trouble of collection, and incurs all the chances thereof, good and bad.

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from the unfortunate the advantage of a needful protection, and to render the collection of the tax harsh, difficult, and, above all, precarious? And if it was true that some departments were disproportionately burdened, why not have recourse to a more equitable allotment and modify the application of the system without abruptly destroying its principle? Such were the arguments offered against the law; and as its avowed object was to augment the income of the government, the innovation was held in odium, as fiscal tyranny in disguise and an attack on the existence of the poor.

Discussions of higher importance soon engaged the public attention.

The centralization established by the Convention, and carried to its most extreme limits by Napoleon, had for a quarter of a century constituted the strength and the glory of France. Unity was what had enabled the party of the mountain to dismay and vanquish Europe. From unity flowed all the prodigies of the great imperial adventure. And yet from the day it had ceased to be necessary that France should be one soldier, the excess of centralization had become a cause of enervation to the country. At the period of which we are writing the history, most of the communes of France were vegetating in a state scarcely credible of ignorance, egotism, wretchedness and langour: there was no more *esprit de corps*, no collective passions, no prescriptive usages. The blood had suffered a revulsion from all parts of the social body to the surcharged heart. And what was the result? A marvellous ardour ending in impotence and scepticism, the concentration of all forces inferring that of all ambitions; the desire of display carried to effrontery; an immense absorption for a little radiation, and intellects the most original perverted by the mania of imitation, the love of gain, the despotism of fashion, or impatient desire of success; competition and its frauds, charlatanism and its scandals, stimulations without number, but to evil rather than to good; incalculable resources, but more adapted to pamper vain illusions than to satisfy legitimate hopes; civilization, in fine, exhausting its lies and its miracles to render man guilty and wretched,—such was under the influence of an ill understood centralization the life of the capital. France around Paris was the void around chaos.

As for the causes of this state of things they were of old date. Encompassed by plots, snares, and treasons, seeing none but enemies within and without, around and at its feet, the Convention was obliged to know every thing and regulate every thing. Accordingly it suppressed the communes, made its way into the bosoms of families by means of its agents, and laying hold on the whole life of the citizens, made them breathe but its own breath. Not content with making the general interests radiate towards itself (a plan which constitutes the force-giving system of political centralization), it had concentrated in its own hands the direction of all local interests—a course wherein consists the stifling system of administrative centralization.

Then came Napoleon; and he would not separate the two systems, because, like the Convention, he had need of an all-absorbing dictatorship, men being but the figures in the calculations of his genius.

When Napoleon was fettered, France, which moved in him, suddenly lost all movement as a collective body. But as Paris remained the centre of all business down to the very smallest, it retained a tumultuous agitation as a relic of the Empire. Thus political centralization, which is a good, was dead; administrative centralization, which is an evil, survived: the consequence was a peddling despotism instead of one on a grand scale. An authority, whose very excesses were rich in great results, gave place to a barren, red-tape tyranny; and a government of statesmen was found to have bequeathed the first nation in the world to a government of clerks.

The problem to be solved was, therefore, how to establish political centralization on large bases and to destroy administrative centralization. In other words it was requisite, in the first place, to confer on the state the right of acting supremely in all great matters; of exercising a moral guidance over the public mind through the rites of religion, education, public festivities, and theatrical entertainments; of establishing public credit by the suppression of private banks; of undertaking, to the exclusion of all private companies, the construction of canals and railroads, the working of mines, &c.; and, in the second place, of conferring on the commune the right of providing, at its own instance at least, if not independently of all control, for the repairs of the church and the Hôtel de Ville, the proper maintenance of the burial ground, and the embellishment of the town, in a word for all requisite matters of a special kind.

Unfortunately the chambers which attempted to deal with this important problem, were incapable not only of solving it, but even of duly propounding it. Already in ratifying in the charter the equality of religions, liberty of teaching, and industrial competition, they had annihilated real political centralization and stripped the state of its most natural, its highest, and its most necessary prerogatives. To complete this work of folly nothing remained to be done but to strengthen administrative centralization by taking from the commune all freedom of action, every principle of life. This they did by their law regarding municipal organization.

The discussion in the chamber of deputies was laborious and confused. The majority were for having the commune absolutely dependent on the central authority. They demanded, consequently, that the mayor and his adjoints should be named by the king in the principal towns, and by the prefect in those of less importance. With regard to the formation of the municipal council they did not venture too openly to repudiate the elective principle, but they allowed it but a very restricted application. The minority maintained that the commune could never be healthily organized until all the inhabitants should have votes in the election of the mayor, the adjoints, and the municipal councillors.

The latter opinion was evidently conformable to the true principles of government; but those who maintained it put forward the question in a bad shape. Instead of representing the communes in their

relation to the whole body of society, they defended them on the ground of individual rights. Instead of proving that it was enough to give a vigorous constitution to the communes, to enable these to effect the business of the state whilst effecting their own, they, like their adversaries, set out with supposing that there existed a natural hostility between the communes and the state. This was a gratuitous and absurd supposition on the part of the minority; for in predicting a struggle and demanding that the communes should be put in a condition to carry it on with vigour, the minority seemed self-convicted of desiring the organization of anarchy.

The long and confused discussion issued, as was to be expected, in a deplorable vote. The decision come to was as follows: the municipal councillors were to be chosen by a body of electors composed of the citizens paying the greatest amount of direct contributions in each commune, in numbers equal to a tenth of the population in communes of a thousand souls and under. This number was to increase at the rate of five for every hundred inhabitants above one thousand and under five thousand; of four for every hundred above five thousand and under fifteen thousand; and beyond this at the rate of three per hundred. To these electors qualified by their pecuniary means, were added certain citizens deemed to possess superior capacities, such as physicians, barristers, notaries, justices, attorneys, officers of the national guard, functionaries enjoying retiring pensions, &c.; this class however could only exercise their electoral rights, on condition of being actually domiciled for a stated time in the commune. The municipal councils were to be elected for six years, and to consist of members not under twenty-five years of age, one-half of whom were to retire every three years. The mayor and his adjoints were to be chosen from among the municipal councillors; but the nomination was to rest with the king in the chief town of each arondissement, and in communes of three thousand inhabitants and upwards; and with the prefect in the less considerable communes. Nominated for three years the mayors and adjoints were liable to suspension by order of the prefect, and to be set aside by royal ordinance. Lastly, to the prefect and sub-prefect was committed the right of summoning every extraordinary meeting of the municipal council, which in such cases was bound to confine itself to the consideration of the special object for which it had been called together.

This law, loaded with details which it would be tedious and useless to enumerate, excited universal uproar. An assembly of notables, elected by another assembly of notables, and directed by ministerial agents, such was the economy of the new law; that is to say, it rested the power of ministers on nearly thirty-four thousand little bourgeois oligarchies. All the democrats were incensed. What! they exclaimed, these are the ways into which they dare to turn the course of the revolution! France then is to pass under the yoke of the leading tax-payers and place-holders! What signify these municipal capacities, the proof of which is to be found in the

tax-gatherer's list or in a licentiate's diploma? An attorney knows better than a peasant how to deal with a bundle of papers, but does he better know what relates to the apportioning of common lands, for instance, or the economy of wood lands? How arbitrary and insolent are all these classifications! They declare a man a notable if he knows the civil code, or has studied medicine; he is not one though he be master of architecture, botany or astronomy. And what are to be the rights and privileges of the municipal councils? Since it is thought fit to make a classification of capacities, at least we ought to be told on what objects these are to be exercised. But no. The range of their functions is left for future consideration; so that, instead of creating the magistracy for the function, the function is to be created to fit the magistracy! To convert the electoral right into a monopoly, is to forge an instrument of tyranny. It would be better to annihilate the elective principle, than to corrupt it. If the rich have sway in the municipal councils, an organized protection will have been given to those interests that have the least need of being protected. The absurdity is manifest, the iniquity flagrant.

The remonstrances of the legitimatists were not less keen. In that list of presumed notabilities, in which the legislator enrolled half-pay sub-lieutenants, they sought in vain for the parish priest, and they were amazed that the liberals, in their aristocratic scorn of the *rabble*, had visited alike with exclusion the village pastor and the village blacksmith. Invoking the recollections of the *ancien régime*, they pointed to the vine-dressers, the barbers, and the agricultural labourers, summoned by the edict of May, 1766, to take part in the affairs of their commune; and from the liberalism of the legislators of the day, they looked back with regret to that of the comptroller-general, Laverdy, who, nevertheless, perished in the revolutionary tempest.

To these criticisms, the logic of which each party pointed in the direction most favourable to its own purposes, were added those of some calm reflecting men, who, looking beyond the present, saw in this blind rapacious spirit of usurpation on the part of the bourgeoisie, the germ of its ruin, and the foretokening of the most afflicting disorders. The new law, in fact, paved the way for the destruction of the communes, which was consummated, as we shall see hereafter, by the law respecting municipal privileges.

Thus from its very first step in the career of legislation, the government of the bourgeoisie was convicted of selfishness and want of foresight. For, strange to say, while such laborious ingenuity was exerted to methodize the oppressions of administrative centralization, the last vestiges of political centralization were effaced. The odious, but bold and persevering impulsion which the congregationists had given to society under the Restoration, gave place to endless oscillations. The liberals, the moment they were victors, had made haste to realise their famous theory of atheism in the law, not considering that, whatever in a state is taken from the sovereignty

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of God is transferred to that of the executioner. The equality of churches (*cultes*),* a principle inevitably consecrating the grossest charlatanism, insensibly conveyed from the intellects of men into their consciences that confusion which arises out of every violent commotion; and liberty of teaching, pompously proclaimed, prepared for coming generations the melancholy inheritance of the rancorous divisions with which the existing generation was distracted. No substitute had been provided for the pomps of catholicism, which have such potency over a people governed through the medium of their souls and senses. The theatres were left to the management of private individuals. The chanting of processions no longer, even on holidays, rose above the common noise of the streets; and nothing was provided to supply the place of that mighty instrument of command, a mystic appeal to the popular emotions. Society, in a word, only lived on upon the ruins it had made.

The evil, after all, did not flow exclusively from the intemperance of controversy and the sceptic indifference of the new powers. The Restoration had so rashly invoked sacred things in support of wretched mundane vanities; it had so compromised the divine majesty in its own quarrels, and so accustomed the people to abhor heaven in the person of the priest, that impiety had assumed the character of legitimate resistance to oppression. The pride of the high dignitaries of the church,—the avarice and cunning of the jesuits,—the calculating fanaticism of the Congregation,—the intrigues of priestcraft,—had but exalted that sentiment of independence which the age of Voltaire had bequeathed to France.

An unexpected event placed in glaring relief all the horrors lurking in such a state of things. For some time past the legitimatists seemed to be recovering confidence. Their language was daily becoming more arrogant. Already they talked of the return of Henry V. with insolent assurance, and their presumptuous desires put the most singular interpretation on the change observed in the demeanour of Louis Philippe. The Emperor of Russia having demanded, as we have seen, that M. de Mortemart should be sent to him as ambassador, and the Palais Royal not having dared to disobey, the legitimatists spread a report that Louis Philippe contemplated resigning the crown to Henry V., and that M. de Mortemart was sent to Nicolas to apprise him of that design. At the same time factious demonstrations had been made in various parts. At Rodez, a tree of liberty was pulled down by night; the white flag was unfurled at Collioure; at Nimes they talked of some national guards over whom some resuscitated *verdets* had raised the cane. These facts, of little importance in themselves, derived a certain alarming significancy

* We must not confound liberty of conscience with the equality of churches. Conscience is a sanctuary which no human power has a right to violate; but there is a wide difference between respect for individual and domestic faith and worship, and the suppression of all *religion of the state*. It is the duty of the state to direct the moral, as it does the material interests of society. If it declares itself indifferent, it abdicates.

from the bearing of the beaten party. The clergy moreover were beginning to bestir themselves, and it was clear to every one that the Carlists were about to make some audacious trial of their strength on the first opportunity.

The 14th of February, the anniversary of the death of the Duc de Berri, was at hand. The *Gazette de France* and the *Quotidienne* announced, that on that day a funeral service would be celebrated in the church of St. Roch. The minister of the interior wrote on the subject to the prefect of police. The minister of public worship intimated to the Archbishop of Paris that the intended ceremony might provoke a riot. The curé of St. Roch thought it his duty, therefore, to abstain from holding the proposed service. It was not so with the curé of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, an old man who had accompanied Marie Antoinette to the scaffold. On the 14th of February, men posted on the steps of the church of St. Roch distributed cards to all comers, informing them that the rendezvous was at St. Germain l'Auxerrois. A great number of brilliant equipages thronged the approaches to the latter church. A fashionable crowd filled the sacred edifice, cloaking, under the solemnity of an act of public mourning, the satisfaction of a vengeful essay, and the funeral service began. At some paces from the spot, slept in their tombs those who had fallen in July before the Louvre. A collection was made in the church for the benefit of the soldiers of the royal guards who had been wounded in the three days. The ceremony was proceeding quietly to its conclusion, when a young man, going up to the catafalque erected in the middle of the church, hung on it a lithographic portrait of the Duc de Bordeaux. A crown of immortals was placed over the portrait, and military men suspended their decorations around it.

Meanwhile there had gathered in the Place St. Germain l'Auxerrois, from all quarters of Paris, turbulent spirits attracted by the news of a priestly plot, and following in the wake of the multitude always eager for noise. News of what is doing in the church spread; the story passes from mouth to mouth with insulting comments or ingenious exaggerations. Imprecations are soon heard; the multitude every moment becomes more heated and denser. The prefect of police having received notice, hastens to the place, and finds the ceremony ended and the congregation dispersed; but the tumult still increasing, M. Baude orders the municipal guards to be drawn up before the doorway, and the iron gate to be closed. A pale young man, dressed in black, with loose floating hair, was at this moment in the *place*, mute, motionless, and appearing to gaze in scorn on the spectacle presented by the impatient multitude before him. "Down with the Jesuit!" cried a voice. Immediately a terrible shout rent the air; the young man was surrounded, seized, and borne away. They were about to throw him into the river, and he was in the act of struggling wildly for life on the parapet of the Seine, when the prefect of police rushed forward with some of his men to save him.

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A fight began. It lasted more than an hour, and Paris remained without a prefect of police, whilst the crowd, rolling like an avalanche along the quays, and bursting from every street, dashed with a thousand confused cries against the doors, gates, and walls of the old church.

It was the government of the bourgeoisie which the Carlists had menaced: accordingly this riot had not the exclusively popular aspect belonging to that of December. Bourgeois in black coats and yellow gloves figured in it in the advanced guard. The jocular impiety of the young men of the schools was mingled in it with the rude licence of the people. The authorities themselves gave encouragement to the mischief by their affected indifference, their scandalous apathy. It was by order of a magistrate of the city that the cross surmounting the church was torn down. The troops seemed to hide themselves. Every thing in the shape of constituted authority was absent. The national guard, so zealous in protecting the shop, left the road unobstructed for the multitude rushing to the devastation of a church.

The sacred edifice was soon taken by storm, and shameful saturnalia, enacted within its walls, revealed the moral disorder engendered by the warfare waged for fifteen long years by incredulity against hypocrisy. To pull down the altar, break the pulpit, the balustrades and the confessionals to pieces, tear the religious paintings, and trample the rich hangings under foot, all this was the work of a moment. People laughed, yelled, and challenged each other to daring acts of indecency. Some blasphemed God, all howled curses against priests. The sacristy was taken by assault, its richest treasures fell into the hands of savage buffoons, some of whom were seen dancing in sacerdotal vestments. A small troop of national guards, commanded by two citizens named Clavaux and Boissière, alone in this deplorable scene of riot represented that principle of order which had been so brutally violated, and on that occasion by the bourgeoisie. It remains to be stated that not a theft was committed, not an act of dishonesty was remarked. A gilded eagle was found among the fragments, and carefully carried to the governor of the Tuileries. Amidst a greedy and unbelieving society, disinterestedness had not ceased to be the virtue of the poor.

The sack of St. Germain l'Auxerrois had been preceded by the invasion of the parsonage. It was devastated, but the people halted respectfully at the threshold of an apartment situated on the same floor as that of the *curé*. It was inhabited by the Abbé Paravey, the same who in the month of July had pronounced the benediction over the cemetery of the Louvre, and prayed for those who had fallen in fight.

Meanwhile the prefect of police, after rescuing the supposed jesuit, had gone to the Palais Royal, his mind violently agitated and his dress in disorder. He found the king perfectly composed. In fact the events of the day could not be otherwise than favourable to the

maintenance of the new dynasty. They made manifest to the Carlists how idle were their hopes, and to the clergy what perils attended its obstinate alliance with a prostrate throne. Again, the violence and impunity of these movements were a sufficient indication to foreign cabinets how insurmountable were the difficulties which the re-establishment of legitimate monarchy would have to encounter in France.

The king, however, thought it advisable to keep the prefect of police to dinner, whereby he had direct cognizance of all the reports of the afternoon. Some of these reports stated that the archbishopric was to be attacked the next day; others, that an attempt would be made on the Palais Royal, in accordance with instructions issued by the secret societies. "We must let the fire have vent," said the king to M. Baude; "think only of the Palais Royal." In consequence of this, the prefect of police, immediately on his return home, wrote to the commandant of Paris to range all the troops of the garrison round the royal abode, and not to order any movement, happen what might.

A few shots were fired during the night of the 14th; two or three posts were disarmed, and a gang of violent men made an attempt on the house of M. Dupin aîné, which the authorities had barely time to prevent. Every thing betokened a stormy day for the morrow.

Immediately after daybreak, threatening groups collected in the neighbourhood of the Palais Royal; but all the approaches to it were sedulously guarded. No measures, on the contrary, had been taken to protect the archbishop's residence. Mysterious instigators, going among the people, skilfully diverted the current of its fury, and turning it from the Palais Royal, hurried it away to the archiepiscopal residence. The drum had beat to arms in the morning but partially and negligently, and the national guard had not assembled, its officers being absent. A detachment, however, of the 12th legion, commanded by M. François Arago, marched from the Pantheon to the Cité, when, on its reaching the little bridge, Count de Clonard, the adjutant of the battalion, in brandishing his sabre, unintentionally struck a man of the lower class. The poor fellow fell mortally wounded. A crowd gathered round him in an instant; he was taken up and carried through the midst of the multitude that filled the Place du Parvis, every tongue crying out, "Vengeance! vengeance on the assassin!" Count de Clonard had vanished in the confusion. M. Arago had the dying man conveyed to the Hôtel Dieu, whither he accompanied him; but no sooner had he come out from the hospital, than he was surrounded and accused of the murder. Hurried away towards the river, into which he was on the point of being thrown, M. Arago owed his life only to his presence of mind and decision. The fury of the people, for a moment allayed, was capable of being rekindled on the least provocation. When M. Arago and his men reached the entrance of the garden

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where the stables were situated, the assailants were already in full possession of the archbishop's palace, which they were demolishing with a sort of frantic eagerness. A body of strong men, laying hold of the iron grating, had bent it in two by a sudden violent pull. In the twinkling of an eye, the invaders were in the apartments, the mirrors and lustres were shivered to pieces, the pictures torn, the furniture broken up, and the woodwork torn from the walls; broad surfaces of wall fell flat in an instant, as if by some magic force; rare books, costly manuscripts, rich crucifixes, missals, vestments, and ornaments of every kind, were flung out of every window, and were seen fluttering through the air, and falling into the garden. The thought of pilfering never occurred to any one; but all were possessed with a raging appetite for destruction. Several companies of the 9th legion, commanded by M. de Schonen, had entered the premises; but being pushed from each other by the irresistible flood of the rioters, the national guards did nothing but wander here and there through the ruins, and look on with muskets shouldered at this scene of enormous devastation. Here, as at St. Germain l'Auxerrois on the preceding day, it was the bourgeois who prompted the movement and set the example. The loss to art and science on that day of madness is incalculable. Never was devastation more extraordinary, more complete, more rapid, or more joyously infatuate; for the whole work was done amidst a tremendous uproar of laughter, jokes, and yells.

M. Arago, finding himself too weak to cope with the rioters, sent M. Montalivet's brother to the commandant-general of the national guard of Paris to ask for reinforcement. The messenger did not return; he wrote word that the required succour would soon arrive; but it was waited for in vain. M. Arago's surprise was extreme; he could hardly understand the executive's making itself an accomplice in riot. Workmen being busy pulling down the cross of the cathedral, he endeavoured to stop them; whereupon they told him that they were only acting in obedience to authority, and they showed him an order signed by the mayor of the arrondissement.

From the sack of the archbishop's palace to that of the cathedral there was but a step. The people threatened to force the gates of Notre Dame, where some national guards, commanded by M. de Schonen, had taken refuge. Leaving his company in the Rue de l'Archevêché, M. Arago made his way to the open space in front of the cathedral, passing through the crowd over whom he rose by a whole head, and, pointing upwards, he called out, "You see that cross rocking and tottering under repeated blows: the distance makes it appear small, but in reality its size is enormous. Will you wait till it falls, and brings down with it, as it most certainly will, that heavy iron balustrade? For God's sake get out of the way, or this night many a son will be fatherless, and many a wife widowed." So saying, M. Arago ran away as if terrified; the alarmed crowd followed his ex-

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ample, whilst the national guards, forewarned how to act, hurried into the abandoned space, and posted themselves at all the issues. The cathedral was saved.

But the invaders of the archbishopric were pursuing the work of demolition with increasing fury; whilst M. Arago, witnessing the melancholy farce, thought of his own weakness with shuddering indignation, both as a scholar and a citizen. Convinced at last that there was a deliberate purpose on the part of the executive to favour the riot, he was about to order his battalion to advance, with the determination to endure all hazards rather than be a party to such gross supineness, when word was brought him that some persons of note were going among the national guards, and persuading them to leave things to take their course. M. Thiers, under secretary of state in the ministry of finance, was particularly mentioned to him, and he actually saw that individual walking about before the ruins with looks of satisfaction and a smile on his lips.

About three o'clock a legion of the national guards appeared, but it was only to parade round the edifice; and upon M. Arago's requesting the commanding officer, M. Talabot, to enter the archbishop's premises, in order that the rioters might at least be expelled from the scene of devastation, M. Talabot replied, "My orders are to appear here and march back again."

Never was any thing stranger than the appearance of Paris during that day. In every direction the crosses were tottering on the church-tops; the fleurs-de-lys were everywhere effaced. Heaps of papers, stoles, mattrasses, and linen cloths taking the shape of drowning men, floated down the Seine. Fishermen, leaning over their boats' sides, here and there picked up waifs of outraged catholicism; and the bridges were crowded with curious spectators, flocking from all parts to enjoy the sight. The people broke into the Salle des Pas Perdus in the Palais de Justice, and was about to pull down the statue of Malesherbes, taking it for that of a saint, when M. Hortensius St. Albin, a young magistrate, courageously rushing before the crowd, cried out, "That was a friend to the people," and the image of the venerable Malesherbes was respected. It was the height of the carnival season: the pavement rattled under the carriage-wheels in the rich quarters, and masks were running tumultuously about the city. In the evening all Paris was illuminated. On the spot where the archbishop's palace had stood the day before, there now remained nothing but ruins.

Some days afterwards, when the public delirium had passed away, the different parties began with their usual bad faith to accuse each other. The legitimatists charged the executive with having itself instigated the outbreak, for which, according to them, a religious ceremony had been deceitfully used as a pretext. The opposition liberals denounced, not the complicity of the executive, but its weakness, the fruit of its dissensions. The courtiers, ashamed of the character of their triumph, affected a painful indignation

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against the Carlists, a feeling which was paraded with lying exaggeration by those who were most intimately initiated into the policy of the court. "You are guilty, not only of your own follies," said the *Journal des Débats*, addressing the legitimatists with feigned indignation, "but likewise of the follies of others. When William ascended the throne of England the Scotch parliament assembled in Edinburgh. The Earl of Dundee seeing the assembly resolved to confer the crown on William, quitted the hall. One of his friends ran after him and said, 'Whither are you going?' whereupon the earl taking off his hat and looking up to heaven replied, '*Whither the shade of Montrose shall lead me.*' Here was frankness and honour! And you too, you have generous shades to lead you; go whither the manes of Cathelineau and La Rochejaquelin shall lead you; engage in civil war! This is better than concocting obscure plots."

These empty declamations of the press were seconded by those of the tribune, more empty and more rancorous still. M. Baude, being taken violently to task for his conduct, answered only with long rambling speeches, choosing rather, no doubt, to sacrifice himself than to cast off on others a responsibility full of infamy and peril. The questioners did not spare M. Montalivet, the minister of the interior, who defended himself by imputing the whole mischief to the negligence of the prefect of the Seine; whilst the latter complained that he had neither been consulted nor warned, and that he had been so completely set aside by M. Montalivet, that the newspapers alone had made him acquainted with the instructions issued to the mayors during the riot. A curious and unseemly drama was now enacted in presence of the attentive chamber. M. Montalivet rushed a second time to the tribune, and with fierce gesticulation and flashing eyes arrogantly insulted the *susceptibility on points of etiquette* that set his *inferior* in array against him; and Odilon Barrot, from his place, flung his resignation as it were at the minister with an air of mingled scorn and irritation. For some days the debate was carried on between the leaders of the bourgeoisie with an exasperation of manner that plainly bespoke the anarchy prevailing among all the new powers. Dupin aîné and Lafayette, Guizot and Laffitte, in turns reproached each other with the evils of a state of things, which they all agreed in representing as gloomy, uncertain, and fearful.

Arbitrary force is but a form of anarchy. In order to mislead the public the executive displayed a reckless spirit of violence. It arrested republicans and legitimatists without any serious grounds for doing so, and thus afforded its enemies an opportunity of declaring themselves persecuted. Rash conduct this; for nothing is more revolting than weakness exceeding in its passionate excesses the rights even of strength. The arrest of M. Ouvrard would probably have excited less vehement recriminations. It was reported that this celebrated financier gambled on the stock exchange on his own account and on that of Talleyrand, who it was asserted secretly communicated to him every important news from London. He had been

speculating largely on a fall since 1830, and he was supposed to have a direct interest in all public disturbances. To those who put faith in that opinion the co-operation of a gambler in the troubles of February seemed quite a matter of course, inasmuch as hatred of the crucifix and outrage to heaven might, according to the times, furnish aids to a very lucky speculation for a fall in the funds. Certain it is, that in consequence of a report from the prefect of police an order was issued to arrest M. Ouvrard: but he contrived to evade pursuit.

Meanwhile the crosses had everywhere been pulled down under the very eyes of the authorities: and they let all this be done, insensible to the philosophic import of a gibbet which the world adored as a sublime and affecting symbol of devotedness.

It is true that the proscription of the crosses was associated in the minds of the voters with that of the fleurs-de-lys. But if war against the latter on the part of daring innovators was naturally conceivable, it was much less so on the part of men who were bent on setting the prestige of monarchical usages in opposition to the inroads of the modern spirit. The court nevertheless consented to renounce the emblem. Doubly faithless, to its family reminiscences and to those of the monarchy, it suffered the rioters insultingly to scrutinize the armorial bearings of Condé, and to deface the shield of Duguesclin. An ordinance appeared in the *Moniteur* giving a more bourgeois aspect to the arms of the state. The king's carriages issued from the Palais Royal with the arms erased, and the descendant of the Capets had the fleur-de-lys removed that ornamented the iron balustrade of his dwelling.

These acts of condescension were intended to please the bourgeoisie, which did indeed appear flattered by them: but they were disapproved of by those leading men, who looked on a policy of expediency as one destitute of dignity. M. Chambolle, the secretary to the president of the chamber of deputies, called on Casimir Périer whilst these things were going on. "Well," said Périer with a warmth of expression which decency compels us to modify, "so the king gives up his armorial bearings? It was the day after the revolution he should have adopted that course, and I advised him to do so, that did I! But no. He would not then hear of effacing those fleurs-de-lys to which he is more attached than the elder line. And now a riot shows itself under the windows, and behold you, he pitches his scutcheon into the kennel!"

Since the 15th of February Paris had been in a state of raging fever, the intensity of which was displayed, but not exhausted, by several tumultuous movements. In one of these, excited by a false report that the Poles had been defeated, the Russian ambassador was insulted, and the windows of his hotel were broken with stones. But demonstrations more worthy of France testified her sympathy in the cause of Poland: a great number of students traversed the city at the appeal of M. Allier, in sad and thoughtful silence; they carried a tricolour flag hung with crape and laid it on the graves dug at the

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foot of the Louvre. About the same time some poor workmen assembled in the environs of the Palais Royal. These men did not turn out into the streets to pull down crosses and deface monuments, or to desecrate the altar with carnival orgies; they only shouted *Work and bread!* They were charged at the point of the bayonet.

As for the king he never failed on the day after popular commotions to show himself in places of public resort, accompanied by his children: thus he accustomed the minds of men to confound the re-establishment of order with the preservation of his person and his race.

The court had, as means of evading the angry assaults of the opposition, not only the obscurity that still hung over part of its policy, but likewise the increasing unpopularity of the chamber, and above all the unpopularity of the men who led it.

Of these the most influential was Dupin aîné. The majority of the chamber, composed of bourgeois of little refinement of mind or manners, liked M. Dupin aîné for his impatient gestures, his abrupt movements, his bitter and spiteful rusticity, his expressive and harsh features, an eloquence, the acrimony of which was never tempted by any consideration, a certain manner of presenting a subject, as narrow as it was picturesque, a happy common sense, and a knack of gracing commonplace ideas and vulgar sentiments by a decisive sally or a quick and subtle turn. He had the endowments and the defects that obtain success in an assembly of lawyers and shopkeepers: for his appetite for money took the shape of economical principles; he talked with turbulence of protecting order, and angrily professed a false theory of moderation. Unscrupulously devoted to the king, he played the courtier with a rudeness that masked the meanness of the part. Shallow observers easily mistook the petulant fits of his sulky devotedness for independence, and the services rendered by M. Dupin to the court were but the more valuable in consequence. He was the orator best suited to the policy of the palace, because he admirably followed its changing phases, thanks to an excessive versatility of opinion and to his habits as a lawyer. In the chamber M. Dupin upheld the prerogatives of the national representation with a lofty tone, a jealous zeal that resembled the impetuous temper of the old parliamentarians; but instead of, like them, defending the privileges of parliament against the king, Dupin defended them against the people. In addition to all this he seemed to have inherited all the animosity of the old magistracies against the *noblesse d'épée* and the priesthood. Strict conscientiousness and consistency apart, Dupin was a jansenist in politics.

An assembly personified in such a man was the true impress of the bulk of the bourgeoisie; and it may be conceived how odious it must have been to all those whose hearts had been exalted and whose desires had been enlarged by the revolution of July. Loud, therefore, were the outcries against it from all quarters. It was reproached with having remained at the head of affairs in the name

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of a principle that rendered it illegitimate; with having made its own importance survive the circumstances it used as a pretext for its usurpation. It was reproached with its antipathy to the real workmen of the revolution by which it profited, with its selfishness, its pride, for which its capacity afforded little justification, and its scorn for the people, whose interests it neglected and whose will it refused to consult. The dissolution of the chamber was soon the subject of every conversation, and the point of contest between all parties.

Laffitte, the president of the council, was more interested than any one else in the speedy dissolution of the chamber. Isolated in the ministry since the retirement of Dupont de l'Eure, surrounded by colleagues who talked of resistance when he talked of movement, without influence over the affairs of the interior, which Montalivet himself ruled only in a subordinate capacity, and over foreign affairs which obeyed a guidance blindly seconded by Sébastiani, without any other consolation than the flashes of an expiring popularity, Laffitte contemplated with secret anguish of heart the downfal of his hopes. The evidences of an august friendship no longer satisfied his mind, which had now grown suspicious, and he would gladly have retired to private life, a step demanded by his pecuniary interests, if he had not been stayed by the belief that his country had still need of him, that last affecting illusion of too easy a patriotism.

But that illusion was soon to be dissipated for ever. Laffitte, as we have said, did not differ essentially in opinion from the majority of the chamber. Nevertheless he had what it wanted, an honourable inclination to draw near to the people, to serve its cause timidly, and to merit its esteem. For this he was not forgiven. Many besides, thought to flatter the king by waging war on a man to whom he owed so much gratitude.

The chamber and the ministry, therefore, felt their existence alike threatened, and it became necessary to provide beforehand for the crisis that was foreseen. Nothing was talked of in the *salons*, the newspapers, at the stock exchange, and in all places of public resort, but the dissolution of the chamber, and the mode in which a new one should be formed. The question was a serious one; none more so could have been raised. The point at issue was the supremacy of the people by means of universal suffrage, or that of the bourgeoisie through an electoral system, founded on property. Every party felt that a most decisive moment was at hand, and "Electoral Reform!" was the cry on all sides.

Strictly adhering to the sovereignty of the people, and reasoning logically from that principle, the republicans demanded the right of suffrage for every citizen; they showed the strength and imposing dignity that would belong, by its very nature, to an assembly deriving its legitimacy from the will of a whole people; as the law ought to be made for all, they could not conceive why it should not be made by all; they showed how, if the legislative authority were

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concentrated in the hands of the rich, it would become a club to beat down the poor to the ground, and they conjured the nation to beware of the tyranny of the law, more dangerous than that of a man, because it endures longer, and is felt by more victims simultaneously. The tyranny of a man is capricious, like every individual passion; it has its moments of intermission, sometimes it prudently retraces its steps. Its duration, moreover, can be measured and defined. Where Vitellius ends, Vespasian begins. The tyranny of the law, on the other hand, borrows from the solemnity of certain consecrated forms a character of strength and permanence that renders it more imposing and less easy to destroy, and that makes its cessation depend, not on a personal contingency, but on a social concussion.

The cause of universal suffrage, earnestly advocated by the republicans, was seconded with less ardour by the legitimatists. But as the views of these two parties were different, so likewise were the modes of practice proposed by them. The legitimatists wished for election in two degrees, fully assured that it would place the government of society at the disposal of the great local influences, the rural population being subjected to the ascendancy of wealth by its necessities, and to that of the clergy by its ignorance.

The bourgeoisie, by the representatives of its political strength, defended itself with less sincerity than passion. The writers who were utterly devoted to its interests did not hesitate to deny the people that electoral aptitude which had yet been conceded to it by Montesquieu, the first publicist of constitutional monarchy; they exaggerated the physical difficulties in the way of universal suffrage, and reviving the worst recollections of the reign of terror, without taking into account the exceptional circumstances that had made it, at one time, a means of safety, at another an incentment to heroism, they dwelt on the tumultuous, savage, and almost always bloody character displayed by mob supremacy.

Thus appeared, in the broadest light, the enormous mistake which had, in the month of July, 1830, united the bourgeoisie and the people in a common sentiment of anger. At every step, it became more and more manifest, that the only aim of the bourgeoisie in 1830 had been to uphold its own privileges against the league of the throne, the nobility, and the clergy; so that the recent revolution had not even caused a transfer of the oppressor's rod to other hands.

Under the Restoration, it had been necessary to pay 300fr. of direct contribution to be an elector, and 1000fr. to be eligible; this was the system which the liberals wished to have still subsist. Only the liberals of the *movement* section desired that the amount should be diminished a certain small degree; those of the *resistance*, that the abatement should be not quite so much. A manifestly frivolous dispute!

The *projet de loi*, so impatiently expected, was presented at last. The ministry proposed to the chamber—1st, to lower the rate of eligibility from 1000fr. to 500fr.; 2dly, to double the number of elec-

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tors by granting to each department an invariable number of electors, consisting of those paying the largest amount of taxes. A system like this was not at all at variance with the political privileges of the bourgeoisie, such as they had been established by the charter of 1814; it only accommodated them to the change introduced since then into the distribution of landed property, by the uninterrupted subdivision of patrimonies. The majority of the chamber, however, became alarmed. With the blindness natural to selfish interests, it thought itself threatened in its free enjoyment of monopoly, and a committee appointed by it decided for the maintenance of the old electoral law, with this exception, that the rate of eligibility should be reduced from 1000fr. to 750fr., and the electoral rate from 300fr. to 240fr.

This scheme of reform accorded with the sentiments of the majority of the chamber, precisely because it was absurd and nugatory. But was there not danger in adopting it? for the controversy provoked by the electoral law had grown extremely acrimonious and violent. Speaking of the labours of the committee, the *Gazette de France* said: "Before the revolution, 300fr.; after the revolution, 240fr.; difference in favour of the revolution, 60fr.;" and the legitimatists, following up this sarcasm with bitter raillery, mocked at the barren inutility of popular insurrections. The republicans, more sincere than the legitimatists, were not behind them in zeal, and the doctrine of universal suffrage which they preached, gained ground with rigorous thinkers, and kindled disinterested souls, because it was a simple, decisive, logical doctrine, free from all shuffling and concealment, and one that forcibly appealed to the most active passion of humanity—namely, the love of equality. To defy that passion might have been hazardous; to tamper with it, and flatter it by seeming concessions, was a prudent and dexterous course. The fixing the electoral rate at 200fr. was, therefore, in general approved of by the press, and the same sentiments soon prevailed in the chamber. Lafayette publicly avowed his adhesion to them, at the same time admitting his leaning to a much more ample system; and M. de Sade embodied them in an amendment, in the sitting of the 25th of February. On that day several members of the majority were absent. The minority, siding with M. de Sade, wished in consequence to close the debate and hasten to a division. Thereupon, with one of those petty subterfuges, of which the parliamentary history of the bourgeoisie was to furnish but too many examples, M. Benjamin Delessert, who filled the president's chair, put on his hat and arbitrarily adjourned the chamber. But tricks like this usually turn out to the disadvantage of those who resort to them. In this instance the opposition became only more animated; the movement journals redoubled their energy, and the next day the 200fr. clause was voted by a majority made up of the left of the chamber, the right, and a part of the centre, which had been intimidated by the press. The reduction of the rate of eligibility to

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500fr. was a second victory achieved by the *movement* liberals over the *resistance* party. But here ended the concessions of the majority. The ministry had proposed that, besides the electors qualified by the amount of their taxes, there should be added to the lists a certain number of citizens, whose professions seemed to prove their capacity. Not content with inordinately restricting the compass of these additions, and visiting with insulting exclusion the titular professors of the faculties of law, and medicine, of the sciences, and letters, the notaries, *avocats*, *avoués*, justices, &c., the majority refused to admit as electors officers retired on a pension of 1200fr., or the members and correspondents of the institute, except on condition of their paying 100fr. direct taxes, that is to say, half the ordinary rate. This last enactment, adopted at the suggestion of M. J. de La Rochefoucauld, appeared ridiculous, and was so esteemed by public opinion; but it had its significance, clear, serious, and profound. Thenceforth there was, for France, no possibility of mistaking the nature of the yoke prepared for her. To condemn intellect to yield the priority to wealth, and to found on the possession of some acres of land, (acquired often by inheritance or by fraud, by unjust law-suits, or jobbing) the pledges of morality and enlightenment required of those who should exercise sovereignty, was telling plainly enough to what a goal the nation was to be driven. The love of money subsisted in the moral constitution of society; the tyranny of money passed into its institutions, and the transformation of society became its decay. Honest minds must have been struck with sad forebodings, for a totally new kind of sway was about to press upon the people, without consoling it by dazzling its senses. Now, for a great nation, a crushing tyranny is better that one that humiliates it.

After all, the legislators of the bourgeoisie had forgotten that they lived in a country in which competition was bringing daily down, more and more, the level of fortunes consisting in real estates, and one in which the civil code sanctioned the unlimited subdivision of patrimonies. They had not reflected, that the more the soil should become divided, the fewer proprietors there would be in a condition to pay 200fr. of taxes. What could be more chimerical than to endeavour to render political power fixed and immoveable, by founding it on property, when the latter had become excessively fluctuating? The electoral law,* as adopted, established, therefore, a glaring contradiction between the political and the civil institutions of France, and real statesmen would have foreseen that the qualification would destroy the code, if, sooner or later, the code did not destroy the qualification.

Be this as it may, the political power of the bourgeoisie was set up on its base, at least for a certain time. As for its material power, the law respecting the national guard had already provided for this.†

* Passed by the deputies, March 9, 1831, and by the peers on the 15th of April following.

† Jan. 6, 1831.

That law opened with characteristic words: "The national guard is instituted to defend the constitutional royalty." It allowed of inscribing in the reserve those to whom the ordinary service would be seriously inconvenient, and it imposed on the national guardsman himself the cost of his equipment, which was to be regulated by future orders. The general tendency of these dexterous arrangements was to exclude from the civil army the numerous class of proletaries, which was regarded with dread by the rich.

After having taken such precautions the chamber offered no strenuous resistance to those who urged a dissolution. Being almost sure of being re-elected, its disinterestedness cost it little. But before it separated it had the gratification of witnessing the fall of the Laffitte ministry, the circumstances of which event merit being set forth in detail.

We have described the shock given to the world in 1830. No where had this been more vividly felt than in Italy. On every side the Italian patriots bestirred themselves. One of them, the celebrated and unfortunate Menotti, had long been the friend of Francis IV., Duke of Modena, and they had together concerted projects, the aim and end of which was for the one the acquisition of a crown, for the other the independence of Italy. It has been supposed that their common hopes reposed on secret engagements entered into in France by high personages.

A conversation held by the Duke of Modena with M. Misley in the month of October, in a secret nook of the ducal palace, may afford an idea of that prince's sentiments. The duke received the conspirator with extreme affability. "You may open your whole soul to me," he said; "my word of honour, which I here pledge you, secures you from all danger." M. Misley replied that his confidence was entire; that the readiness with which he had consented to such an interview was proof of that, since no one was ignorant that his principles were republican. "It is on account of those principles and the manner in which you have upheld them," replied the prince, "that you *possess my thorough esteem*." And, as the conversation led him to speak of the Italian liberals in general, he declared that the *part he had been forced to take on him in Italy* forbade him the hope of seeing the liberals rally round him, those of La Romagna especially, who very unjustly imputed all their misfortunes to him. M. Misley took pains to persuade the duke that the committees formed in France and England, and the Romagnol leaders themselves waited only for proofs of the integrity of his intentions. But the duke appeared to fear that instead of crowning him a constitutional king, the Italian patriots would make the revolution issue in a republic. He closed the interview by commissioning M. Misley with his thanks to all the brave patriots who had granted him their confidence. He desired them luck in their hazardous enterprise, and desired that "he might have an opportunity of proving that he was a good Italian, and ready to sacrifice every thing for the

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real welfare of his country. Act with prudence," he said, as he dismissed M. Misley, "and come and see me before you set out for Paris."

Thus the Duke of Modena secretly encouraged insurrection, yet without committing himself, and in a manner adapted to secure himself under any event, according to the wonted course of princes.

Menotti was not completely the dupe of these tactics; but the duke's name was useful to him by giving more importance to his projects, and by enabling him to confirm wavering patriots in their steadfastness to a cause which could show so high a name in its list of supporters. He, therefore, kept up a close correspondence with the Duke of Modena, purposely exaggerated the advantage of such a political friendship, and thus gave a sort of official character to that recruiting of conspirators which was then the great business of his life.*

But in the strange game played by these two men against each other, the Duke of Modena dealt with deep and abominable dissimulation. Whilst Menotti was boldly and laboriously defending the duke's good faith, which the more suspicious friends of the former repeatedly called in question, the duke only thought of being guided by events. Prepared with equal readiness to put himself at the head of the conspirators, should they prove the stronger, or to become, in the other alternative, the most cruel of their enemies, he waited until France should declare herself.

The chief opposition leaders in France made no secret of their sympathy with the cause of Italy; and the principle of non-intervention, proclaimed in the face of the world by M. Laffitte, seemed likely to remain inviolate. But behind the ostensible policy of France was there not a secret policy, the views of which were opposed to the most solemn declarations of the French ministers? Were there not furtive communications, through which the cabinet

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* Menotti's secret correspondence has been communicated to us. The following is his letter to M. Misley, then in Paris:

"My brother will have informed you of my return to Florence. I have had a long interview with ——, and we have arranged every thing very well. On my return, I went to the duke to keep him fast in the same position. He was satisfied with me, and I with him. I hope I have succeeded in inducing him to perform some acts of grace for the new year; but I believe nothing until I see it. Every thing is quiet here, and all is going on for the best. It was impossible to proceed rightly without a centre; besides, I was not enough, single handed, for every thing. La Romagna continues to be in the greatest fermentation; but it will not stir. Are the Piedmontese definitively agreed with us? Adieu. I am impatient for news from you."

Another letter from Menotti, dated January 2, 1831:

"The only thing we want is money, and with money be assured we might effect the movement whenever we chose. The old liberals who have money will not give any. No matter. This will not discourage us or slacken our exertions. The duke persists in his determination to let things proceed; so we live as it were in a republic. It is said that Maximilian (the duke's brother), will come here. I do not believe it. All is quiet in Italy. Will France interfere in case the Austrians cross the Po? This is what we want by all means to know. Organize yourselves as well as you can. We must have Piedmont. Get the Union decided on. Adieu."

of the Palais Royal became pledged to the court of Vienna? The Duke of Modena learned this or believed it, for his purposes suddenly changed, and this change was manifested by the most infamous manœuvres.*

Menotti and his friends, however, were not discouraged. To say the truth, they could reckon, up to a certain point, on the instinctive adhesion of the people, but not on its active co-operation: for they had hardly studied the wants of that people, which enjoyed material prosperity, and they had not connected themselves with it by any of those relations which serve as the groundwork of a great influence. Again Austria, of herself alone, was capable of putting down their efforts; so that the whole question for them amounted to this—would France adhere faithfully to that principle of non-intervention she had so ostentatiously adopted?

M. Laffitte, as we have seen, had exclaimed, in his speech of the 1st of December: "France will not permit the principle of non-intervention to be violated." Some days after this, M. Dupin, whose relations with the court are well known, expressed himself in these terms from the tribune, amidst the applauses of the assembly: "Had France, coldly and selfishly isolating herself, declared that she would not practise intervention, this might have been base and dastardly; but to declare that she will not permit intervention, is the noblest attitude a powerful and generous people can assume."†

"Non-intervention," said Marshal Soult, minister of war, from the tribune of the chamber of peers, "non-intervention is henceforth our principle. We will religiously respect it assuredly, but on the essential condition that it shall be respected by others."‡

Declarations so clear appeared amply satisfactory to young men without experience, and little versed in the deplorable art of political lying. Lafayette too, being himself deceived, averred to M. Misley that the principle of non-intervention would be courageously maintained, and that he had been assured of this at court. Lastly, the Duke of Orléans, the eldest son of the King of the French, appeared so well disposed towards the Italian conspirators, that he was initiated into their secrets; and as early as the month of November, 1830, he named to M. Viardot the day on which the insurrection would break out in Modena.§

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* On the 7th of January, 1831, Menotti wrote thus to M. Misley:

"I am this moment arrived in Bologna. I must tell you that the duke is a downright rascal (*birbante*). I was in danger of being killed yesterday. The duke has had a report spread, through the instrumentality of the sanfedists (an anti-liberal faction), that you and I are agents paid for forming centres, and denouncing them. So fully was this believed in Bologna, that I narrowly escaped assassination. The fact is, that the whole face of Romagna has become changed within a week, but it will come back to me.... Now that I know I am regarded as an agent of the duke's, I will conduct myself so warily as to attain my ends without forfeiting my promises. Adieu."

† Sitting of Dec. 6, 1830.

‡ Sitting of Dec. 8, 1830.

§ On the 19th of January, 1831, Menotti wrote thus to Misley:

"The day before yesterday I saw a friend. Through his instrumentality, I hope

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Deep searching, and calculated to change the whole face of catholicism, was that Italian revolution, which tended to blot out the pope's name from the list of temporal sovereigns, whilst leaving him the title of supreme and inviolable head of the church. For the decay of catholicism, the corruption of its principles, the fall of its traditions, the adulterous alliance of the court of Rome with the tyrannies it once had combated, all this was the fruit of that temporal power of the popes, definitively established by Alexander VI., augmented by the sword of Julius II., and maintained afterwards by intrigues, iniquities, and infamies. The popes, having become princes with the same title and after the same fashion as the other princes of the earth, had naturally passed under the yoke of mundane interests; and thus it was that the papacy, in other days the protectress of peoples, had gradually become the accomplice of their tyrants. To take away its temporal power from the holy see was to strengthen, by purifying, its spiritual power; it was to force it to resume the guardianship of the world.

In this respect, the insurrection of la Romagna against the pope had a character essentially democratic and universal, consequently a French character. To second it was, therefore, for France a duty of sympathy and a point of high policy.

But the cabinet of the Palais Royal had less elevated views, and cherished projects, the hidden import of which the Italian patriots could not fathom. They resolved to act.

It was decided that the signal of revolution should be given in Modena, and in the house of Menotti himself. The conspiracy was to break out on the 7th of February; but the conspirators obtained indications but too clear that a clue had been found to their designs. There was among them a citizen named Ricci, a good Italian, but serving in the Duke of Modena's guards, and the son of a man marked out for the vengeance of the conspirators. It is related that Ricci, trembling for his father's life, went to him some days before the outbreak of the plot, and entreated him to absent himself from Modena on the 7th of February. Surprised at his son's importunity, the father conceived his suspicions, and hastened to impart them to the prince. Ricci was summoned to the palace, and vehemently threatened, and it is supposed, that if he did not betray any of his accomplices, his avowals at least compromised the success of the bold scheme they had concerted. Subsequently, the rankling malice of the duke afforded the unhappy young man the honour of a noble expiation.

Be this as it may, certain unusual measures, especially the order given to the brave general Zucchi to quit Modena, having given Menotti and his companions reason to suppose that their plot had been discovered, they determined to hurry on the dénouement.

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for a credit of 9000 francs, which is guaranteed by mortgage. It is a very good thing that the Duc d'Orléans protects us; and it is also with the greatest pleasure I learn the good understanding that exists between you and Lafayette," &c.

On the 3d of February an unusual agitation prevailed in Modena. Whilst, on one side, the conspirators were making their preparations with their utmost speed and with heroic temerity, the Duke of Modena, on the other, was issuing urgent orders, fortifying his palace and consigning the troops to the barracks. At eight o'clock the conspirators assembled in Menotti's house, to the number of about forty. There were many of their accomplices, those particularly who resided in the country, to whom there had not been time to give notice. But, confiding in their own courage, and in the fortune of their country, these high-minded Italians made ready, some to invade the ducal palace, others to march to the four gates of the city and seize possession of them, when the streets round Menotti's house were suddenly filled with soldiers. As the conspirators occupied only the upper rooms, and the lower floor was inhabited by a peaceable family, composed chiefly of women and children, the principal door of the house had been left open. Dragoons and pioneers entered the court, went up to the first floor, and tried to break in the door of the room in which the conspirators were assembled. "What is to be done?" cried one of them. Menotti caught up a pistol and discharged it. In an instant the door was riddled with balls from both sides. Some of the conspirators, rushing to the windows, fired on the troops posted in the street, and the fight began. It was a fearful and singular drama. Shrieks of women and children in the second and the ground floors mingled with the din of the firing. The dragoons inferring, from the obstinate resistance they encountered, that they had to do with numerous enemies, at last retreated, and descended the staircase, which reeked with their blood. The noise of fire-arms suddenly ceased; the soldiers stole under cover of the porticos; and all was silent round the house. Thereupon, in the passionate excitement of their strange victory, the conspirators sat down to table, joyous and melancholy by turns; and in the expectation of death, they drank to the deliverance of their country. Hope revived for a moment in their hearts. Hearing a confused noise at a distance, they supposed that the gates of the city had been forced by their confederates from the country, and they all went up to the roof of the house to see their deliverers. They were mistaken; the distant noise they heard was the shouting of some of the tyrant's soldiers, exulting beforehand over their easy victory. Suddenly a voice was heard in the street. "Who goes there?" cried a sentinel. "Menotti," replied a man, letting himself down from the wall by a rope; "I am going to speak to the duke." The words were responded to by a shot, and Menotti was raised, bleeding, from the pavement. During this time an affecting scene was taking place in the ducal palace. The prince had been advised to have the asylum of the conspirators blown up; but the minister, Scozia, whose family inhabited the threatened dwelling, threw himself at the prince's feet, and, with tears, conjured him not to involve the innocent in the same fate as the guilty. The duke, however, sent cannon

against the conspirators; and the latter, to avoid bringing destruction on the families that were implicated in their danger, though not associated in their designs, voluntarily surrendered themselves into the hands of the soldiers. They were dragged away to the palace amidst invective and abuse of all kinds. Many of them were severely wounded. Signor Ruffini* received two bayonet wounds.

The 4th of February was a day of mourning for the city of Modena; but the day following it became known there that an insurrection had broken out in Bologna; and the Duke of Modena, after burning his private papers, set out in great trepidation for Mantua, taking the unfortunate Menotti with him: he was afterwards to make sure of the conspirator's silence by handing him over to the executioner.

From Bologna the insurrection spread rapidly through all Romagna. But a few days had elapsed ere the tricolour flag was hoisted in Perouse, Spoleti, Foligno, and Terni; the insurrection raged in the provinces of Umbria and Trasimene; Cardinal Benvenuti, legate *a latere*, fell into the power of the insurgents at Cosimo. Ancona yielded without a blow to the brave Colonels Sercognani and Armandi; lastly, Maria Louisa fled from her states to which the conflagration had spread. The glorious standard of the Italian youth soon floated over the heights of Ottricoli, fifteen leagues from Rome, and terror reigned in the Vatican.

Unfortunately the people applauded the revolution without passionately espousing its cause. Half content with that destiny, the shame of which it was not capable of perceiving, it was more disposed to hail the march of its liberators than to take an active and violent part in their ranks. Leaders moreover were wanting. There was no unity, no guiding hand. At Bologna, Modena, Parma, and Reggio, there had sprung up as many extemporaneous governments, not rivals to each other, but distinct, and deprived even of the idea of combining their efforts by a fatal respect for the principle of non-intervention. To propagate the insurrection in Tuscany was not to be thought of, the people of that country being governed with paternal wisdom, and enjoying unequalled prosperity.

In such a state of things, and amidst so many obstacles, audacity seemed to offer a last chance of success to the Italian patriots. There was peril, not folly, in marching on Rome; and this was proposed by many. But the government of Bologna hesitated; it consulted Colonel Armandi, who was then at Ancona, and had not yet been named minister of war. The colonel's reply, backed by all the weight of his old military experience, was, that the temper of the people of Rome, entirely dependent, as they were, on the papal court, forbade an expedition of the kind; that it was impossible to attempt it with success with a handful of men, unskilled in war and ill-armed; that it would be mischievous to the Italian revolution, thus blindly to

* It is from Ruffini himself that we have received some of the foregoing details.

rush on the hazards of a first reverse, in a case in which a small body of men would have to expose themselves in a vast plain, where the nature of the ground would not allow them to march from post to post, or to encamp in safety. This opinion prevailed.

Furthermore, Rome had suddenly assumed an altered aspect. During the first days of the insurrection, the Vatican had betrayed the most lively alarm, and preparations had been made there for flight. But news arrived from France, and at once the hopes and the pride of the papal court revived; threatening proclamations were issued from the eternal city; and the Trasteverini were in arms. "Good news!" said Colonel Ravinetti, in a proclamation addressed to the papal troops. "The king of France assures the holy father, by an express, of his protection and intervention for the maintenance of the Papal States, under the government of the holy see." In fact, on the first news of the insurrection of Bologna, Louis Philippe hastened to write to the holy father, and to testify his interest and his solicitude on behalf of his holiness. M. Sébastiani, on his part, true to his master's policy, had given urgent orders in France to hinder the departure of all the Italian refugees, whom the hopes and the dangers of their brethren summoned to Italy.

At this period, however, the cause of Italian independence awoke in France sympathies as energetic as generous, and a particular circumstance added fuel to the hatred borne to the Austrian government by the sincere partisans of the July revolution. A young Italian of mild countenance, indelibly marked with the traces of cruel suffering, had arrived in Paris. His name was Maroncelli. He had long been immured in the black dungeons of Spielberg, and the tale of the tortures he had endured was horrible. This innocent victim of the tyranny of a suspicious government had been dragged into a foreign land, where they assigned him for prison a damp and gloomy dungeon, for food black bread and warm water, for bed a bare plank, and for clothes the convict's garb. His left leg, enclosed in an iron ring, to which was attached a chain weighing twenty pounds, had swollen so much that amputation became necessary, so that his presence alone was enough to denounce the barbarity of his torturers. The publicity given to these details, at a moment when every heart was throbbing for Italy, produced a universal and profound impression.

Now it became known on the same day in Paris, that M. d'Appony had announced to the cabinet of the Palais Royal the intended speedy intervention of Austria in the affairs of the duchy of Modena. Austria founded her pretensions on the reversionary right ratified to her by the congress of Vienna. Idle pretext! Could a contingent right of reversion take from the duchy of Modena its character as an *independent state*, which had been conferred on it by the stipulations of Vienna, and which the French government had bound itself to see respected, when it proclaimed the principle of non-intervention? Laffitte declared in full council, that to such pretensions, if Austria

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persisted in them, there was but one possible answer,—war. All the ministers strongly concurred with him. Sébastiani himself, as minister of foreign affairs, undertook to reply in that tone.

Marshal Maison, the French ambassador at Vienna, was ordered to make a declaration to Austria, forbidding her, in formal terms, to enter the Roman states. To this *ultimatum*, leading directly to war, Austria replied not only with firmness, but with insult. As guardian of the honour of his government, and convinced that France could not without infamy suffer a principle to be trampled on, which he was officially commissioned to enforce, the marshal immediately communicated the reply of the Austrian minister to the cabinet of the Palais Royal. At the same time he wrote to General Guilleminot, French ambassador at Constantinople, that the peace of the world was at an end; that France was decidedly constrained to draw the sword for the honour of a declaration which had been menacingly flung back; that every moment was precious, and that all speed must be used in seeking out everywhere enemies to Russia.

General Guilleminot could not hesitate. The situation of the French embassy at Constantinople had been a different one since the revolution of July. At the period of the revolution that cast down Charles X. from his throne, M. de Ribeaupierre was Russian plenipotentiary to the Porte. He was one of your Russians of finely-polished manners, and, before all things, an *homme de salon*; but this did not hinder him from giving vent to a rancorous hatred against the system that had gained the upper hand in France, a hatred the violent expression whereof was not always moderated by good breeding. The Divan, in its submission to Russian ascendancy, had at first prevented the substitution of the tricolour for the white flag; General Guilleminot sent his son-in-law, M. Roger, to the Russian plenipotentiary, to demand an explanation. M. de Ribeaupierre was at table, surrounded by his officers, when M. Roger entered. Unable to prevent the explosion of his antipathies, he began violently to attack the French revolution and its consequences. M. Roger, a man of spirit, and wholly devoted to his country, replied warmly, contrasting the glorious event of July, which had raised France in the world's esteem, with those seditious movements which, in Russia, ended only in assassinations. This scene, though very animated, led to no unpleasant consequences; the obstacles to the change of the French flag were even removed; but a lurking hostility did not cease to exist between the two ambassadors. General Guilleminot was, therefore, neither surprised nor distressed by General Maison's despatch. Negotiations ably conducted might produce, either in the Caucasus or in Persia, efficacious means of diversion, and secure the salvation of Poland; but the essential thing was to bring Turkey to declare against Russia upon the first cannon shot. To this end overtures were made to the Porte, and every thing was secretly prepared in anticipation of impending war.

Meanwhile, the despatch addressed by Marshal Maison to the

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Palais Royal arrived in Paris. It was to this effect: "Until now," said M. Metternich, "we have allowed France to put forward the principle of non-intervention, but it is time she should know we do not think of recognising it as regards Italy. We will carry our arms wherever the insurrection extends. If this intervention is to bring on war, why then let war come! We would rather incur its chances, than be exposed to perish by seduction and riot."

Marshal Maison added, that in order to prevent the dangers that threatened France, she ought without delay to strike the first blow, and march an army into Piedmont.

This despatch, which was commented on with passionate warmth in public, had been transmitted on the 4th to M. Sébastiani. Laffitte, the president of the council, became acquainted with it only on the 8th, by chance, as it were, reading it in the columns of the *National*. It had then been kept concealed for four days from the president of the council! Great was M. Laffitte's surprise. He demanded an explanation. Sébastiani had nothing to offer in his own justification, except reasons so frivolous, that it was an insult to name them, and Laffitte resolved to resign an office of which he was left nothing but the odium. He wished to make one more trial of the gratitude of a prince to whom he had given a crown; and he bitterly complained to him of what had occurred, mingling with the statement of his personal grievances a guarded censure of a policy of which he had been made the instrument while not fully approving it. The king replied to Laffitte with his usual off-hand familiarity: he gently consoled the friend, and seemed desirous of retaining the minister. Then, as if he had been a total stranger to that policy which Laffitte found fault with, he advised him to have an explanation on the subject with his colleagues. Laffitte did so in a meeting held on the 9th of March. But already every thing had been prepared for a change of ministry. Casimir Périer judged that his own time was come, and M. Bouvier-Dumolard had been made the confidential depository of his views on that point. Laffitte was coldly received by his colleagues. He then was aware of all he had sacrificed in sacrificing his country, and he retired from office with a heart incurably wounded.

Thus fell that ministry which had been the progeny of a revolution. The concealment of the despatch was the pretext, not the cause, of the retirement of the president of the council. Laffitte fell because the services he could render to the new dynasty were exhausted. And how should he have been able to keep his ground? On the one hand, if his feelings inclined him towards the people, his opinions tended the other way; on the other hand, the friendship of a king was too dangerous a trial for his sensibility. Laffitte had great financial talents, a shrewd mind, a remarkable facility of speech, a highly graceful and dignified good-nature. In him was met that rare combination, knowledge of business with very extensive literary acquirements. In another position, and under other influences, he might have rendered the greatest services to his country: but with

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his attention divided between the cultivation of his popularity and the care of his credit, he was necessarily wanting in vigour alike for evil or for good. He was irresolute at a moment when interests were impatient to classify themselves, and passions to find utterance. He was condemned to act only by the hand of others, when it was necessary to master, whilst saving it, a bewildered and uncertain society, still palpitating from the violent efforts of its recent conflict. Laffitte's name had been respected; it was compromised: his influence was decisive; it was made subservient to the success of the most deplorable schemes. And thus it was that his ministry constituted an unhappy period in the history of his country.

It was, in fact, during that period that was established, by the successive abandonment of all oppressed nations, the diplomatic system which tended to bring France down to the rank of the secondary powers, in order to obtain acceptance for Louis Philippe's dynasty at the hands of the principal powers. It was also in that period that the bourgeoisie enabled itself to command in public affairs. By the law on municipalities it paralyzed with the same blow the action of the people in the communes, and that of the great local influences. By the law on elections it possessed itself exclusively of the power of the state. By the law respecting the national guard it reserved to itself the dominion of the thoroughfares. Guided by heartless leaders, to whose interested calculations its instincts were marvellously subservient, it armed against insurrection on the 21st of December to put down the republicans, and it encouraged riot on the 14th of February to dismay the legitimatists; being by turns the enemy and the friend of order, according to the exigencies of the moment. How fatal the egotism of such a conduct must have been both to the interests of the subjugated class and to those of the dominant class itself, will be seen in the sequel of this history. But such daring usurpations would never have been possible immediately after a revolution effected by the people, had there not been in office men whose reputation was of a nature to mislead the malecontents and delude public opinion. These men, differing in claims and in the amount of their respective responsibility, were Lafayette, Dupont de l'Eure, and Laffitte. Thanks to this honourable but impotent triumvirate, many took for a necessary transition what was in reality but a transfer of tyranny to other hands. The leaders of the republican party did not share the mistake; but they had never been either strong enough to enforce their convictions, nor sufficiently attended to, to obtain acquiescence in the wisdom of their suspicions.

CHAPTER IX.

To continue the policy of fraud was thenceforth impossible. What end, morever, could it answer? The new régime possessed all the

strength that can possibly belong to the mendacity of needy concessions: it was founded, and nothing remained but to defend it. The natural course of things, therefore, called a violent minister to office. Laffitte retired from the scene; Casimir Périer appeared upon it.

He entered on office with an immense stock of angry passion, a pride without bounds, and a certain fierce impatience to trample on his enemies. An opulent banker, and always on the alert, the noise of factions had caused him mortal alarms, and he burned to avenge the anguish of his fears. As long as the state of things remained uncertain, he had looked on office with a longing, anxious eye without venturing to stretch out his hand towards it But when he thought he perceived that the people misjudged its own position; that the strength of parties did not correspond to their vehemence; that the resources of the spirit of revolt were incomplete and scattered; that resistance could neither be efficacious nor durable against all the combined elements of sway, capital, credit, organization, established position, and discipline;—then he adopted his course with impetuosity, and thought only of proving to the bourgeoisie all it was capable of effecting, by the magnitude of the attempts on which he was about to hurry it: for he did not want vigour, but courage; and if he trembled before the humiliation of a possible defeat, before the dangers of an unequal conflict, at least he was not the man to lose the advantages of strength for want of nerve and resolution.

Fully convinced, moreover, that in saving the interests of the middle class it was his own he would save, he threw his whole personal existence into the conflict. The crown, too, he wished to save; and he rushed to its defence, but without illusion, devotedness, or love, and simply because he chose to support in royalty an institution protective of banking interests.

As president of the council he had already shown on many an occasion how intractable was his egotism, and how savage his pride. One day, for instance, while riot was abroad, he arrived at the Palais Bourbon, which he found surrounded with soldiers. Firing up at the sight, he went straight to the questors, and said, in the loudest tones of passion, "Soldiers, sirs? And by virtue of what orders?" "The minister's," replied the questors. "What minister? You are to receive orders from none here but me." And upon M. Bondy remarking to him that the police of the chamber lay within the province of the questorship, "The police of the chamber! sir," he retorted, contemptuously; "say the police of the lobbies." Such was the man. He impressed every one with the belief that he was made for command, by dint of haughtiness, rudeness, and disdain. It is just to add that he did sometimes reach a pitch of greatness, and that, if he employed despicable beings as tools, it was never without overwhelming them with his scorn. As prime minister he trampled on the legislature, as he had done on the ministry when president of the council; and he came at last to live only in his despotism and

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his animosities, equally harsh to his servants as implacable to his adversaries, heaping insult on the courtiers, talking in the tone of a master to his colleagues, and according to the king himself only a haughty co-operation and a surly respect.

The day after his accession to office he was surprised on repairing to the royal residence to find there only faces in which were depicted discontent, and distrust. The courtiers whispered in an offensive manner as he passed, and followed him with looks of hatred. He arrives in the room where the royal family is expecting him. The king is smiling, the queen polite and grave; but Madame Adelaide affects a frigid bearing, and the Duc d'Orléans betrays by his demeanour the repugnance he entertains for the new minister. Noting all this, Casimir Périer quivered with rage; and, with pale face and lips spasmodically contracted, he went up to the king, and asked to speak with him for a few minutes in private. They entered an adjoining room, and Casimir Périer blurted out the words, "Sire, I tender you my resignation." The king, stupified with astonishment, endeavoured to remonstrate; but Casimir Périer went on, "Enemies in the clubs, enemies in the court, it is too much, sire, it is too much. To make head against so many hostilities at once is impossible." The king listened in painful perplexity. He felt plainly that such a minister would be an intractable instrument, even if he did not aspire to command. On the other hand what means was there of repudiating the uncompromising services of the man? How was the fierce explosion of his enmity to be confronted, and the scandal of his dismissal which would be learned simultaneously with the news of his accession? The king endeavoured to soothe Périer with a profusion of kind words; and finding him inflexible, he called in his sister and his son, told them of the minister's irritation, and what it was proper to do to calm him. Casimir Périer stood by, already enjoying his triumph. He consented to remain minister; but he did not quit the palace until satisfied and avenged.

Casimir Périer's colleagues, were Marshal Soult, minister of war; Sébastiani, of foreign affairs; Baron Louis, of finance; Barthe, of justice; Montalivet, of public instruction and ecclesiastical affairs; d'Argout, of commerce and public works; de Rigny, of marine. Of these ministers not one was competent to strive against the ascendancy of the president of the council. Marshal Soult alone was of sufficient importance to venture on the attempt with impunity: but he appeared disposed to renounce supremacy in the council, provided he were left free in his own special department to exercise his adroit despotism and to increase his fortune. For, conjointly with incontestable military science, and the highest administrative talents, there were in this fortunate soldier all the defects of the old barbarian leaders who invaded the Gauls, savage rudeness, rapacity, and cunning.

Assured of his supremacy, Casimir Périer had now only to make trial of it on the chamber, where, since the February riots, the resist-

ance party exhibited only indecision and alarm. Casimir Périer presented himself in the Palais Bourbon on the 18th of March. When he appeared in the tribune, excited and imperious, there was a moment of breathless expectation. It was clearly felt that, whereas, the ministry of such a man could be but a long duel, his opening speech could be but a challenge. The anticipation was not erroneous. He began by denying with acrimonious candour that the principle of the revolution of July was an insurrectionary principle. He loudly proclaimed his intention of crushing party and of imposing silence on all around the executive. The nations that had become insurgent in imitation of France's example he abandoned to their fate. Thus a pertinacious peace with monarchical Europe, and war to the death with democratic France,—this was what he promised.

"French blood belongs only to France!" he exclaimed in the course of his speech. Impious words! Ignorant and narrow-minded blasphemy! the genius of France having ever consisted in her cosmopolitism, and self-sacrifice having been imposed on her by God equally as an element of her might and a condition of her existence.

Yet the majority of the chamber ecstatically applauded the sentiment. In vain General Lafayette opposed, to this programme of delirious egotism, a touching appeal to every generous feeling; in vain he summoned the government to respect its promises, to have regard to good faith and honour; in vain he pointed out the Italians as having risen on the faith of French declarations, and the Poles as armed for the cause of France. The majority remained unmoved, cold, and silent. Poland, continued the old general, is the advanced guard which has turned round on the main body: and he read letters found in Constantine's portfolio, melancholy testimonials of the dangers impending over the West at the time when Poland, throwing herself on the way of the czar, became a voluntary holocaust. Cheers were heard from the left benches. Then turning an accusing glance on the ministers, "Is it true," demanded Lafayette, "that the government declared it would never consent to the entrance of the Austrians into the actually insurgent countries of Italy?" At this overwhelming question all eyes were turned on M. Sébastiani. "There is a great difference," replied the embarrassed minister, "between not consenting and making war." "And I, for my part," the speaker strenuously retorted, "do assert, that after making an official declaration, to suffer the honour of that declaration to be violated by stopping short at saying, 'No, I will not consent,' is incompatible with the dignity, with the honour of the French people." Intense excitement followed this parliamentary struggle, and it awoke echoes that long resounded throughout all Europe.

Casimir Périer could no longer doubt his ascendancy over the chamber: he rushed forward with haughty strides on the path he had marked out for himself: but he had much cause for uneasiness as to the diplomatic part of his system. A will superior to his had

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already arranged every thing, and the abandonment of Italy, for instance, was a settled thing.

A great number of Italian refugees had assembled in Lyons at the end of February. An expedition into Savoy was concerted among them, and actually prepared for. Some were to march to Grenoble, where they were impatiently expected by some French patriots. Others were to assemble at Tenay, and to enter the Maurienne. The reception they had met with at Lyons had singularly exalted their hopes. On all sides they received marks of sympathy and potent encouragements. Volunteer companies were formed to escort them. The prefect of Lyons himself, M. Paulze d'Yvoi, afforded them noble aid, imagining that in so doing he was acting in accordance with the wishes of the government. It was not long before a ministerial despatch undeceived him. He was ordered to disperse the assemblages of Italians, to hinder their departure; in a word, to frustrate their project. The prefect was struck with surprise and sorrow. To offer a rude resistance to designs which he had explicitly sanctioned, to persecute refugees he had encouraged, was more than he could bring himself to do. He set out suddenly on an official tour, leaving to a *conseiller de préfecture* the unwelcome honour of a task from which his generous nature recoiled. Meanwhile, the manifestation of sympathy with the exiles became stronger and stronger on the part of the Lyonese population. They were urged to set out, and in a mass; and a bold citizen, M. Baune, offered to place at their disposal two battalions of the national guard. They did not think themselves justified in accepting these offers. Their leaders, who corresponded with several important persons in Paris, and particularly with the Princess Belgiocoso, seemed to fear being too precipitate, and giving too conspicuous a notoriety to their attempt. Perhaps they were afraid, lest by accepting too prominently declared a co-operation they should displease the government, whose good faith they were reluctant to suspect after so many indirect promises. The refugees hesitated therefore, and finally quitted Lyons only in small bodies. A rendezvous had been agreed on beforehand. But at the moment some of them were about to touch the frontier, between Maximieux and the bridge of Chazet, they heard the tramp of horses behind them. Presently appeared dragoons and gendarmes, sent in pursuit of them, under the command of M. Carrelet, an honourable officer, who spared no pains to mitigate the rigour of his mission. Resistance was impossible: the unfortunate refugees returned to Lyons in despair.

Some days afterwards, Messieurs Misley and Linati arrived in Marseilles for the purpose of embarking for Italy. They had chartered a vessel, and possessed twelve hundred muskets, two pieces of cannon, and ammunition. They had been joined by many Italians desirous of succouring their native land, such as the Count Grilenzoni of Reggio, the advocate Mantovani of Pavia, Lieutenant Mori of Faenza, and Doctor Franceschini. The day of embarkation was

come, when a telegraphic despatch suddenly enjoined M. Thomas, prefect of the Bouches du Rhône, to stop the refugees. A prohibition to set sail was immediately conveyed to them, and an embargo was laid on the vessel they had chartered. Similar acts of violence were exercised towards M. Visconti, of Milan, and the illustrious General William Pépé, who ever since his arrival in Marseilles had been continually surrounded with spies, as were also the officers who followed his fortunes.

And during this time the Austrians were insolently invading Italy; a band of young patriots, armed for the most part with fowling-pieces, hurried to Novi, to be overborne by numbers and butchered; Maria Louisa had re-established herself in her duchy; the Duke of Modena, surrounded by foreign bayonets, entered that city, where the blood of Menotti, his victim, because he had not chosen to be his murderer, was to flow in testimony of his perfidy; lastly, the insurgents of Modena were flocking to Bologna, to reinforce their brethren of the legations with their arms and their inextinguishable sense of their wrongs.

Then it was that the trap laid for the Italians by the principle of non-intervention stood fully apparent. After the occupation of Ferrara by the Austrians, the government of Bologna sent Count Bianchetti to Florence, with orders to sound the representatives of France and England as to the disposition of their respective courts. The reply was favourable, and the hearts of the patriots were filled with hope and joy. Convinced that the word plighted to the world by a minister of the king of the French was inviolable, but that, to entitle them to the protection of the principle of non-intervention, the Italians ought themselves to be the first to respect it, the government of Bologna shut its eyes to the intervention of Austria in Modena; and when the Modenese, commanded by the noble general, Zucchi, presented themselves, it disarmed them. It went still further. Napoleon and Louis Bonaparte, the sons of the Count St. Leu, evading the affectionate precautions of their parents, had spiritedly flung themselves into the insurrection, and displayed brilliant courage at the advanced posts; they were recalled in all haste by General Armandi, so much care was taken to deprecate the ill-will of diplomacy, and relieve the Palais Royal of all cause of alarm!

For the rest, the means of defence were vigorously prepared. But was it possible that the government of Bologna, left to itself, should resist the force of Austria? Seven thousand men, of whom one-third alone were soldiers of the line, gendarmes, and custom-house guards, this was all the insurgent leaders had to bring against the invading power. Arms, moreover, were wanting. Throughout the whole extent of the insurgent provinces there were but six thousand five hundred muskets. The pikes, General Grabinski had caused to be made, could be of no effectual use against the enemy. Tuscany had refused to let pass four hundred muskets, and as many sabres, purchased in Leghorn. The lot of Italy was left to the mercy of

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chance, or rather it depended wholly on France. The government of Bologna had intreated Lord Normanby to intercede with the British cabinet on behalf of the Italian patriots; and a similar commission for the French cabinet was intrusted to M. Hubert, an officer belonging to the general staff of the Swiss confederation. It was a touching spectacle to behold weakness thus appealing to strength on behalf of violated right. For, in fine, by virtue of what right did Austria send her armies across the Alps, to put an end to a quarrel that was not her own? Here she had not even, as at Modena, a pretext by which she could cover her violence. Her conduct, savage and inhuman with regard to Italy, was furthermore full of pride and insult with regard to France, since the cabinet of Vienna, in trampling the principle of non-intervention under foot, did not even take the trouble to attenuate the insolence of her contempt by the falsehood of her pretensions. M. Hubert proceeded to Paris, where he pleaded the cause committed to his good faith with much energy and noble feeling. Ought not the French government, at least, to offer itself as mediator between the Holy See and the insurgent provinces? The Italian insurrection had been prompted by some motives incontestibly legitimate. To put an end to the convulsions of Italy, by securing the triumph of justice in the land, and saving it from the ravages of a brutal invasion,—what office could be more worthy than this of a country such as France? A generous and lofty policy was, moreover, of all policies the surest and the most prudent. To cause the French name to be hailed with blessings by the south of Europe, could not prove a mean advantage. Where are the natural allies of a people in the act of revolution, if not in the countries over which has passed the breath of the revolutionary spirit? But the Palais Royal longed to put a stop to the agitations produced by the great concussion of 1830. Dynastic interests outweighed all the arguments of wisdom, as well as all the suggestions of duty. M. Hubert was politely received by MM. Casimir Périer and Sébastiani, and could obtain nothing. Not content with hindering the Italians, who were on the French soil, from going to the assistance of their country, the French government allowed the Austrians to pour down on Bologna. This was aiding the enemies of France to violate, against her friends, the principle she had herself proclaimed.

The Austrians entered Bologna on the 21st of March. The provisional government fled to Ancona, the last asylum open to Italian freedom. But the place was not tenable. Dismantled in 1815 by the Austrians, who had only left the old wall standing after blowing up the salient angles, it was protected only by a confined and half-ruinous citadel. General Geppert, who was advancing to reduce it, was the same who had occupied it in 1815. It was on the eve of being attacked both by sea and land, and the numerous army that menaced it were provided with congreves, in addition to a considerable train of ordinary artillery. The garrison consisted of only eight hundred

troops of the line, a company of artillerymen, and a few hundred volunteers. General Armandi, the minister of war, nevertheless set about making preparations for defence. General Buri, who commanded under him, ordered a battery to be constructed on the point of the mole, so as to pour a cross fire on the entrance of the port. The enemy was approaching; all was soon confusion in the city. Here there were traders wild with fright; there enthusiastic patriots loudly calling for the employment of decisive measures. Some, with the vehemence natural to failing parties, reproached the government with its supineness, its illusions, its unwillingness to compromise the revolution in order to save it, and its lack of firm faith in the salvation of Italy. Others talked of pushing matters to the utmost extremity, and transferring the scene of resistance to the Apennines, as inaccessible to regular troops. In this turbulent state of things MM. Vicini, Armandi, Orioli, Silvani, Bianchetti, Sarti, Zanolini, Sturani, and Mamiani, who composed the provisional government, determined to resign their power, and they named a triumvirate, which, however, had not time to enter on its functions. The news of the treaty entered into on the 3d of March between the court of Rome and that of Vienna having dissipated the last hopes of those who most confidently relied on the good faith of the French government, General Armandi went to his colleagues, laid before them all the inevitable tendencies of the times, all the disasters that would flow from an unequal contest, and ended by advising them to treat with the Holy See. His advice was adopted. A deputation, consisting of Armandi, Bianchetti, Sturani, and Silvani, waited on Cardinal Benvenuti, who had been the prisoner of the provisional government since the commencement of the revolution; and it was with their captive, suddenly become the diplomatic representative of the pope, that the insurrectionary leaders arranged the grounds of the treaty by which the insurrection was closed. By the convention of Ancona Cardinal Benvenuti granted the insurgents full and entire amnesty, pledged his sacred word to the faithful execution of the stipulations, and took the title of legate *a latere*. These guarantees appeared satisfactory to all the members of the provisional government, Count Mamiani alone excepted; he refused his signature. The next day, March 27, Ancona passed under the authority of the pope.

The capitulation was no sooner known in Rome than it was resolved to declare it null and void: but the papal court dissembled, in order the more surely to smite the victims marked out for its vengeance. The deluded patriots surrendered themselves on all sides. The column commanded by General Sercognani laid down its arms in the forts of Spoleto and Perouse. Then, and not till then, the rancour and perfidy of the Vatican burst forth undisguised. Cardinal Benvenuti was bent with scrupulous honour on the fulfilment of his word; the engagements entered into by him were considered as non-existent. Sanguinary edicts spread terror

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through the papal states. Persons, property, every thing was assailed with a blind rage, with an inconceivable contempt of the faith of treaties. And as if the indirect responsibility which these horrors cast on the French government was not enough, the name of its ambassador at Rome was mixed up with the cruel phrases in Cardinal Bernetti's proclamations, and no denial on the ambassador's part vindicated the honour of France. As for Austria, she contrived to make her triumphs still more savage than her aggression had been iniquitous. Ninety-eight Italians had embarked in a papal vessel, with the formal consent of the legate, and with regular papers countersigned by the French consul. These unfortunate men were captured in the Adriatic by the Austrians, and cast as malefactors into the prisons of Venice. What crime had they committed towards Austria? Had they made war on that power? Had they provoked it? These questions were indignantly asked, but in whispers, throughout all Italy, now become again taciturn and gloomy. Men thought also of young Napoleon Bonaparte, suddenly carried off by a mysterious illness, at the moment when his appearance on the political stage had given umbrage to the implacable diplomacy of the cabinets. The Duke of Modena, on his part, delivered over Menotti to the executioner, and his disappointed ambition consoled itself with bloodshed. The world looked on with amazement at this dismal spectacle, and all eyes were turned towards France.

But the providential career of that great nation seemed ended. Its diplomacy, like that of the weakest nations, wore itself out in condescensions, and did not even venture to exalt itself to artifices. We left General Guilleminot at Constantinople, preparing every thing for the anticipated event of war. That gallant soldier cherished a lively sense of the dignity of his country. The conflagration of Europe, if it were rendered unavoidable, did not seem to him much more terrible than the everlasting dishonour of a people whose inviolability was essential to the world's liberty. On the 19th of March, the French ambassador laid before the Divan a note, in which he urged Turkey not to declare itself precipitately in a state of hostility towards Russia, but to hold itself in readiness for war. The language of the note was at the same time able and dignified. It pointed out to Turkey that the opportunity was a favourable one for shaking off an oppressive vassalage; that, in case of a general war, her neutrality would be her ruin, and that, by adopting a resolute course, she would escape the danger of being made ultimately to pay the expenses of the war by the partition of her territory. In the situation in which she was placed, it was necessary, therefore, that Turkey should equip her fleet, suspend her resentment against the Pasha of Bagdad, and order the Grand Visir to have done with the Albanians, and to augment his troops.

This note was received by the Divan with favour, but not without perplexity. Bold resolutions were pressed upon it. Accustomed to seek support or advice at the hands of the Austrian internuncio, it

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found itself forced out of the tenor of all its diplomatic habits. In its distress it thought fit to apply to Lord Gordon, the English ambassador, and it communicated General Guilleminot's overtures to him. This proceeding on the part of the Divan was justified by the reciprocal marks of sympathy exchanged by the French and English in Constantinople, since the revolution of July. But a short time before, a vast tent had been erected, and a sumptuous repast had been held, at which the two peoples had cemented their mutual friendship. Unfortunately, Lord Gordon was at heart a thorough tory and Englishman. Was it his intention to betray France? or did he but follow the habitual routine of English diplomacy? Be this as it may, a despatch addressed by him to the English ambassador at Vienna, was laid before Prince Metternich, who wrote in consequence to Paris, to remonstrate and threaten.

The foreign ambassadors immediately assembled at M. Sébastiani's, and sharply questioned that minister as to the conduct of the French ambassador, conduct so little in conformity with the pacific assurances made to them. Sébastiani declared that General Guilleminot had disobeyed the orders given him, and he joined the foreign ambassadors in censuring the jealous zeal with which a representative of France had striven for her honour; and the better to prove the sincerity of his indignation, he resolved to dismiss General Guilleminot with marked and conspicuous discourtesy.

The general's amazement was almost greater than his indignation when he received his recall. Dismissed! and why? For supposing the French government capable of enforcing respect for its most solemn declarations; for deeming it sufficiently careful of its dignity, not to revoke an ultimatum; for having, like Marshal Maison, resented an insult in which the marshal had beheld proof of impending war;—were these, then, unpardonable crimes? It is incumbent on new governments, above all others, never to show signs of weakness; was it, then, such a crime in a French ambassador to have felt that the boldness and decision is often but the better part of prudence? General Guilleminot returned with a mortified heart to Paris. But he could neither obtain justice nor revenge, from a government that was strong only against France and against itself.

These things were, therefore, kept in the shade. The importance of diplomatic negotiations was lost sight of likewise amidst the busy anxieties excited by the domestic policy of the new cabinet. Casimir Périer kept France on the alert, and filled her with the noise of his violence. At first his whole care was devoted to consolidating the strength of the executive. Until his time the government functionaries had sought to conciliate public opinion; he taught them contempt for popularity, and he put them under rigorous discipline. Concourses of men threatened the tranquillity of the capital: he wrested from the fears of the chamber a law prescribing that after being thrice summoned to disperse, the crowd should be

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fired on.* A national association of which the patriots of Metz furnished the plan and set the example, had been formed in Paris with the avowed intention of rendering the return of the Bourbons for ever impossible, but in reality to keep the counter revolution in check. The association published lists which were thickly filled with signatures, it had a fund supported by numerous monthly contributions, it ruled the press, and erected a rival by the side of the government. Casimir Périer denounced it to the parliament as factious, issued a vehement circular against it, dismissed those functionaries who took part with it, and set up against it, in accordance with a financial scheme propounded by M. Henri Rodrigues, an association of all citizens friendly to the executive, a league of lenders of which he declared himself in a manner the head. To invite thirty thousand individuals to realize a loan of one hundred and twenty millions, by each subscribing at par funds equivalent to two hundred francs annual income, such was the plan proposed by M. Henri Rodrigues. It tended manifestly to prevent the ruinous intervention of bankers in the business of loans, and to shake their rapacious supremacy; and in this respect it was calculated to displease Casimir Périer. But in the then critical state of things it was a potent weapon, and as such Périer adopted it, with the full intention of casting it aside when it should have produced the moral effect he expected from it. In fact it was not long before a contract for the loan of one hundred and twenty millions was adjudged to an association of bankers. The subscriptions had not amounted to the sum of twenty-one thousand francs; a fortunate circumstance for that financial oligarchy of which the president of the council was the soul.

For the rest Casimir Périer's whole soul was bent at this period on crushing the republican party. The power of that party was in reality considerable, and every thing had contributed to serve it. A great number of political societies had been formed immediately after the July revolution. The *Association des Ecoles*, directed by two energetic patriots, Eugène Lhéritier and Marc Dufraisse, impetuously called for the destruction of the university. A student named Sambuc founded in the *quartier Latin*, the *Société de l'Ordre et des Progrès*, a real conspiracy having for its object to restore to the people the exercise of its sovereign rights. Every member of this society was to have by him a musket in serviceable condition, and fifty cartridges. The *Union* pursued nearly the same objects, with a less aggressive character and under the shelter of legal forms; whilst the *Société Constitutionelle*, under the presidency of M. Cauchois Lemaire, who had with so much éclat advocated the pretensions of the Duc d'Orléans in the face of the expiring monarchy of Charles X., aimed at the abolition of the hereditary peerage, the suppression of monopolies, a better apportionment of taxation, and an electoral form within prudent limits. The *Société aide-toi*

* *Loi sur les attroupements*, passed by the chamber of deputies, April 2, 1831, and by the chamber of peers, April 9, of the same month.

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that had been so famous under the Restoration, still subsisted and had lost nothing of its influence over public opinion, thanks to the marvellous activity of André Marchais, and Garnier-Pagès. The spirit that animated it was however no longer altogether the same, and the republican party was predominant in it, since it had no longer among its members either M. de Broglie, M. Guizot, or any of those who had made it a stepping-stone to success.

But of all the popular societies the most active unquestionably, and the most important, was that of the *Amis du Peuple*. Shortly after the revolution of July, the members of the *Loge des Amis de la Vérité*, of which M. Cahaigne was then *vénérable*, had appeared in the streets, displayed their symbolical banners, and led the excited multitude after them to that Place de Grève, which had drunk the precious blood of the four sergeants of Rochelle. The ceremony was solemn and affecting. M. Buchez delivered a harangue, every word of which awoke some thrilling recollection. But the *Loge des Amis de la Vérité* here gave proof of its existence for the last time. Embarrassed by its mystical forms, which ill accorded with the sentiment of most of its members, it soon merged in the *Société des Amis du Peuple*, a bold, bustling association, composed of all those heroic youths who had guided the blows of the people in July, and to whom it was given to revive for a moment the habits and tendencies of the jacobin club. For the first few months after the revolution of July, the meetings of the *Société des Amis du Peuple* had been public. They were held in Pellier's riding-school, in a vast hall, where the very numerous spectators always present, were separated from the members only by a slight balustrade. Thither had flocked from the very first, to make their first essay in public life, those who were prompted by genuine conviction, and those who, scorning every obscure position, were fired with the desire to work out for themselves a more brilliant destiny. There, amidst a great deal of idle and vituperative declamation, were put forth grave discourses, eloquent complaints, and sometimes projects characterized by wise and considerate daring. Guizot and de Broglie were still sitting in the cabinet at that time, beside Laffitte and Dupont de l'Eure. The doctrinaires suddenly took fright. Guizot proposed rigorous measures against the popular societies. Dupont de l'Eure resisted this harsh policy. But in the meanwhile subordinate agents of the executive succeeded in setting on the timid shopkeepers of the Rue Montmartre against the *Société des Amis du Peuple*. On the 25th of September, the society being assembled in Pellier's riding-school, a great noise was heard outside. A captain of the national guard was introduced and said in a respectful tone, "I have no orders to give you, messieurs: but your meeting here is the occasion of an assemblage of two thousand persons in the Rue Montmartre: perhaps you will do well to adjourn." "I second that proposal," exclaimed a voice. A staff-officer then coming in besought the meeting to disperse; "he came," he said, "in the name of General Lafayette."

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The society deliberated. We must resist, said some; let us prove ourselves friends of order without, however, suffering our rights to be arbitrarily invaded, said others. Finally the latter opinion prevailing, it was decided that the next meeting of the society should be held by special summons addressed to each member at his domicile, and the members separated in silence, amidst a great crowd actuated by various feelings.

The *Société des Amis du Peuple* had therefore long ceased to exist *as a public assembly*, when Casimir Périer took office: but it was far from having lost its influence. We have seen in a preceding chapter that it equipped a battalion at its own expense, and sent it to the aid of Belgium. One of those who then departed as leaders under that popular banner, was never again to behold his country. His name was Cannes, and he had edited a paper in Paris, called the *Moniteur des Faubourgs*. The independence of Belgium soon counted him amongst martyrs. Faithfully seconded by its intelligent secretary, M. Felix Avril, the *Société des Amis du Peuple* kept up an assiduous correspondence with the departments, rallied the scattered combatants, corroborated wavering convictions, and constantly kept the government in check, by a series of spirited publications: these attacks were the more formidable as there was no means of replying to them but by the impure pamphlets of the police, or by calumnies. For the law officers of the crown could hardly venture upon a judicial struggle, before the still-subsisting magistracy of Charles X., with men whom the revolution of July had surrounded with a sort of halo, and who interested the feelings of the people by their courage. M. Hubert, the president of the society, having been prosecuted for a placard offensive to the chamber, he delivered himself thus in open court.* "It is a singular spectacle to see cited before you, messieurs, two months after the revolution of July, men who have not been strangers to the success of our three great days. Let those who have not recoiled from this deplorable anomaly bear the consequences. As for me, I shall not commit the inexcusable weakness of accepting you for my judges, or defending myself before you. Judges of Charles X. renounce your functions. The people, in giving liberty to your victims, stripped you of your togas, and you yourselves confirmed its sentence by flying when it was fighting. Look at the tri-colour ribbons we wear; two months ago you would have vilified them as insignia of sedition. How can you dare with the same confidence, to judge those who have raised them above your vengeance? How can you dare, sitting on those seats of yours from which the fleurs-de-lys have been torn away, to look those men in the face, who have driven out the idols to which so many proscribed have been sacrificed?" Such was the language of these daring men. The judges would have trembled at the thought of imposing heavy sentences upon them, and the people applauded their high spirit.

*October 2, 1830.

Agitations, when they arise out of a natural movement of the people, almost always turn out to the advantage of extreme parties; all the popular societies, republican and constitutional, had equally added to the strength of the republican party, and it possessed already considerable weight in the balance of the national destinies when Casimir Périer vowed its ruin. The party had distinguished and even illustrious representatives in the parliament, the institute, the press, the army, in the sciences, in the arts, and in trade. But it is particularly as a militant party that it deserves to be considered in this period of French history.

A great and serious thought possessed the leaders of the republican militia and was about to form the business of their lives. They wished to reconstruct the chain of modern ideas which the empire had so rudely broken. They wished to lead back into the course of history that marvellous epoch of the first revolution, over which had passed the *coups d'état* of General Bonaparte. It was their glory, as we shall see, to accomplish this vast design at the cost of absolute self-sacrifice; an incalculable service, enough for ever to mark out their place in the narrative of the most pregnant vicissitudes of French society.

They were for the most part men of brilliant intellect, of chivalric valour, and who answered more exactly than the legitimatist party itself to the ancient national type. Amongst them had taken refuge, when banished from a society overspread with mercantilism, that tone of sarcastic levity and intelligent turbulence, that love of adventure, that impetuosity in self-abandonment, that gaiety in danger, that appetite for action, those lively ways of treating serious things, that formerly constituted the salient characteristics of the nation. Thus, with a curious contrast, an earnest care for the things of the future was found precisely amongst those whose personal qualities best recalled the most brilliant features of the past.

But these qualities, which certainly were not incompatible with any species of political aptitude, were far from answering to the gross and materialist tendencies of the dominant class. The republican party, moreover, was by no means docile or tractable. If it had all the virtues of a strong, a manly cast, it had also serious vices,—an exuberance of zeal, hair-brained courage, a blind confidence in the efficacy of *coups de main*, a secret leaning to distrust of superior men, intolerance, and indiscipline. These vices, under skilful management, might easily have been rendered subservient to most vast designs. Unfortunately the leaders of the party were placed in a position, and surrounded by circumstances, that made every thing an obstacle to them. Repulsed by the bulk of the bourgeoisie, which treated them as dangerous dreamers, without active influence on the general mass of affairs, wanting the consistency derived from established positions, incessantly menaced by the executive or calumniated by the police, they were not free either to lay down a deliberate scheme of proceeding, or to arrange their efforts upon sound principles, to marshal

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the fiery army that offered itself to them, or to choose their allies. In a party which has declared war both on the established government and on all accepted tyrannies, defections are the more to be feared, inasmuch as they are much less frequently punished than rewarded. Hence the leaders of the republican party were constrained in dealing with each new recruit to have in view the possible enemy of the next day. It was necessary for them to enter into compromises with prejudices they deplored, to let themselves be carried too far by the passions of the mass, if they would avoid having it against them; they were compelled to be weak with deliberate intention, and in presence of impulses they lamented to yield a portion of their command in order to avoid losing it altogether. This was a difficult position, and one that naturally begot embarrassments and dangers. It is certain that it was never on the most trustworthy fraction of the people that the republican party relied. It even happened to it to have its ranks sullied by citizens unworthy of them, whose misconduct reverted upon the character of the whole party.

That the party should be circumspect in its selections, and reserved in its alliances, was the wish of some men who, like Charles Fortoul and Charles Teste, conjoined with the highest civic virtues a suspicious temperament, and that painful knowledge of human perversity, which is acquired from long experience in strife. But every scheme for weeding the society was opposed by the majority from their ardent desire to deal heavy blows against a detested power, and their impatience to arrive at the ends proposed.

Before entering irrevocably on the arduous career open to their courage, these enterprising men resolved to make a public confession of their faith. An opportunity was soon afforded to some of their number. Nineteen citizens had been arrested in the sequel of the troubles of December, among whom were MM. Trélat, Cavaignac, and Guinard, all three still young, but matured by the experience of persecution. During the trial of the ministers of Charles X. two of them, Guinard and Cavaignac, commanded the second battery, in which Trélat served as a private; and they were accused of having designed violently to substitute a republic for the monarchy. Sixteen citizens,* implicated in the same charge, appeared along with them before the court of assize in the beginning of April. Students, working-men, and others of all grades awaited them at the doors of the court. Numerous detachments of municipal guards occupied the interior and the approaches to the Palais de Justice. The courts under the arches were filled with cavalry. When the accused appeared a thousand arms were waved to greet them as they passed; they were accompanied by their advocates, republicans like themselves, Messires Marie, Dupont, Boussy, Plocque, Boinvilliers, Rittiez, and Michel de Bourges; and the serenity depicted in their noble

* These were MM. Sambuc, Francfort, Audry, Pénard, Rouhier, Chaparre, Gourdin, Guilley, Chauvin, Pécheux d'Herbinville, Lebastard, Alexandre and Charles Garnier, Danton, Lenoble, and Pointis.

and proud countenances was remarked with sympathy. Carbines, pistols, and some packets of cartridges, were laid on the table of the court.

After a brief address from the president, M. Hardoin, who thought it right to recommend a calm demeanour to the actors in the judicial drama about to commence, the examination of the prisoners began. But it was easy to judge, from the deportment of the accused, how much they reckoned on the ascendancy of their patriotism and their intrepidity. Far from thinking of defending themselves, they attacked, and were, by turns, sarcastic and vehement, ironical and impassioned. The trial lasted two days, and the excitement of the people increased continually. A pretended plot, formed, it was said, under the Pont des Arts, was made use of as a ground of accusation against the prisoners; the whimsical absurdity of the charge was very happily exposed by one of the witnesses, M. Degoussée. Lafayette was also summoned as a witness; and on his appearance the whole audience rose with a spontaneous movement of respect and affection. The old general came to give his testimony in favour of the accused, almost all of whom he knew, and who all saluted him from their places with looks and gestures of regard.

The trial gave rise to highly interesting scenes. In the sittings of the 7th of April, the president having reproached M. Pécheux d'Herbinville, one of the accused, with having had arms by him, and with having distributed them, "Yes," replied the prisoner, "I have had arms, a great many arms, and I will tell you how I came by them." Then, relating the part he had taken in the three days, he told how, followed by his comrades, he had disarmed posts, and sustained glorious conflicts; and how, though not wealthy, he had equipped national guards at his own cost. There still burned in the hearts of the people some of the fire kindled by the revolution of July; such recitals as this fanned the embers. The young man himself, as he concluded his brief defence, wore a face radiant with enthusiasm, and his eyes were filled with tears.

All this rendered the speeches of the professional advisers almost superfluous. Nevertheless, Messieurs Bethmont, Rouen, Marie, Rittiez, Boussy, Plocque, Dupont, and Michel de Bourges, spoke one after the other; and never was cause defended with more manly and lofty eloquence.

MM. Trélat, Cavaignac, and Guinard, were likewise heard. Talents of a serious cast, morals admirably strict, an earnestness of conviction tempered with much gentleness and charity, distinguished M. Trélat in the party to which he belonged. As a physician, he had many a time visited the dark haunts in which dwelt the suffering poor of great cities; many a time had he sat by the bedside of the afflicted and neglected pauper; he drew a pathetic picture of the sufferings he had witnessed; he called to mind the solemn promises that had not been kept, and the great services that had been forgotten.

M. Cavaignac next rose. Though endowed with the organization

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of an artist, which revealed itself in the original grace of his manners, the freshness of his writings, and a most sparkling conversation, Cavaignac took pleasure in studies of deep research, and had adopted an especially serious course of life. As son of the conventionist of the same name, he watched jealously over the honour of memories so cruelly calumniated during the Restoration and the Empire.

"My father," he began, "was one of those who, in the Convention, proclaimed the Republic in the face of then victorious Europe. He defended it in the armies. For this it was that he died in exile, after a proscription of twelve years; and whilst the Restoration itself was forced to leave France the fruits of that revolution he had served; whilst she loaded with favours the men the revolution had created, my father and his colleagues alone suffered for the great cause which so many others betrayed—last homage of their feeble age to the country their youth had so vigorously defended! That cause, messieurs, is therefore bound up with all my feelings as a son; the principles it embraced are my patrimony. Study has confirmed this bent naturally given to my political ideas; and now that the opportunity, at last, presents itself to me this day to pronounce a word which so many others proscribe, I declare, without affectation and without fear, I am, in my heart and by conviction, a republican."

After this noble exordium, Cavaignac repudiated, with singular elevation of thought, all the reproaches addressed to the republican party. It was accused of conspiracy. An idle accusation. Ever since revolutions had been in vogue, conspiracies had counted for very little. The republican party was too sure of the future to lose patience, and refuse to rely on the fortune of the popular cause. It was much better pleased to let monarchy conspire for it by a host of incurable blunders and iniquities. Why should the republican party be over-hasty? Could it fail to know that a dissolving agency was so potently at work on all the means of government, that the latter would require to be wholly reconstructed? Did it not know that, tormented as the world was, by new, immense wants, even a god would find it more difficult to govern than to reconstruct it? The bloody deeds of '93 were cast in the teeth of the republicans! But men of sense, those who judged history by its results, had, doubtless, not forgotten that the Convention had defended the national soil, extended France to her natural limits, and fecundated the germ of every great political idea; and that of all the governments that had successively appeared during a space of six-and-thirty years, the Convention alone had retired because such was its will—retired triumphant, amidst the thunder of the cannon of *Vendémiaire*. Disappointed ambition was imputed to the republicans. Those who cast that slur on them were men whose ambition had been gorged to excess. Passing on to considerations of another kind, M. Cavaignac showed how much deliberate and practical good sense there was in the notions of the republicans, who had too much enlightenment to antedate their programme, and to live on the reminiscences of

Athens and of Rome. He argued against monarchy considered in its action, not on France, but on the secondary powers. Thank heaven! France carried within her what enabled her to surmount the most fearful trials; but what was to become of the nations placed under her ægis, and which it was one of the necessary conditions of the monarchy to abandon? "The revolution," said M. Cavaignac, in concluding his address, "is the whole nation, with the exception of those who fatten upon the nation; it is our country fulfilling that mission of emancipation confided to it by the providence of peoples; it is all France which has done her duty towards them. As for us, messieurs, we have done our duty towards her, and she will find us ready at her call, whenever she shall have need of us: whatever she demands of us, she shall obtain." A burst of applause followed these last words. Nor was the impression less strong after the speech of M. Guinard, one of those young men of lofty stature and noble features, who combined the energetic virtues of the republican with the elegant manners of the high-born gentleman.

As was expected, the traversers were acquitted. All was then acclamations, tears of enthusiasm, and impassioned movements. The spectators gathering round the acquitted prisoners, wished to carry them home in triumph. Guinard, Cavaignac, and the students of the schools, managed to escape the ovation intended for them. The adjutant, Guilley, was recognised, and chaired to his dwelling, in spite of all his remonstrances. More than three thousand persons filled the square of the Palais de Justice and the Quai aux Fleurs.

Trélat and d'Herbinville got into a coach with three of their friends, Achille Roche, Avril, and Lhéritier. The coach set off rapidly, but it was followed by an eager crowd. The horses were stopped, and taken from the vehicle. M. Trélat and his friends in vain endeavoured to recall the multitude to that sobriety of feeling that becomes a free people; they were dragged along at speed to M. Trélat's door, amid shouts of rapturous applause. That night many houses in Paris were illuminated. The triumph was complete.

The trial in which the republicans had just been victorious, announced but a part of the work they were about to undertake. In their declaration of their principles they had only touched on purely political and national questions; they had not alluded to those suggested by the momentous and deeply suggestive phrase, the proletary caste. But it was easy to foresee that they would not recoil from investigating any of the social problems, the solution of which was of importance to the people. The sequel of this history will show with what boldness and effect the republican party made itself instrumental in the elaboration of the doctrines that were for ever to cast discredit on the fundamental vices of modern society. Meanwhile that was a great victory they had just achieved. The destinies of monarchy in France had been again made a moot question in presence of foreign sovereigns, and great was the consternation in the Palais Royal.

The next day, April 16, all Paris was abroad. The population assembled thickly at every point; the national guards, horse and foot, put themselves in motion. No conflict however took place.

Casimir Périer had hoped by a pompous display of strength at least to intimidate the republican party. But under the guidance of men whose boldness grew with the danger, that party put forth redoubled energy, and soon found an opportunity of powerfully arousing the minds of men. The decoration appointed by the law of the 13th of December, 1830, was about to be bestowed on the bravest combatants of July. It was decided at the court that the cross of July should bear the legend, *Given by the King*, and that its reception should be accompanied by an oath. On hearing of this, the republicans assembled to concert measures of resistance, and then went abroad spreading in every direction the indignation that possessed themselves. Here was a presumptuous attempt to revive the old monarchical right: everything through the king, for the king! The revolution of July existed forsooth only at the good pleasure of a prince, without whom it had been effected, whom no one had seen figure in it, and who could only have so figured as the first of rebels. What did they mean by turning into a court bauble what ought to be but an imperishable testimonial of the impotence of despotism and the frailty of thrones? What meant that oath which associated servile sentiments with the recollection of an event whereby had flashed forth the sovereignty of the people, the armed people? Such was the language by which the malecontents excited each other to vigorous resistance. Vehement petitions passed from hand to hand; protests were drawn up; and public banquets were held, as festive rehearsals of revolt. Many citizens who were to receive the decoration appeared boldly with a blue ribbon in their button-holes, were sent to trial, and acquitted. The *décorés* assembled in the Passage du Saumon, under the presidency of M. Garnier Pagès, vowed they would neither submit to the oath nor to the legend. All Paris was in commotion. Excited bands traversed the boulevards, singing the *Marseillaise*. The Place Vendôme was occupied by the people, to disperse whom the government durst only employ fire-engines, lest bloodshed should give the disturbances the importance of an insurrection.

The next day, the feast of the Ascension, tranquillity reigned in the thoroughfares, but not in the hearts of men. The dispersion effected on the preceding day was commented on in various ways, half jocular, half angry. The ludicrous means of quelling the multitude adopted by Marshal Lobau, gave occasion to countless caricatures, in which majesty itself was unceremoniously made the mark of French gaiety. The court took fright; the idea of the legend was given up; the mayors were ordered to distribute the crosses; the executive acknowledged itself vanquished.

Facts like these were profoundly significant. It was clear that on this occasion the leaders of the middle class had hung back. The

fact was, that in this instance the cause of royalty was not identical with that of the bourgeoisie. In reality, though the king had done nothing of his own hand in July 1830, though he had incurred no personal danger, though fortune had saluted him king without having compelled him to do battle, it was essentially in the nature of the monarchical system that to him should be imputed the honour of all the grand deeds done without him. In a monarchical point of view this was not only admissible, but necessary. If the bourgeoisie was not aware of this, it was because, as I have said, it was bent on the realization of that silly utopia, a subaltern royalty, a royalty which should be an instrument rather than a principle.

This error was that of Casimir Périer; which accounts for the supineness he displayed on this occasion contrary to his usual policy. Perhaps, too, he felt a secret satisfaction at the blow dealt the king individually: for he entertained an aversion for the monarch, which he took no pains to dissemble, talking of him in terms devoid of all moderation and all decency, and seeming as though he acted as his minister only to be the better enabled to be his detractor.

The king, on his part, every day more and more regretted Laffitte, and recalled, not without some touch of remorse, his affectionate manners, his goodness of heart, his persuasive language, and his modest services. Forced to endure Casimir Périer, he manifested, in his intercourse with that intractable man, a constraint which his profound wariness could not always sufficiently veil. Casimir Périer, moreover, was more prominently conspicuous than is convenient in a monarchy, in which every thing ought to tend to the king as to its centre. He filled too marked a place among the objects of men's hatred.

Whether it was that the king wished to recall to his own person the too long diverted attention of the public, or that he was desirous of sounding for himself the feelings of the nation, he suddenly resolved to leave the capital. After first making an excursion through Normandy, he proceeded towards the eastern departments. He failed not to visit the battle-field of Valmy. There he appeared to pause with complacency on the spot where he had formerly commanded the batteries beyond and to the west of the mill. On reaching the foot of the pyramid erected to the memory of Kellermann, he fell in with an old soldier who had lost an arm by a cannon-shot, at the battle of Valmy. The king immediately took the ribbon from his button-hole, and decorated the old soldier with it, as Napoleon was used to do. It is the rule in monarchies to bestow capital importance on these insignificant episodes of an immense drama. The court papers made a great ado about the minutest details of the journey undertaken by Dumouriez's old companion in arms. Great were the pains taken to busy France with what concerned her king.

For the rest, the royal passage everywhere called forth manifestations of that commonplace enthusiasm, that eternally-recurring child's play, which is eternally taken in solemn earnest! At Metz,

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however, the reception afforded the king was almost imperious. It was in that city that the first plan of the national association had been drawn up by M. Bouchotte, the mayor; M. Charpentier, president of the *Cour Royale;* M. Voirhaye, avocat-général; and M. Dornez. The dismissal of Bouchotte and Voirhaye on these grounds by Casimir Périer had augmented the irritation of the patriots, among whom were numbered most of the municipal councillors, all the superior officers of the national guard, and several military men of the garrison. The king replied drily to the address of the corporation, which contained remarks hostile to the hereditary peerage. The national guard having wished to express the same opinion through M. Voirhaye, the king impatiently interrupted the speaker, and, snatching the address out of his hand, told him, "The national guard must not concern itself about political questions. It has nothing to do with them." "Sire," replied M. Voirhaye, "it is not an advice it offers, it is a wish it expresses." "The national guard has no wishes to conceive; deliberations are forbidden it; I will hear no more."

This unforeseen incident occasioned the liveliest sensation in Metz. The superior officers of the national guard having been invited to the king's table, one alone complied. Louis Philippe made no long stay in Metz; he left it on horseback in a heavy fall of rain. At some distance from the city, the horse of a young man, who had got mixed up with the cavalcade, struck its head violently against the king's leg, and there was a moment of general anxiety. It was feared, for an instant, that an attempt had been made on the life of Louis Philippe.

It was during this journey that Casimir Périer, whose spleen had been exasperated by a particular occurrence, wrote to Marshal Soult, the companion of the king's tour, "If this continues, I will break you like glass."

On the 14th of July, the anniversary of the taking of the Bastile, the project of planting a tree of liberty occasioned tumultuous scenes in Paris. A young man, named Désirabode, rushed, pistol in hand, against the magistrate who appeared at the head of a detachment of national guards to prevent that popular demonstration. The young man was surrounded by numbers of the guards, and fell pierced with many bayonet wounds. No other disaster occurred, and the crowds dispersed, after having given cause at one time to apprehend some great catastrophe.

The chamber of deputies was prorogued on the 20th of April; it was dissolved on the 3d of May. We have seen on what bases it had planted the dominion of the bourgeoisie. Casimir Périer forced it irresistibly to submit to the dictates of his pride, he obtained from it nearly thirteen hundred millions as a provisional grant, and he felt the more confident of his power to control it, as it obeyed, without liking him. But this very circumstance, it was thought, rendered it obnoxious to the king, who, besides having been crowned by it, owed it a gratitude with which he was, perhaps, secretly annoyed.

CHAPTER X.

AMONG the new men who seemed likely to figure in the tribune during the session which was about to commence, were remarked General Lamarque, a son of the south, whose vivid, copious, and glowing language was always redolent of martial deeds and antique renown; a man of little reach as a statesman, but an impassioned representative of that imperial soldiery whose patriotism had remained monarchical from habits of discipline; M. François Arago, so famous in the annals of science, and whose name was so familiar a sound in Europe; M. Duvergier de Hauranne, a member of the family that had given birth to the jansenist founder of the Port Royal; and last, MM. Thiers and Garnier Pagès, whose destinies were to be so dissimilar, and who were both of them to occupy an important place in the history of their country.

The opposition had no real recognised leader: Odilon Barrot, however, was already its most influential member. He possessed good faith, steadfastness, disinterestedness, love of what was right—all the virtues of the private man. But his patriotism was somewhat languid; his honesty was timid, and his sincerity somewhat too ingenuous. What ought to have been his will was only his wish. His conceptions were praiseworthy rather than magnanimous, and he showed himself capable neither of daring nor of passion. He was said to be but moderately versed in the science of public affairs; and as he had neither the dryness of practical men, nor the fire of those who are prompted by quick feelings, he was looked on as a dreamer by one set of men, as a calculator by others, and all his actual qualifications went for nothing. As a speaker, he was fond of summing up discussions, but he did not give them point and precision; or else he generalized the subject under discussion, without enlarging it. But his eloquence left a lasting impression, because it was sound, lofty, and strong. Besides, despite his sombre visage, the slightly scornful turn of his lip, and the apparent stiffness of his demeanour, there was in him a simplicity of feeling, an ignorance of guile, a nobleness of heart and character, that gave him a great power to attract, if not to charm and captivate. People forgot to bear him envy.

M. Mauguin was the natural rival of Odilon Barrot in the opposition: and in the same degree as the latter was circumspect, barren of resources, and fond of taking a wary middle course, the former was prompt to attack, impetuous, and inventive. But with more originality and more force than his rival, Mauguin had less weight and influence. His very vigour was sure, sooner or later, to alienate from him most of the members of the opposition, who dreaded being led away too far; for the most energetic men in the chamber car-

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nestly wished to believe that the constitutional system could be ameliorated without being weakened: a sort of illusion, which was carried to a greater extent by Odilon Barrot than by any one else, not from incapacity, but from candour.

Be this as it may, to M. Mauguin belonged the leading part as long as the revolutionary movement pervaded the nation. He became the centre of the military party in the chamber; and we shall see him, seconded by General Lamarque, dealing the executive tremendous blows. No one, furthermore, traced on the map of Europe more assiduously than M. Mauguin the course of remote expeditions; no one took more delight in unravelling the intrigues of courts, and unveiling the artifices of diplomacy; no one more watchfully and busily observed the affairs of the general world.

Now, at that period, France hung more upon the life of other nations than on her own. The minds of her people were almost exclusively occupied with the events then current in Poland, Portugal, and Belgium; and these were to form the topics of every discussion in the session that was about to open. Poland was, above all, the great object of anxiety. Glorious privilege of the noble land of France, to have for her history that of all oppressed peoples!

The overflowing of the Vistula had suspended the war since the battle of Grochow; but General Dwernicki, commander of the right wing of the Polish army, had kept the field throughout February at the head of a small body of 3000 horse. Surrounded by the republicans of the army, that heroic man performed prodigies. Daring to a degree that amounted to genius, and prompt as lightning, with his 3000 soldiers he routed and dispersed 20,000. On the 14th of February, he beat Geismar in the valley of Sieroczyn. On the 17th, he crossed the Vistula, advanced to meet General Kreutz in the palatinate of Sandomir, and, coming up with him in the forest of Nowawies, put him to flight. On the 2d of March he came up with him again at Pulawy, where he cut to pieces the dragoons of Prince Wurtemburg. Everywhere victorious, he went and took up his position at Zamosc, in obedience to the orders of jealous superiors.

The necessity was felt at Warsaw of superseding Radziwill as incompetent, though no one had the cruelty to make a crime of his incapacity, since he himself confessed it with a modesty that ennobled his misfortune. Who was to be his successor? Count Pac, formerly aide-de-camp to Napoleon, the great mathematician Prondzynski, and Krukowiecki, were the rivals set up against Skrzynecki, now in the full lustre of his recent glory. The republicans proposed Dwernicki; but Skrzynecki prevailed, being supported by the aristocratic party of Warsaw, and being recommended by Chlopicki, whose wounds redeemed his errors.

Had the French government felt the same sympathy for Poland as France did, it would have rendered an incalculable service to the Polish cause, by lending its influence to the democratic party, and labouring to prevent the election of Skrzynecki. No kind of inter-

vention could have been equal in value to that: for what was wanted for the triumph of Poland under such circumstances, was a government of raging madmen. There are times in which ordinary prudence is fatal to empires. Skrzynecki continued what Chlopicki had begun.*

He was a man of acute mind, accomplished in all the profligate arts of the diplomatic circles, valuing only polished manners, titles of nobility, and outward graces. He took pleasure in displaying the pomp of his office, held reviews in his open carriage, and was surrounded by a host of young exquisites, who, to please him, had adopted Parisian airs, and the language of high fashion. Imbued with that jesuitism which had crept into all the courts of Europe during the French Restoration, Skrzynecki was a constant frequenter of the churches, and affected to talk of heaven in all his speeches, and even in his proclamations to the army. Such a man, a congregationist in epaulettes, and a pertinacious negotiator, was evidently not the leader befitting an armed revolution, though he possessed courage, a quick discerning eye, and military science, and was pricked on by ambition.

After a month's cessation of arms spent in attempts to come to an accommodation with Diebitch, the commander-in-chief resolved to resume hostilities. But he preserved the most profound secrecy as to his plans. In the night of the 30th of March, whilst Warsaw was wrapt in sleep, Skrzynecki silently assembled his troops; the Praga bridge was covered with straw and crossed without noise. General Rybinski's division, supported by a brigade of cavalry, marched towards Zomki, and arrived by daybreak on the flanks of Geismar's forces, which occupied a strong position in the forest of Waver. A thick fog overhung the country, and the Russians, supposing the enemy to be remote, were fast asleep. Before beginning the attack, Rybinski detached Colonel Ramorino with part of his division into the wood. The colonel making a detour, posted himself behind the Russian entrenchments, so as to cut off their retreat. The enemy suddenly assailed in front and in flank had no time to recover from their confusion, for scarcely had Rybinski's infantry opened their fire, when the lancers, sallying from the barriers of Grochow, fell upon Geismar's advanced posts and routed them. His ranks were all in disorder, and all his efforts to rally his battalions were fruitless. The Russians thought to escape by the road to Minsk, but they fell in with Ramorino, who charged the surprised

* We cannot too strongly insist on this point. When the opposition so vehemently reproached the government, in 1831, with its conduct towards Poland, the opposition pleaded a very righteous cause; but it pleaded it upon bad grounds, and this because it was ignorant of what was passing in Warsaw, where France had a consul devoted to the Russians. To support the party of the *exaltés* from the first by his agents, this is what M. Sébastiani ought to have done, and what it was reasonable to exact of him. Those who demanded more were thereby misled into declamations but too easily refuted. One thing is certain, namely, that Poland owed her ruin to her doubtless patriotic, but unintelligent aristocracy. When a revolution like hers has broken out, those only who do not fear to exaggerate it, save it.

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and panic-stricken fugitives at the point of the bayonet. The rout was then complete: Geismar's corps were half destroyed or made prisoners, and the Russian general fled with the remains of his forces through the wood to Dembewilkie.

Rosen's division was posted there, 15,000 strong, in a position protected by woods, and favoured by the sloughy nature of the ground, which was impracticable for cavalry and artillery. But it was still daylight, and though he could only come at Rosen by the narrow ground afforded by the high road, the commander-in-chief gave orders to take possession of the village of Dembewilkie, situated in an open glade on the side of the main road, which it commands. Though unable to reply to the Russian artillery, the 4th and 8th regiments of the line gallantly advanced in defiance of a tremendous fire, and repeated charges of the enemy. Two pieces were at length brought up with immense exertion, and about evening, the 4th regiment charged into the village. General Skarzynski's cavalry and the Posen squadrons then came up by the defile, passed the village, charged the enemy's centre, and bore down his infantry and his hulans. The Russians abandoned the field of battle, with the loss of 2000 men killed, twelve pieces of cannon, innumerable arms, and 6000 prisoners. The Poles had lost but 300 men. The next day Lubienski hotly pursued Rosen through the towns of Minsk and Kaluszyn, and increased the number of prisoners to 11,000. Skrzynecki had not the skill to turn his advantages to good account, or to make up by the audacity of his movements for the want of numbers: he was accused of indecision, and in fact he did not know how much might have been made of the enthusiasm of the victorious Poles, and the discouragement of the Russians, who seemed to be delivered into his hands by the incapacity of Diebitch. The Russian troops were so disheartened by the unexpected reverses they had sustained, that being attacked on the 10th of April, at the village of Iganie by General Prondzynski, they disbanded; and the flower of the Russian infantry, those whom the emperor called ever since the Turkish war, *the lions of Varna*, laid down their arms, tore the eagles from their schakos, and fled or surrendered.

The victory of Iganie, in which the Russians lost 2500 men and some pieces of cannon, did not produce all the results that might have been expected, on account of the slowness of the generalissimo to execute the movement agreed on. Prondzynski expected every moment to see him approaching from Siedlce through Bohimie, according to the plan they had arranged together. It would have been all over with Rosen's corps, if, instead of losing invaluable time in repairing the Kostrzyn bridges, Skrzynecki had sooner debouched from the forest; he would have cut off the Russians' retreat and destroyed a whole division.

But a more terrible disaster than war was about to inflict its ravages on the Poles. The cholera morbus was on its march from India. To the north it had advanced into Siberia; to the south it

had spread as far as the coasts of New Holland; eastwards, it had crossed the great wall of China, and showed itself in Pekin; westwards, passing over the Caspian Sea, it had infected Tiflis and New Georgia, crossed the Caucasus, entered the Russian empire, and broken forth in Moscow; and Diebitch's soldiers carried it with them. It was at the battle of Iganie that the Poles contracted this frightful malady: it began with the regiments that had been most engaged, and soon spread to the rest of the troops. It was as though the mortality of battles was not enough to satisfy the mutual rancour of the belligerents.

The French government heard with alarm the news of the approaching contagion: its dread of the affliction roused it from the indifference with which it beheld the dangers of Poland. At the request of M. d'Argout, minister of commerce, a committee of French physicians was selected by the Academie Royale de Medicine on the 19th of May, to proceed to Poland and study the nature of the cholera morbus. The committee arrived in Warsaw in June, where it found what are called the lowest classes huddled together, as is everywhere the case, in the filthy, ill-paved quarters of the old city, overspread with stagnant water; the atmosphere was moist and unhealthy; and the diet of the people was black bread, unwholesome meat, and acid and unripe fruit. It was on this, the most wretched class of all, that the cholera inflicted its first and its most lasting visitations. The rest of Poland presented the same spectacle. It was in the haunts of misery, where measures for the preservation of the public health were impossible, where the families of the poor, always numerous, were crowded together, that the disease showed itself in its worst character. The Polish peasant, nevertheless, saw it without dread, and endured it without complaining. The schooling of despotism had steeled him to all the hardships of life, and made him heedless of his ills. Dressed in a kind of blue smock frock, fastened with a belt, barefooted, or with tattered shoes, he goes afield at dawn, provided with his pipe and a little corn spirit; and thus he lives miserable and resigned to his fate.

The French physicians made it their first business to examine whether or not the cholera was contagious, that is to say, whether it depended on a communicable virus. To this end they tried to inoculate themselves with the disease, and with the courage that has always done honour to science, they impregnated their bodies with the blood of choleric patients, or with other fluids from the bodies of those who had died of the disease; but not one of them was affected by these experiments. And as the cholera did not attack either the physicians who visited the sick, or the nurses and attendants who took care of them, or any one of those who visited the hospitals for charitable purposes, they concluded from these facts that the disease was not contagious.

The contrary opinion prevailed, however, among the people. It was said the cholera had been imported into Dantzig by vessels from

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Russia; it was remarked that the Polish army had contracted it by mingling with the enemy, and that the cholera broke out in the towns precisely on the instant after the passage of the Russians. The French physicians themselves were obliged to admit that the movements of the troops, the assemblage at one point of a great body of men, carrying with them a special atmosphere, might have an influence not exercised by a solitary choleric patient. These bold hypotheses were caught up by passion; they augmented the fury of the Poles, who accused the Russians of having taken an unknown plague for their ally.

Whether true or false, this opinion spread through Europe, and France adopted it with avidity. It was loudly demanded in the name of humanity that an impious war should be put an end to, a war waged to gratify the pride of one man. Indignation was felt at the support afforded by Prussia to the Russian army, whilst Austria appeared to observe at least an honourable neutrality. The journals of the French government asked, ironically, did the powers intend to retaliate for the propagation of principles by the propagation of contagion; and the *Journal des Débats* said: "Who will recollect that the King of Prussia is the father-in-law of the Emperor Nicolas, on the day when the plague shall march to Berlin, as it is now doing to Vienna? These are family ties that cost nations too dear."

But the Powers closed their ears to these cries wrung from fear. Austria, as if to belie the sympathy for Poland imputed to her, had already seized the occasion presented to her by the events we are about to relate.

Since Dwernicki was in occupation of Zamosc, the nobility of Volhynia, Podolia, and the Ukraine, encouraged by his vicinity, were preparing a vast insurrection, the generous intention of which extended even to the emancipation of the serfs. To urge on this great movement, to methodize it, and to support the patriotism of those regions covered with forests and inhabited by rude hunters, was the task given Dwernicki to accomplish with his small band, which was so weak, that to give him such orders seemed equivalent to dooming him to destruction.

Be this as it may, resolved to pass through the three armies that menaced him, Dwernicki set out from Zamosc on the 3d of April, and arrived on the 16th at Boremel, where he speedily encountered Rudiger's corps. One of those engagements ensued, which nothing but Polish fury can explain. Leaving his infantry in the village, Dwernicki, with 2000 republican cavalry, dashed at Rudiger's 9000 men: with two charges he put them to the rout, and captured eight pieces of cannon. The next day Dwernicki directed his march to Podolia, pursued by Rudiger, who had effected a junction with Kaysaroff. At noon, General Roth advanced to bar his way. The Polish general learned, at Kolodno, that it was intended to cut him off from the frontiers of Galicia. He pushed on

to Lulince; but on the night of the 25th of April, Rudiger, violating the Austrian territory, ordered a detachment to place itself in the rear of the Poles. On the morning of the 27th, when the fog cleared off that concealed the manœuvres of the Russians, Dwernicki saw himself surrounded by 25,000 men, he then crossed the frontier, but the Austrian troops which had tolerated the violation of their territory by the Russians, surrounded him and forced him to lay down his arms. The inhabitants of the place which the little band passed through as prisoners, received them with enthusiasm; the ladies of Presburg plucked the button's from Dwernicki's uniform, and hung them with gold chains from their necks.

Dwernicki's disaster frustrated the insurrection of the southern provinces. That of the Lithuanians thenceforth attracted all the attention of the Poles.

Skrzynecki lost precious time after the battle of Iganie. He might, with his whole combined force, have fallen successively on each of the grand divisions of the Russian army, which were always at a considerable distance from each other, and have beaten them separately, from his superiority both in valour and in numbers.

The Russian guard was in cantonments between the Bug and the Narew, twenty leagues to the north of Diebitch's head-quarters. It occupied the ground extending from Lomza to Zambrow, and Diebitch could only join it by passing the Bug. The guard, 20,000 strong, was commanded by the Grand Duke Michael, and contained the élite of the Russian nobility. Its destruction would have been a mortal blow to the Emperor of Russia, and would have exposed him to the hatred of the already malecontent great families. This corps was, therefore, the first which the Polish generalissimo should have attacked, the more because in marching to give it battle he might have thrown succour into insurgent Lithuania.

Skrzynecki had lost a month in tergiversations: he resolved to act at last. On the 12th of May he quitted his camp at Kaluszyn, and marched on Serock, a town situated at the confluence of the Bug and the Narew. He had with him 46,000 men and a hundred pieces of cannon.* In order to mask this great movement from Diebitch, he left General Uminski at Kaluszyn with a few troops.

Having arrived at Serock on the 14th, without any thing having transpired as to his designs, either in the Russian army or in Warsaw itself. Skrzynecki divided his army into two columns, and throwing himself into the ground enclosed between the two rivers, he marched against the guards, having the Bug on his right and the Narew on his left. One of the columns, under the command of Lubienski, moved in the direction of Nur, to observe Diebitch, and hinder him from crossing the Bug. The other, under the orders of Skrzynecki himself, marched on Lomza to surprise the guards, menacing Ostrolenka on its left, a small town on the left bank of the Narew, and surrounded by sands and marshes.

* His forces had been considerably augmented since the commencement of the war. They amounted in all, at this period, to about 86,000 men.

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The town was occupied by a division of 7000 men, under the command of Sacken, who was thus parted from the Russian guard by the whole distance between Ostrolenka and Lomza.

Instead of passing by Sacken's corps, which could afterwards have been destroyed in its isolated position, and which was kept in check by a Polish division previously sent forward to the right bank, Skrzynecki committed the mistake of detaching General Gielgud against Sacken, whereby he at once weakened the Poles and forced Sacken's Russians to fall back on Lomza and rejoin the guards. Already, moreover, the guards profiting by Skrzynecki's tardiness had gained a march, and placed the river between them and the enemy.

The expedition against the guards failed, therefore, for want of vigour and audacity. Diebitch at length received information of these great movements. He might have marched on Warsaw, and effected a formidable diversion: he preferred going to the support of the guards. He left his camp at Siedlce in haste, and with as much promptitude on this occasion as he was usually slow, he advanced to the Bug, crossed it above Nur, and attacked Lubienski in the plain. Lubienski, at the head of his 10,000 men, bravely sustained the assault until evening. Hemmed in by Count Witt's cavalry he refused to surrender, forced a passage through the enemy's ranks at the point of the bayonet, whilst the *faucheurs* mowed down the Russian cavalry, and escaping under cover of darkness effected his junction with the generalissimo. The latter, hearing cannon in the direction of Nur, was already falling back on Ostrolenka; and on the night of the 25th he passed the Narew, over the two bridges of that town, with the bulk of his army and all his artillery, avoiding a battle, but by some inexplicable mistake leaving Lubienski's corps unsupported on the left bank.

Meanwhile the guards recovering from the alarm, and finding the ground clear between the two rivers, had effected their junction with Diebitch, and on the morning of the 26th, the whole Russian army advanced on Ostrolenka.

In front of the town extends a plain, interspersed as we have said, with sands, marshes, and some wooded hillocks. Here Lubienski's cavalry deployed, awaiting the Russians, behind General Kaminski's division of infantry.

At nine in the morning, the great Russian army arrived *en masse* in the plain, spreading out like a fan and flanked by clouds of Cossacks. The affair was begun by the troops of General Berg, which were vigorously received by Kaminski's infantry. But as the vast numbers of the Russians threatened to hem in the whole Polish body, it was forced to abandon the ground. The cavalry first fell back on Ostrolenka, and General Pac ordered it to cross over to the right bank. It was followed by Kaminski's infantry. The fourth regiment of the line brought up the rear, and fell back slowly; stopping from time to time to repulse the Russian cavalry which poured like a deluge upon it, it fired from all its fronts, and reached Ostrolenka, whilst the troops, whose retreat it recovered, hurried

through the town to the two bridges to join the bulk of the Polish army encamped in perfect security on the right bank.

But the Russians entered on the heels of the rear-guard at several points. Disorder began. Unfinished barricades obstructed the streets; shells burst in every direction, and the houses of Ostrolenka were in flames: the fight continued in the midst of the conflagration. Whilst the Poles were debouching by all the issues towards the bridges, the grenadiers of Astrakan, already posted in the houses adjoining the river, fired at point blank distance on the retreating battalions. The Russians, mingled with Poles, choked up the avenues and planted their batteries on the bank of the river.

The fourth regiment left alone in the town, had to cut its way through this dense multitude. It closed its ranks, and with loud hurrahs charged the human mass at the point of the bayonet, made an awful carnage, and cleared a passage to the bridge, leaving it piled with dead. Nothing was seen on the surface of the blood red Narew but the dead or the dying.

It is eleven in the forenoon. The Astrakan and Souwaroff grenadiers rush headlong on the crazy bridges in pursuit of the fourth regiment of the line. The Polish cannoniers, after repeatedly sweeping the bridge, have been one by one picked off by sharpshooters, and stretched dead by their guns. It is round these pieces that the fight rages on the right bank. The Russians are protected by the fire of eighty guns, which the curve of the river enables them to range in a horse-shoe form on the left bank. Suddenly the generalissimo arrives in wild dismay among the Poles. A moment before, quiet and unsuspecting in his head-quarters, he thought he heard the noise of a common engagement. The troops seated round their bivouac fires, had not eaten for thirty hours. On learning that the Russian army is assailing the right bank, all assemble tumultuously; the battalions rush to meet the enemy without order or concert. Skrzynecki gallops like a madman from column to column, shouting, "Ho! Rybinski! Malachowski! Forward! forward, all!" Himself, with his coat torn with balls, rushes towards the bridge from which fresh masses are every moment issuing; and taking his battalions one after the other, he plunges them into the mêlée. The generals set the example; Langermann, Pac, Muchowski, and Prondzynski execute furious but ineffectual charges; the Polish artillery has soon spent its ammunition; the battery of Colonel Bem alone carries death into the ranks of the enemy. The battle is fought man to man, with swords and pikes. A sort of frenzy seizes the Poles. Hundreds of officers are seen rushing to the front, sword in hand, singing the Warsaw hymn. The lancers attempt to charge in their turn, and the generalissimo urges them on at full speed; but their horses sink up to the breast in the plashy soil, and they are exterminated without striking a blow.

Night began to fall: the field of battle was now but a vast cemetry. Skrzynecki had succeeded in preventing the Russian army

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from passing over wholly to the right bank. He remained master of the field: but it had cost him 7000 men. Generals Kicki and Kaminski were slain, 270 officers had fallen. The Russians recrossed the Narew during the night, having lost more than 10,000 men. The Polish generalissimo gave orders to retreat to Warsaw, and as he stepped into his carriage with Prondzynski, he repeated sadly the famous words of Kosciusco, *Finis Poloniæ.*

Retired in the camp of Pultusk, whither the cholera had pursued him, and overwhelmed by his losses, Diebitch had sunk into a profound melancholy. No longer doubting the loss of his master's favour, he sought oblivion of his troubles and humiliations in intoxication. Suddenly the arrival of Prince Orloff in the camp became known. The emperor's envoy bore an ominous name. The Orloffs counted the murders of two sovereigns in their family traditions. Every one saw in the sudden appearance of this man, the announcement of a mysterious sentence of death.

The count and the field-marshal had an interview, they sat at the same table, and on the 11th of June, General Toll took the command of the Russian army. Diebitch had expired in horrible agony. Had he fallen a victim to the epidemic, or to that other dire scourge, the rancour of the great ones of the earth? The popular opinion was that he had been poisoned.

From Pultusk, Count Orloff proceeded to Minsk where the grand duke was staying. They had an interview, they sat at the same table, and Constantine died.

The Princess de Lowicz loved her husband, a tiger whom she had tamed. Seeing all around him none but foes, she had watched over him with the vigilance and courage of affection, with that admirable intensity of devotedness with which women cling to what is frail or in danger. When Constantine died she had neither the strength nor the wish to survive him; the aim of her existence was lost, and she pined away in pious, mute, and uncomplaining sorrow.

Many were the tears shed over the grave of this Polonaise, so beautiful and so true-hearted. The noble character of her affection for her husband, and its beneficial influence over him were no secret to any one. As for Constantine, the public malediction that had weighed on him throughout his life, continued to cling to his memory; a malediction so terrible, that it smothered even the interest generally felt for victims of high rank. For, the grand duke's death, as well as that of Diebitch, was attributed to some black deed: and it must be owned that a combination of circumstances tended to render this opinion probable in the eyes of the multitude which readily believes in the excess of evil.

Nicolas, however, and his favourite, Count Orloff, were men whom those who knew them well deemed incapable of an act of perfidy. It was difficult too to reconcile the horrible idea of fratricide with the facts connected with the emperor's coronation. We may be permitted to go back to these facts, because they may serve

to throw light on a question that occupied the attention of all Europe in 1831.*

Though Constantine had renounced his title to the crown of the czars in the actual life-time of Alexander, Nicolas had not ventured, on hearing of the death of his elder brother, to ascend a throne, the way to which was only opened to him by a doubtful resignation. Constantine was at this period in Poland. Nicolas sent him an aide-de-camp, named Sabouroff, to acquaint him with Alexander's death, and salute him emperor. On hearing the title of majesty addressed to him by the messenger of Nicolas, Constantine burst into a furious rage. Distracted by conflicting feelings, wishing to reign, but unwilling to betray his promise, he ordered that he should be left alone. Even the Princess Lowicz herself could not speak to him or approach him at that moment of crisis; but she made him a sign from a distance, and clasped her hands with the gesture of supplication. Constantine shut himself up in his apartment for two hours. When he left it, the broken furniture and the glasses shattered to atoms, showed in what way the transports of his savage soul had expended themselves. He now appeared with a tranquil countenance. He went up to the perplexed and anxious Princess de Lowicz, and said, "Set your mind at rest, madam: you shall not reign."

Sabouroff returned to the capital of the czar. Secure of his brother's consent, and victorious over a conspiracy that placed the Romanoff family on the very verge of destruction, Nicolas saw himself decidedly emperor. He gave orders for his coronation. But that there might remain no doubt of his legitimacy in the mind of the old Russians, of whose physiognomy and character his brother presented the truer type, it would be necessary that Constantine should come to Moscow, and by his presence silence all suspicions. Nicolas anxiously expected him for a long time. At last, on the eve of the day at first fixed on for the emperor's coronation, Constantine stepped out of his carriage, attended by a single aide-de-camp. Nicolas in great delight hastened forward to meet him cordially; but his surprise was extreme when the grand duke drily declared that he was come solely for the purpose of attending the ceremony, and that he would return the same evening to Poland. To make matters more embarrassing, Nicolas was obliged to tell his brother that the preparations not having been completed, the coronation could not take place before eight or ten days. On hearing this, Constantine spoke out all his dissatisfaction in very plain and unmeasured terms, at the same time saying he would endure the annoyance. Meanwhile, the news of Constantine's arrival had spread, and the old Russians, the men who wore their beards, gathered together in the streets, and talked of him with gloomy enthusiasm. Tormented with anxiety, Nicolas knew not how to soothe the fero-

* The details we are about to give of the emperor's coronation were furnished us by an eye-witness, who was attached to the diplomatic body.

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cious humour of the brother who insulted him whilst bestowing on him a crown. To amuse Constantine he ordered grand military manœuvres, which led them both daily out of Moscow. But no sooner were they out of the town than Constantine rudely separated from the emperor, drawing off the flux of the spectators after him, and leaving the humiliated czar only the diplomatic corps for escort. Things were in this state when Constantine learned by chance that Nicolas had given orders to have a throne erected for his elder brother, in the church where the ceremony was to take place, opposite his own and beside that of the empress mother. From that moment there appeared to be a very great alteration in Constantine's looks and manners. The day before the coronation the emperor went to the Kremlin as usual to see the troops parade. It happened that the battalion on duty formed part of the regiment of which Constantine was chief officer. As the title of head of a regiment is purely honorary in Russia, and may even be conferred on princesses, it was not obligatory on the grand duke to appear with his regiment. Every one was therefore greatly struck by the sight, when he took his place behind General Sacken, to the right of the first grenadier of the second rank. The battalion put itself in motion. A crowd of busy spectators thronged the suite of platforms erected for the approaching ceremony. At the extremity of the square stood the emperor, motionless, watchfully controlling his own feelings, but with an anxious heart. Constantine crossed the whole square, keeping rank, and marching in exact time. When he stood before him whom he was making emperor, he raised his hand respectfully to give the military salute: Nicolas caught him by the arm, and when Constantine stooped to kiss the hand of his brother, now become his master, the emperor eagerly drew him to his breast; and they mingled their embraces. Many spectators burst into tears; and the people, touched by the grandeur of the scene, made the Kremlin ring with loud and long applauses. The next day the grand duke left unoccupied the throne prepared for him in the church, and modestly took his place beside the Grand Duke Michael. Never was investiture more affecting and heroic.

It may be conceived how utterly improbable the idea of a base assassination must have appeared to those who recollected such scenes as these. On the other hand many years had elapsed since their occurrence, and the intercourse between the brothers in the interval had not been without its clouds. It is important to remark furthermore that there had been something inexplicable in Constantine's conduct during the Polish war. It is said that far from contributing to the success of the Russians, he rejoiced at their disasters, and that without disguise; whether it was that the subaltern part assigned him in the campaign had irritated his pride beyond measure, or that he was glad to show what sort of men in the fight were those Polish warriors whom he boasted of having trained to the art of war, and whom he continued to call his children.

Notwithstanding the remoteness of the scene of these events from France, the French nation watched their progress with a passionate eagerness, from which it could hardly be diverted by the sense of its own wrongs. Serious matters, however, which touched it nearly, had occurred in Portugal. Don Miguel reigned there, adored by the beggars, who were fed by his largesses, but abhorred by all the rest of the nation, whom he made the sport of his sanguinary caprices. Don Pedro, his brother, abdicating in consequence of factitious disturbances excited by himself, left Brazil for Europe, in order to uphold the cause of Donna Maria against the usurper of the crown of Portugal. Thus threatened, and unable to get himself recognised either by France or England, Don Miguel lived in a state of continual fury, increasing his tyranny without end, and avenging on strangers the universal hatred he inspired. Already, on many occasions, Frenchmen settled in Lisbon had suffered from the persecutions of this ferocious prince. M. Bonhomme, a student of the university of Coimbra, and M. Sauvinet, a merchant, both of them French subjects, were more especially victims of an oppression that knew no bounds. Being handed over to special commissions, made up of hangmen playing the part of judges, the former was condemned, for an imaginary offence, to be flogged in the public streets of Lisbon; and the second, condemned because a rocket shot up on a day of riot from his garden, which was open and accessible to every one, was sentenced to be transported to the burning coasts of Africa. The consul of France remonstrated; his complaints were treated with scorn, and he was obliged to embark.

The French naval captain, Rabaudy, immediately received orders to appear off the mouth of the Tagus with a small squadron of frigates. He was commanded to demand reparation and indemnity for the French residents in Lisbon; and on the refusal of the Portuguese government, to blockade the mouth of the Tagus. But Don Miguel's rage increased with his dangers, and the sentence on M. Bonhomme was insolently executed.

All hesitation was impossible on the part of the French government. England having likewise been outraged by Don Miguel, left the way to him unobstructed. M. de Rabaudy set about chasing the Portuguese cruisers blockading Terceira, which was occupied by some partisans of Don Pedro. At the same time the *contre-amiral*, Roussin, sailed from Brest in the *Suffren*, to put himself at the head of a squadron which was to proceed from Toulon and join him at Cape St. Mary. On the 25th of June Admiral Roussin arrived in sight of Cape la Roque; the next day he had an interview with M. Rabaudy, who had just despatched his sixteenth Portuguese prize to Brest; and on the 6th of July the squadron from Toulon was reported to him. It consisted of five ships, two frigates, and two corvettes for carrying despatches. It was under the flag of the *contre-amiral* Hugon, who had under his order the *capitaines de vaisseau*, Maillart-Liscourt, Forsans, Moulac, de La Susse, Le Blanc, de Cha-

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teauville, and Casy, and the *capitaines de frégate*, Jouglas and Delofre. Combining with the *Suffren* and the *Melpomene*, commanded by the *capitaines de vaisseau*, Trautel and Rabaudy, and, with the tenders, *Eglé*, *Hussard*, and *Endymion*, under the command of MM. Raffy, Thoulon, and Nonay, it presented a magnificent aspect, and strikingly testified to the naval power of France.

On the 7th of July Admiral Roussin ordered the squadron to anchor, instructed the captains as to the details of the intended operations, put Franzini's notes on the entrance of the Tagus into their hands, and made every preparation for striking a decisive blow. But before engaging in an enterprize which might end in the destruction of a city of 280,000 souls, he thought it his duty to make a last effort for peace, and he wrote with that view to Viscount Santarem, minister of foreign affairs. The viscount having replied that the Portuguese government rejected the demands of France, Admiral Roussin definitively resolved to force the entrance of the Tagus.

The winds were not favourable, and the fishermen who had been engaged to accompany the squadron said they were too light. Again, the enterprize was hazardous. A Portuguese squadron of eight vessels was ranged, broadside to, across the river; troops lined the shore all the way from Belem; and numerous well-supplied forts threatened the assailants. But on board the French squadron both soldiers and sailors glowed with enthusiasm. Europe had long acquiesced in the opinion that the Tagus was impregnable from the sea; and this was a motive the more for impatience on the part of the intrepid French seamen. On the 11th of July the wind rose at eight o'clock; at ten the squadron prepared to weigh; and at half-past one it was in full sail up the Tagus, steering between fort St. Julian and fort Bugio.

The corvettes, placed on the right of the line, were to deal exclusively with fort Bugio; and St. Julian was to sustain the fire of the vessels. Admiral Roussin had feared that the vessels would sustain so much damage in passing these forts that it would be impossible for them to continue their course.

The first two forts at the entrance having opened their fire, the French squadron held on its way for ten minutes without replying. On coming within about 500 fathoms of St. Julian the vessels fired, and a cloud of sand and stone immediately attested the accuracy of their aim. At the same time the frigates and the corvettes silenced the forts of Bugio. The other forts fared alike. Their ill-directed shots did hardly any damage to the French vessels, the crews of which, as they passed before the enemy, made the air ring with their cheers.

At four o'clock, the leading ship, the *Suffren*, came abreast of the fort of Belem at 60 fathoms distance. Presently the *Trident*, the *Algiers*, and the *Algesiras*, with the frigates and corvettes, attacked the Portuguese squadron ranged between the city and the point of the Pontal. The *Pallas* being a faster sailer than most of the other

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vessels, fired the first broadside. The Portuguese flag disappeared. At five o'clock the whole French squadron was moored within 300 fathoms of the quays of Lisbon, where the most profound silence prevailed.

Admiral Roussin immediately despatched the following letter to Viscount Santarem.

"MONSIEUR LE MINISTRE,—You see I keep my word: I gave you notice yesterday that I would force my way up the Tagus. Here I am before Lisbon. All your forts are behind me, and I have nothing in front of me but the palace of the government. Let us not create any rash exposure. France, always generous, offers you the same conditions as before the victory. I only reserve to myself, in gathering the fruits of the victory, to superadd a demand for indemnities for the victims of the war.

"I have the honour to request your immediate reply.

"Receive, monsieur le ministre, the expression of my high consideration.

"The contre-amiral commanding the French squadron of the Tagus,

"Baron ROUSSIN."

Viscount Santarem having replied that he acceded to the propositions laid down in the letter of the 8th, an equivocal submission, which tended to shirk the new conditions contained in the letter of the 11th, Admiral Roussin sent the Portuguese minister a full list of the propositions made by France.

They consisted in the annulment of the sentences passed on French citizens; an indemnity for every one of them who had cause to complain of the Portuguese government; the dismissal of the chief of the police of the kingdom; an indemnity of eight hundred thousand francs to the French government for the expenses of the expedition; and the posting up of these facts on the walls of all the streets in which the student of the university of Coimbra had been ignominiously exposed. To these conditions Admiral Roussin added that of an indemnity to be fixed by arbitration, for the damages occasioned to French commerce, and he declared the Portuguese vessels that had struck their flags under his fire, to be French property.

Viscount Santarem endeavouring to procrastinate, and appearing to wish that the negotiations should take place, not on board the admiral's vessel, as the latter insisted, but in the palace of Belem, the admiral wrote thus to the viscount on the 13th of July:

"MONSIEUR LE MINISTRE,—You drive me to extremities, and I have the honour to inform you that this cannot do you any good. I refer you to my letter of this day, and I reiterate my assurance, that if at noon to-morrow I shall not have concluded the convention of which you have accepted the basis, I will resume hostilities against Lisbon. I await your excellence, or the authorised person to be named by you, to-day or to-morrow until noon. I will receive you or him on board my ship and no where else.

"I have the honour to express to you the assurance of my high consideration.

"The contre-amiral, commanding the French squadron of the Tagus.

"Baron ROUSSIN."

On the 14th the negotiations were terminated on board the admiral's vessel: France was avenged; and some time afterwards the Portuguese fleet which Don Miguel refused to redeem by the liberation of some Portuguese political prisoners, whose deliverance was gene-

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rously solicited by Admiral Roussin, was condemned, and sent to Brest.

This gallant expedition made but very little noise in France. The opposition, almost always blinded by party rancour to the grand interests of nationality, measured out its praises with niggardly prudence, and the government itself, spoke only with subdued satisfaction of a success which seemed to do honour to its firmness, but at which it feared that England would take umbrage. That country was indeed disconcerted by the event. Unjust and jealous speeches were delivered on the subject in parliament. Pitt had bequeathed to his successors all the gall of his genius.

England, nevertheless, was then potent enough through our errors, not to envy us French a moment of pride. For the triumph of our navy before Lisbon, was cruelly compensated in London and Brussels by the defeats of our diplomacy.

But in order fully to comprehend how much it was vanquished and humiliated, it is indispensable to recapitulate the acts of the Conference of London, acts, shrowded moreover in a deplorable obscurity, and the concatenation of which forms what may be called the high comedy of history.

In its protocol, No. I., that of Nov. 4, 1830, the Conference of London had confined itself to proposing a cessation of hostilities between Holland and Belgium. This protocol was drawn up in a tone of moderation. The five great powers seemed in it to ascribe to their intervention only a purely philanthropic character; they claimed for themselves no other right than that of "*facilitating* the solution of the political questions."

Belgium could not have refused to accede to an act of this nature without proving herself resolved to proceed towards Holland in the way of violence and conquest. Accordingly, the protocol of the 4th of November was accepted by all the members of the provisional government of Belgium, not excepting M. de Potter.

However, as this protocol contained an ambiguous phrase respecting *the line of the armistice*, and one which might give rise to the most violent consequences, the government took care to declare, in its act of adhesion, that "*by the proposed line, it understood the limits which, conformably to the 2d article of the fundamental law of the Netherlands, separates the northern from the southern provinces, including the left bank of the Scheldt.*" This reservation was very clear: it proved that the Belgians gave only a *conditional* adhesion to the protocol, and that they did not recognise in the Conference the right of determining, at its good pleasure, on what bases should rest the system of demarcation between the two countries which a revolution had separated.

But diplomacy has resources all its own. On their return to London, the two commissioners of the Conference, MM. Cartwright and Bresson, declared that the important reservation mentioned above

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had been accepted by them only as a *simple observation*. They even gave it to be understood that this reservation was but the expression of peculiar views entertained by M. Tielemans, who was appointed by the provisional government to confer with them.

Could M. Tielemans, in a negotiation in which he spoke merely as the delegate of others, have presented, as his personal opinion, a clause on which depended the future fate of his country? The supposition was absurd. It was, however, on this supposition that the Conference proceeded to announce, in its protocol of the 17th of November, that there had been, on the part of Belgium, a *pure and simple adhesion* to the protocol, No. I. Whence the five powers drew this strange conclusion, that to them alone, thenceforth, belonged the right of disposing of the lot of Belgium, and that, in consenting to a suspension of arms, the latter country had *pledged* itself not only towards Holland, but also towards the five great courts.

Thus an allegation, unsupported by proof, a puerile equivocation, had sufficed to elevate what at first was but a philanthropic mediation to the importance of an arbitrement, admitting neither resistance nor appeal. Yet even to such petty schoolboy tricks as this amounts the cleverness of all those great minds, before whose depth and compass the common order of men bow down with awe!

Be this as it may, the usurpation was proclaimed; it remained only to give it effect. This the Conference did in its protocol of the 20th December, which declared the united kingdom of the Netherlands dissolved, and which called forth, on the part of William, a protest we have already cited.

But on what bases was this separation to be effected, which had been ratified diplomatically? And what would be the respective limits of the two countries?

As regarded the territorial division, three points were litigated.

The king of Holland called attention to the fact that, in the negotiations of the Congress of Vienna, he had received the grand duchy of Luxembourg in compensation for the Nassau countries which he had given up. He demanded that province in consequence, in the name of the house of Nassau, and in that of the Germanic Confederation. But to this the Belgians could and did reply, that under the old public law, Luxembourg had never had any special relations with Germany; that since its acquisition by the third Duke of Burgundy down to the French conquest, it had never ceased to be reputed an integrant part of the southern provinces of the Netherlands; and that its relations with Germany dated only from 1815, a period at which it had been fictitiously given in exchange for the Nassau dominions. Now William had himself annulled that fiction by uniting the grand duchy of Luxembourg, in the most complete manner, to the kingdom of the Netherlands, and by indemnifying, *out of the property of the state*, his son, Prince Frederick, from whom the union cut off the future sovereignty of the grand duchy. These

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reasons were conclusive, and derived irresistible force from the enthusiasm with which the inhabitants of Luxembourg had associated themselves with the Belgian revolution.

The second subject of dispute related to Limbourg. Supposing the conquests wrested from Holland, from 1790 to 1813, to be null and void, and that she had been reconstituted on the footing of an ancient nation, there is no doubt but that, diplomatically, Holland had a right to a part of Limbourg. For she possessed there in 1790 the town of Venloo and fifty-three villages, and she shared there, with the prince bishop of Liège, the sovereignty of the city of Maëstricht. But ought such arguments to prevail over the will of the inhabitants of Limbourg, who had associated themselves with the revolution, and who wished to be Belgians?

The third question had reference to the left bank of the Scheldt. Here the pretensions of Belgium were founded neither on treaties, nor on an energetic and incontestable assent of the population; only the Belgians had in their favour every consideration of the fitness of things, for if deprived of the left bank of the Scheldt, Belgium would remain exposed on that side; not to mention that, in that case, the free navigation of the river would become a totally illusory stipulation. Besides, if the Dutch remained masters of the left bank, that is to say, of all the watercourses constructed for the discharge of the waters of what used to be Austrian Flanders, what was to hinder William from inundating the Belgian territory whenever he pleased?

To these three territorial questions was added another of a financial nature. What was to be the share apportioned to each of the two countries in the payment of the debts contracted by the two conjointly? In the partition of these liabilities, was regard to be had or not to their origin?

Such were the difficulties which the Conference, in its usurped omnipotence, had to solve: and it did not hesitate to do so in a manner opposed to the dearest interests of Belgium.

By its protocol of Jan. 20, 1831, it decided—1st, "That the limits of Holland should comprise all the territories, fortresses, towns, and places which belonged to the whilom republic of the united provinces of the Netherlands in the year 1790," which was settling the question of Limbourg implicitly in favour of Holland; 2dly, "That the grand duchy of Luxembourg, possessed by special title by the princes of the house of Nassau, made, and should continue to make, part of the Germanic Confederation."

Some days afterwards, the Conference completed the ruin of Belgium by the protocol of the 27th of January, by expressly refusing it possession of the left bank of the Scheldt, and proposing that the Belgians should be burdened with 16·31 of the debts of the kingdom, taken collectively, and without reference to the circumstances under which they had been contracted.

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Upon this, William, recognising a competence he had at first denied, adhered to the basis of the separation laid down in the protocols of the 20th and 27th of January.

Belgium, on the contrary, protested. Vain resistance! The diplomatists of London replied, that the arrangements made by them were "FUNDAMENTAL AND IRREVOCABLE ARRANGEMENTS,* a declaration which they repeated, with the addition of threats, two months afterwards.†

Hitherto, we perceive, the Conference had shown itself invariably hostile to the Belgians; but all at once its policy assumed an altered aspect. In its protocol of May 21, 1831, it did not shrink from hinting that an important modification was about to be made in the *bases of separation* of the 26th and 27th of January, notwithstanding these were *fundamental and irrevocable arrangements*. "The five Powers," says the protocol of the 21st of May, "promise to enter into a negotiation with the King of the Netherlands, the object of which shall be, if possible, to secure the possession of Luxembourg to Belgium, in consideration of equitable compensations."

The fact was, that serious events had taken place during the course of the negotiations: the Belgian Congress, as we have already related, had been made the dupe of an intrigue by the Palais Royal; the crown offered to the Duc de Nemours, and refused by Louis Philippe, had brought upon the Belgians the inevitably stormy and anarchical regency of M. Surlet de Chokier; lastly, the French government had for ever alienated Belgium, by taking part, in intention, in the protocols that robbed that country, after it had formally announced, when its object had been to defeat a rival candidate, that the views of those protocols were not its own, and that in its eyes the Conference of London was but a simple mediation.‡ Thus

* Protocol of the 19th of February, 1831, signed Esterhazy, Wessemberg, Talleyrand, Palmerston, Bulow, Lieven, and Mastuszewicz.

M. Nothomb has written a book on the Belgian revolution, in which he has displayed sagacity and talent. Unfortunately, there is a great deal of diplomacy in this work, which is, in reality, but an awkward justification of the acts of the Conference of London. M. Nothomb cites in his book part of the protocol of the 19th of February; but he does not care to cite the most important part of it, that, namely, in which the five powers talk of their *fundamental and irrevocable arrangements*. The omission is significant! M. Nothomb has been constrained to mutilate history, in order to avoid condemning the Conference.

† Protocol No. 22, April 17.

‡ On the 1st of February, 1831, M. Sébastiani wrote the following letter to M. Bresson:

"MONSIEUR,—If, as I hope, you have not yet communicated to the Belgian government the protocol of the 27th of January, you will prevent that communication, because the king's government has not adhered to its arrangements. With regard to the question of the debt, and that of the settlement of *the extent and limits* of the Belgian and Dutch territories, we have always held that the free co-operation and consent of the two states were necessary. The Conference of London is a mediation, and the king's intention is, that it should never lose that character. Accept, &c.

(Signed) "HORACE SEBASTIANI."

This letter, being communicated to the congress whilst it was discussing the rival pretensions of the Duc de Nemours and the Duc de Leuchtemburg, contributed to the defeat of the latter.

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humiliated, repulsed, and deceived, Belgium at last withdrew from France, and attached herself to England: and then (thanks to the victorious ascendancy of the English over the Conference) Belgium found only supporters in those who had just before been her enemies.

Such was the triumph of English influence, that an English prince, Leopold of Saxe-Cobourg, came soon to be regarded as the only possible sovereign for Belgium: and in order to hasten his election, the Conference drew up the famous protocol known by the name of the treaty of the *eighteen articles*.

This protocol was as favourable to Belgium as those of the 20th and 27th were pernicious. The five powers decided this time that the question of Luxembourg was distinct from the Hollando-Belgic question, and that pending the controversy, the Belgians should keep the grand duchy, of which they were in occupation. The five powers furthermore insured to Belgium all the guarantees on account of which it desired the left bank of the Scheldt. It was specified that Belgium should be entitled to that portion of sovereignty in the city of Maëstricht, which did not belong to Holland in 1790. Lastly, the principle of apportioning the debt with reference to the circumstances of its contraction, was formally adopted.

The Conference could not more completely renounce its own work; it could not in a grosser manner overthrow the bases laid down by itself in the protocols of January the 20th and 27th, and by itself twice declared irrevocable.

But the Conference placed a condition on its favours,—the election of Prince Leopold. The will of England was done: Leopold was proclaimed king of the Belgians on the 4th of June. Among those who voted against the Conference's candidate we must cite M. Frison, who gave the reasons for his vote in these terms: "I refuse my vote to the Prince of Saxe-Cobourg . . . . because that prince can only accept on the conditions imposed by the protocols; because he is hostile, I do not say to the French government, but to France; and because I regard every anti-French arrangement as a misfortune for my country." The treaty of the eighteen articles did not, on the whole, find a favourable reception in Brussels, and it furnished matter for a very brilliant and vehement debate in the congress.

From the rapid statement we have just made, result the two following great facts:

As long as French influence kept its ground in Brussels, the Con-

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The danger to the dynasty having passed by, the following are the terms in which by the protocol No. 21, April 17, the government adhered to that of the 20th of January, of which that of the 27th was but the financial complement:

"The French plenipotentiary declares officially, by express order of the king his master—

"That France adheres to the protocol of the 20th of January, 1831; that it entirely approves *the limits marked out* in this act for Belgium; that it will recognise the sovereign of Belgium only in so far as he shall have fully acceded to all the conditions and clauses of the fundamental protocol of Jan. 20, 1831."

This is called cleverness!

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ference showed a systematic hostility to Belgium, and laboured to render it petty and feeble.

The day the English influence prevailed in Brussels the Conference suddenly changed its policy, did not hesitate flagrantly to belie its own affirmations, and thought only of strengthening Belgium, out of hatred to France.

The part played by Talleyrand in London was one, therefore, of utter insignificance. He signed protocols that weakened Belgium when that country held out her hands to France, and he signed that which rendered her strong at the moment she separated from France.

And what motive so imperiously constrained the French ambassador to this inconceivable abandonment of all the interests of his country? When it was proposed to strengthen Belgium against France, could he not have said:

In rejecting Belgium which offered itself, and in refusing the crown to the son of Louis Philippe, the French government has given an incontestable proof of moderation. We call on Europe to admit this. It has been the wish of the Conference in the protocols of the 20th and 27th of January, to render Belgium small and weak. Right or wrong it wished this; but at all events it declared its will on this point immutable. It cannot now retract this declaration without lying in the face of Europe, the destinies of which it arrogates to itself the right of determining. What then has taken place since the 20th of January, which can suddenly have rendered unjust and pernicious, what at that time was acknowledged as just and useful? If you have sided with Belgium, only because Belgium has become estranged from us, you must then acknowledge that the bond which holds you together here is your common hatred to France; that respect for vested rights, that the faith of treaties are pretexts covering the terror that arms you against us and the inveterate hostility with which we have inspired you. Well then, if that be so, allow us to aid you in the work of our own destruction. In the Congress of Vienna vanquished France had perhaps to submit to the law of the strong hand. In the Conference of London, thank Heaven she does not stand as a victim to receive the consequences of her reverses, and bear this in mind, she holds in her hand the key of that bag full of tempests of which Canning used to talk.

What answer could the foreign diplomatists have made to language like this? Those who directed the policy of France must have been men of very mean capacity, did they not know that if Louis Philippe's dynasty had reasons for dreading war, the foreign powers had far more urgent reasons for shunning it. Might not the representatives of the Palais Royal, if they had possessed any sagacity, have taken advantage of our enemies' terrors, as the latter contrived to take advantage of the fears entertained by the partisans of the new dynasty?

There was something paltry and vile assuredly, in renouncing that

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lofty and generous policy which would have for ever cemented the union betwen Belgian and France: but the policy of dynastic selfishness once adopted, it would have been easy to render it less ruinous.

In fact, after the election of the Duc de Nemours had been annulled by the refusal of the King of the French, Belgium did not yet cease to be a subject of great European embarrassment. The question of its partition was seriously entertained.

According to the plan proposed, France would have obtained the southern part of the country, and the northern would have been restored to Holland; Prussia would have laid hold on the two banks of the Meuse and the Moselle, and Antwerp would have been given up to England. We have grounds for affirming that the Emperor of Russia willingly acquiesced in this plan, which was approved of by the Duc de Mortemart. Nicolas was very well pleased to turn aside the ambition of France towards the Netherlands, in which case she would have menaced none but the English. As for Austria, all whose thoughts were engrossed with hatred of revolutions, she would not have been sorry to see the Belgians chastised for their recent insurrection.

Once more we repeat, it would have been little consistent with the dignity of the French nation to accept a share in the profits of such a spoliation. But, upon the selfish principles of those who governed her, this policy would at least have worn the semblance of ability, for it afforded a means of employing the restless temper of the French people; it would have consoled France for her losses in 1815, by modifying the treaties of Vienna to her advantage, and it would have disconcerted the warlike enthusiasm of the opposition.

The cabinet of the Palais Royal comprehended nothing of this. Its policy, devoid of courage and high feeling was still more destitute of sagacity. It left Lord Ponsonby to get up orange plots unhindered in Belgium, with no other view than that of forcing the country into the arms of England; it left him to cajole and threaten the congress by turns in order to detach it from us, to our merited confusion; lastly, after having forced Louis Philippe to refuse on behalf of his son a crown he nevertheless ardently desired, it stripped the dynasty which an immortal revolution had recently created, not only of all popularity in France, but also of all moral influence in Europe.

As for M. de Talleyrand, the truth is, he was incompetent and subaltern; his colleagues in the Conference made use of his reputation against himself, bent him to their schemes by appearing delighted with his *bons mots*, and played upon him like a child: a grave lesson, and one that shows that a policy always wants ability that lacks elevation and integrity.

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CHAPTER XI.

A SOLEMN moment was at hand in France. A discussion pregnant with immense consequences was about to begin. Poland tottering to its fall, and threatening to bring down with it the old preponderance of the west; the papacy violently reinstated in its temporal sovereignty, and thereby become once more the accomplice of all earthly tyrannies; four powers labouring hard to repair, to the detriment of one, the European balance which had been disturbed by the emancipation of Belgium; lastly, France abandoning the guardianship of the perturbed world to the hands of some proud and incompetent men;—such were the interests at stake, such were the questions to be discussed and resolved.

Never, accordingly, did a new chamber present itself under circumstances of more high wrought anxious expectation. So great a quarrel would arouse no common passions.

Besides the intense interest excited by foreign affairs, every one was impatient for the solution of the perilous problem submitted to the nation, namely, was the hereditary succession of the peerage to be retained?

To grant only to the head of the state the privilege of hereditary succession, was evidently to isolate monarchy, to withdraw its natural supports, and by putting it in a wholly exceptional position at the summit of society, to condemn it to a precarious existence, always menacing or always menaced. But in this last blow dealt to feudality, in this last humiliation inflicted on an expiring aristocracy, in this depreciation of royalty which was to be brought down to the condition of existing only by favour, there was something singularly flattering to the pride of the dominant class. The abolition of the hereditary peerage was, therefore, made a *sine quâ non* by many electoral colleges, and the bourgeoisie insisted with extraordinary importunity on what it ignorantly regarded as the completion of its victory.

On the 23d of July the king repaired to the Palais Bourbon, where the members of the peerage had modestly joined the commons. The times were gone by then when the royal sittings were held in the Luxembourg if not in the Louvre.

The king was cheered on his entrance into the legislative assembly; but when, contrary to usage, a herald cried out "The Queen!" there was silence in that assembly of jealously susceptible bourgeois.

The king's speech was remarkable for a certain tone of haughtiness that indicated the presence of Casimir Périer in the royal councils. It dealt insult to republican opinions. It asserted the extent of public distress, without any other show of concern than a cold admira-

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tion for the patience of the people. As to events abroad, the speech announced that the kingdom of the Netherlands, such as it existed in 1815, had ceased to be; that the fortresses erected, not to protect Belgium, but to threaten France, were to be demolished; that in the south, the French vessels had forced the entrance of the Tagus, and that the tricolour flag was waving under the walls of Lisbon. But these announcements were followed by a discouraging and portentous passage:—"After having offered my mediation in favour of Poland," said the king, "I called forth that of the other Powers," thereby giving it to be understood that the proffered mediation had been rejected. Beyond this, there was not a word of hope for unhappy Poland. The government contented itself with owning that the courage of the Poles had awakened the old affections of France, and it called to mind the fact that the nationality of Poland had resisted time and its vicissitudes.

It was observed that while the king was speaking, Casimir Périer kept a manuscript of the speech before him and followed him line for line,—a public verification, the indecency of which attested the decline of the monarchical principle.

Be this as it may, the royal speech was favourably received in the assembly and out of doors. The Russian ambassador, Pozzo di Borgo, did not attend with the other members of the diplomatic body; and his absence, whether concerted or not, was of service to the ministry. But that evening a rumour spread through Paris drew off attention in some degree from political topics. News arrived that M. de Flassans had died suddenly at Calais on his return from England in company with his aunt, the Baronne de Feuchères. This casualty, though in itself of no importance, nevertheless produced an intense sensation, whether from the opening it afforded to the surmises of curiosity, or from the matter it presented for the harsh interpretations of party spirit.

The president of the chamber was to be nominated. The choice of the opposition fell on M. Laffitte. As a member of the late cabinet his election would have been a crushing blow to his successors. Casimir Périer felt this, and relying on the need the bourgeois had of his own intemperate vehemence, he declared that the election of Laffitte would be followed by the dissolution of the ministry.

The opposition redoubled its efforts, and the war declared against Casimir Périer by the journals of the *côté gauche* was waged with astonishing vigour. They remarked that care had been taken in the speech from the throne to avoid specifying the fortresses that were to be demolished in Belgium, which reduced a pompous promise to an undignified equivocation; they insisted on the weakness of Don Miguel, the provisional possessor of a contested throne, the sovereign of a secondary kingdom, a prince isolated in Europe; and bitterly contrasting the forcible entrance of the Tagus with the abandonment of that Poland whose heroism the crown extolled, but whose

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nationality it did not dare to *recognise*, they accused the ministry of having shown determination only where there was no danger, and of having cloaked its pusillanimity under its arrogance.

At the same time the report of the proceedings in the English parliament arrived in Paris, proceedings flatly at variance with the speech of the king of the French. Upon a question put by Lord Aberdeen respecting the intended demolition of fortresses "erected," his lordship said, "for the purpose not only of defending the Netherlands but of *keeping France in check*," Lord Grey replied "that the matter was still under discussion; that in a protocol which France had been excluded from participating in for obvious reasons;" it had been settled, indeed, that a part of the fortresses should be dismantled; but that in the same protocol the *four powers* had reserved to themselves the right "of determining what fortresses should be dismantled." And to this reply, so insulting to France, the Duke of Wellington added these words, more insulting still, "I learn with pleasure that the four powers alone have concurred in the arrangement, and that France has been excluded from the deliberations. I regret that the noble lord has no explanations to offer on the subject of Portugal. I confess I felt humiliated when I heard that the tricolour flag was waving under the walls of Lisbon" (prolonged cheers).

Such words laid bare the whole falsehood of the English alliance. The national feeling was aroused against a government so little capable of making France, or itself, respected. A circular addressed by the representatives of the great powers to their respective consuls in the states of the Church, was published at the same period in the *Gazette of Augsburg*, and put the climax to the affliction of all the right thinking part of the nation. The circular stated, that "The representatives of the powers have deemed it right to testify to his holiness the lively interest their respective courts take in the maintenance of public tranquillity in the states of the church; *sentiments which have been already expressed by the French government in a note presented by its envoy at Rome the 19th of April of this year.*"* So then the French government had not shrunk, when pontifical vengeance was at the highest, from joining with the other courts in condemning those unfortunate Italian patriots who yet had become insurgents only in imitation of France's example, on the faith of its declarations, and, for some time, with its co-operation!

It was while these things were pending that M. de Sémonville, the grand referendary, conceived the idea of displaying in the house of peers the colours taken by the French army at Ulm in 1805, and which had been hidden till then in a secret and inviolable asylum. The king's eldest son was in his place as a member of the house of peers the day this unexpected display was made. "Prince," said M. de Sémonville to him, "to you henceforth belongs the right of drawing the sword in defence of these trophies." The young man made

* Circular, dated July 9, 1831.

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a suitable reply. But this scene, got up for effect, could find no favour in the eyes of an intelligent and sarcastic people. It was plainly shown how silly and even ludicrous was this epic demonstration contrasted with so many facts all proving that France was dwindling down day by day.

The opposition was thus skirmishing in anticipation of the approaching warfare of the tribune, when the anniversary of the revolution of July came round. The fête was an affecting one from the enthusiasm mingled with sadness and anxiety that seemed at first likely to characterize it. But a false rumour having been spread on the 29th that the Poles had just obtained a signal victory, there was a sudden burst of joy in Paris, unparalleled, perhaps, in the annals of public festivals. That people which had scarcely been moved by its own success before Lisbon, gave itself up to indescribable transports when it believed Poland to be victorious. People ran about the streets waving tricolour flags and shedding tears of ecstasy; some were even seen dancing in the squares like madmen: sublime madness! Others sung in chorus, "*The victory is ours!*"

This rekindling of the revolutionary spirit would materially influence the first decisions of the chamber. M. Girod de l'Ain, the ministerial candidate put forward against Laffitte, had a majority of but five. This was but a very feeble advantage for the ministry; but Laffitte had such a great name, the services he had rendered royalty were so notable, his rival was so obscure, that the opposition was amazed and indignant to think that it had only been able to impair the triumph of their antagonists. M. Chambolle, president's secretary, immediately resigned, from an honourable scruple of patriotism. Laffitte's popularity had recovered all its lustre; those who voted against him were even denounced as enemies to the revolution of July, and Dupont de l'Eure was elected vice-president by a majority of ten votes. Irritated by this unforeseen check, Casimir Périer hastened to give back his portfolio into the king's hands. MM. Sébastiani, Louis, and Montalivet, followed his example. The cabinet was dissolved.

But a supplement to the *Moniteur* was suddenly published about two o'clock on the 4th of August. It announced that the king of Holland, having determined to draw the sword against Belgium, had resumed hostilities along the whole line. The ministers immediately resumed their posts.

Upon the first news of the storm impending over him, Leopold had written to the king of the French to ask for succour: the cabinet of the Palais Royal decided that an army of 50,000 men should march to the frontiers, under the command of General Gérard. This decision was announced to the public in the following terms:

"The king, having recognised the independence of the kingdom of Belgium and its neutrality, in concert with England, Austria, Russia, and Prussia, and the circumstances being urgent, complies with the request of the King of the Belgians. He will cause the engage-

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ments entered into, by common accord with the great powers, to be respected."

The French government, after having everywhere suffered the principle of non-intervention to be violated, was thus itself come to violate it directly. And it took care to state that, if it interfered in Belgium, it was not to support the revolutionary principle there, but to enforce respect to the will of the amphyctionic council sitting in London. Then, fearing that this marked humility was not enough, it forthwith ordered M. de Talleyrand to apply for the assent of the Conference, bidding him explain the urgency of the case which had forced the cabinet of the Palais Royal to anticipate the authorization of the four great powers.*

The indignation felt throughout all Holland was intense when it was known that the French were interposing in the quarrel in the name of the Conference. For this colour given to the intervention rendered it manifestly unjust. William's conduct towards Belgium in this matter had not been very honourable, no doubt, since he proceeded against that country by way of surprise; but, diplomatically speaking, he was in the right. No treaty bound him to the Belgians, who were, in his eyes, but rebels. And what were his obligations as regarded the Conference? He had consented to a cessation of arms only as a preliminary measure, which was to lead to an armistice that had not been concluded, and to arrangements that had not been effected. His adhesion to the protocols of the 20th and 27th of January could alone have bound him, if the five powers, after declaring the compact therein irrevocable, had not themselves annulled it, and substituted for it the treaty of the eighteen articles. Now, William had loudly protested against the eighteen articles; and it was he who could reproach the Conference with the violation of precise and formal engagements. The Dutch, therefore, had grounds for considering the French intervention marked with violence and injustice, from the moment the French army, instead of advancing in the name of the revolutionary principle, or of some violated French interest, presented itself but as the gendarmerie of the Holy Alliance.

As for the Belgians (who had become the enemies of France since their advances had been repulsed, and since, by flattering them with the hope of absolute independence, they had been given interests hostile to those of the French) they beheld in the succours brought them by the latter only an affront to their honour. Are we, then, so contemptible in the eyes of the French, they said, that they deem

* Protocol No. 31. At the meeting of the 6th of August, Lord Palmerston informed the Conference that the British government had given orders to a division of the fleet to rendezvous in the Downs. The Prince de Talleyrand announced that, at the request of the King of the Belgians, the French government had decided to march an army to the aid of Belgium. The Conference declared that the entry of the French troops into Belgium should be regarded as having taken place, not with *an intention proper to France individually, but for an object towards which the common deliberations should be directed.*

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us incapable of defending ourselves without their aid? There was soon but one voice on this point in Brussels; and public opinion imperatively called on the executive to respect the 121st article of the Belgian constitution, which says, "No *foreign* troop can occupy or pass through the territory, except by virtue of a law." The Belgian government was, therefore, forced to yield, and Marshal Gérard had to suspend his march.

Thus, by an inconceivable accumulation of blunders, the cabinet of the Palais Royal flatly belied its avowed policy; confessed itself vassal to the Conference, placed the army in a ridiculous light, and made France odious both to Holland, on which she declared unjust war, and to Belgium, whose jealousy she imprudently provoked.

The Dutch, meanwhile, had entered Belgium in three divisions, which advanced rapidly, extending from Maëstricht to Breda. To meet this invasion, Belgium had two small armies, that of the Meuse and that of the Scheldt, the speedy junction of which was of the utmost importance. Leopold joined the army of the Scheldt on the 8th of August, near Arschot, where he waited for the army of the Meuse. There, turning a deaf ear to counsels dictated by mean and overweening jealousy, he wrote to Marshal Gérard to advance with speed. On the 10th he was giving orders to attack Montaigne, when word was brought him that the army of the Meuse, having been attacked on the march from Hasselt to Tongres, had scattered without fighting; that the rout was complete, and that he himself was in danger of being cast off. He immediately fell back on Louvain. The Dutch attacked him before that city on the 22d, forced him to retreat, and blockaded Louvain, which soon surrendered.

Belgium was on the very verge of ruin. But by this time the French were entering Brussels, and the Prince of Orange, by his father's orders, led back his victorious troops to Holland. William had not yet made all the necessary preparations, and he was satisfied, for the moment, with having shown the Conference what he was capable of attempting and accomplishing.

Far superior in intelligence to those who then guided the counsels of France, William had clearly discerned that the apparent concord of the great powers concealed strong dissensions; that, collectively, the powers made a show of dictatorial pretensions, to which their effective means were far from corresponding; that to make them more compliant, it was only necessary to defy them; and that they would be all submission upon the least threat being held out of firing the mine then dug under all Europe. The event proved the justness of these views. To uphold the honour of his motto, "*Je maintiendrai*," the King of Holland had imposed on himself a perseverance and an audacity as successful as they were grand; and it was his fortune, as we shall see, not only to hold the great powers in check singlehanded, but also to force them, once again, to recede from their solemnly expressed will.

Whilst the sovereign of a little people of two million souls could

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employ this system of intimidation with such happy effect, and without exposing the general peace, the incompetent men who composed the French government did not even think of making trial of it, though having at their disposal a nation of thirty-three millions of men, an exuberant youth, and a mass of soldiers filled with the recollections of the Revolution and the Empire.

On the 13th of August, Marshal Soult, minister of war, announced to the chamber of deputies, that "the French army, before evacuating Belgium, would wait until the questions, on account of which it had put itself in motion, had been decided." But the Conference had ordered otherwise;* and the French army returned from its military parade without having even enjoyed the satisfaction of throwing down the Waterloo lion on its way.

Meanwhile, the address, in reply to the speech from the throne, had been submitted to the chamber of deputies; and the debate began on the 9th of August.

The ministry, assailed with regard to the whole body of its policy, pleaded its cause much better than had been expected. What were the griefs of the opposition? it asked. Sprung from a tempest that seemed destined to sweep the nations towards chaos, the French government had sought to restore universal quiet; was there no greatness in this lofty moderation? Was it, then, so blamable to have preferred to the ferocious pleasure of throwing the world into confusion, the glory of saving it from the twofold scourge of democracy and conquest? The government was reproached with having abandoned Italy to the Austrians, Belgium to the English, and Poland to the Russians: idle and declamatory reproaches! Had not every thing that could have been attempted in reason, been tried in favour of Italy? Had not the existing ministry, in taking office, found the Austrian invasion a part of the embarrassing legacy bequeathed to them by their predecessors. They had demanded, they had obtained the evacuation of the Roman states: could more be required of them? If the national frontiers had not been carried forward to the Rhine, if Belgium had not been united with France, if the king, doing violence to his family affections, had not accepted the crown offered to his son, it was because there were grave and insurmountable obstacles to all this. Would the opposition have had the government run the risk of kindling a blaze throughout all Europe, for no other end than aggrandisement? Would it have had the government, in the hope of a doubtful conquest, make an enemy of the English people, the only potent ally the revolution of

* Protocol No. 31. "The Conference declared that the extension to be given to the operations of the French troops, and the duration of their stay in Belgium, should be fixed by common accord; that they should not cross the ancient limits of Holland; that their operations should be confined to the left bank of the Meuse, and that, in no case, should they arrive either at Maëstricht or at Venloo."

Protocols 32, 33, and 34. "The Conference has appropriated to itself the measure spontaneously adopted by France. Account has been rendered to it of the march and retreat of the French army."

July had given to France? Ought the government to have threatened with the revival of French ambition, so many nations still mindful of Napoleon and his wars, and have given them to believe that the fifteen years of humiliation endured by Europe were about to be renewed and continued? Would France find herself in a lowered position, when she should show herself at once disinterested and formidable? It was childish, after all, to suppose that the Belgians would become English because an English prince had become their king, as if the interests of nations, their affections, their material and moral existence, could depend on the spot on which it had pleased Providence to place the country of their sovereigns! As for Poland, her courage was admirable undoubtedly, and her disasters were deserving of everlasting pity: but, after all, how was she to be aided? Separated from France by the whole breadth of the continent, by a space of four hundred leagues, her geographical position condemned France to unavailing sorrow, to the expression of wishes without weight. To march an army to her succour would have been to resume Napoleon's gigantic enterprises at the point where they had fatally broken down. And for what purpose? To force Austria and Prussia immediately to conclude an alliance for life or death with Russia, so that on arriving at Warsaw the French soldiers would find there nothing but a deserted site, and the tombs of its inhabitants! Reconstitute Poland? Napoleon himself, at Tilsit, had not been equal to the task, Napoleon though he was, and though he had under him five hundred thousand invincible soldiers. Now what had been too much for that prodigious man, who had been used to make sport of partitioning Europe with his sword, could this have been attempted by the ministers of 1831 with impunity, with an incomplete army, as yet badly organized, and composed of conscripts? To *recognise* the nationality of Poland would have been but an imprudent braggadocio, whilst the means of supporting that declaration were wanting. The government had therefore done all it was possible for it to do, in offering its mediation, and calling forth that of the other powers. It was full time that the opposition should explain itself. Universal war, war to the death, was this what it desired? In that case it was right to warn it that the question was no longer between peace and war, but between war and liberty, for a people committed to such enterprises has no leisure to stop and set its house in order. Battles and tumult abroad, demand absolute quiet and silence at home. Despotism is the necessary counterpart of victory. Napoleon proved this, and so did the Convention before him, by acts that will never be effaced from the memory of men. "Have you made a compact with victory?" was the question one day asked in that terrible assembly. "No," replied Bazire, the Montagnard, "but we have made a compact with death." Death soon summoned him to keep his promise. A year had hardly elapsed before Bazire's head rolled from a scaffold. If the opposition did not shudder at the employment of such

resources, and at the mere recollection of these famous examples, let it have the courage to avow this!

Such were in substance, the reasonings developed with much talent by Casimir Périer, Thiers, and Sébastiani, orators already known; and they were ably and brilliantly seconded on this occasion by two new men, MM. Duvergier de Hauranne fils, and Charles de Rémusat.

But the opposition replied to this apology for the ministry with formidable arguments. Yes, it said, we accuse you of having compromised the interests of France, which are identical with her honour, and the career of civilization which is involved in the greatness of France. Remember what we were a year ago, and see what we now are. With what a prestige were we not encompassed in 1830! In the eyes of the astonished nations and panic-stricken kings, we had in good earnest reseized,—and for still more vast designs,—the sceptre that had fallen from the hands of Napoleon. Never was a more dazzling position granted by destiny to any people; and we had no need to turn the world upside down in order to change it, for it was at our mercy. At present what do we avail, and what are we doing in Europe? To know how to be just when one is strong is the part of eminent moderation; but when one is strong, to tolerate injustice is the mark of pusillanimity. Now, the Austrians trampling Italy under foot, upon no other right than that of despotism which does not choose to be disturbed; the Conference chopping up nationalities without regard for the traditions, institutions, and affections of peoples, and simply according to the convenience of four kings; the Russians hastening to exterminate a high-souled people, as a punishment for its having been unable to endure their sway:—this is what you have permitted. You have suffered the reign of brute force to establish itself everywhere around you to the everlasting grief of those who had counted on our support and who loved us. You allege that on taking office you found the Austrian invasion already begun. Who is there but knows that the Laffitte ministry fell threatening Austria, and that you, on the contrary, entered into office only disdained and menaced by her? You demanded the evacuation of the Roman states in March, and you obtained it in July, that is to say, after the execution of Menotti and his companions, after the re-establishment of Maria Louisa in Parma, the brutal occupation of Ferrara, after the convention of Ancona, after the confiscations, the proscriptions, the imprisonments, in a word, when Austria had nothing more to do in Italy. You have thus,—to say nothing of the odious side of this toleration,—you have thus yourselves ratified the sway of Austria over the Italian peninsula, a sway deemed in all times so contrary to French interests, a sway against which our fathers fought for three hundred years, and which provoked even the weak Louis XIII. to arms in 1629. Must we follow you into Belgium? There was no question here of conquering; what you had to do was to accept the country.

And assuredly great has been our folly in doing violence to the Belgians to hinder them from disposing of themselves in our favour. But you say England would have withdrawn her friendship from us. If she puts such a price on her friendship her hatred would be less pernicious to us. You, however, have abandoned Belgium, and you have done so offensively. That Prince Leopold is an English subject is not what grieves us; but his election has had this incontestably pernicious result, that it has demonstrated the superiority of British diplomacy, and forced the Belgians no longer to believe either in our ability or in our preponderance. That is the evil. Its results may already be predicted. The English have acquired a bridge for their armies to the north of our frontiers; and their Manchester and Birmingham are at our gates. We are promised, it is true, that the fortresses formerly erected against us shall be demolished. Demolished! when it would have been so advantageous for us to have left them standing and made them our own! Furthermore, Lord Grey has refuted the speech of the crown on this point: refute, therefore, the offensive explanations of Lord Grey. With regard to Poland, was it possible, yes or no, to succour her otherwise than with an armed hand? You have offered your mediation: has it been accepted? This is what you should have told us. Strange inconsistency! You have consented to take part in a congress to terminate a conflict confined to Holland and Belgium, and you have not been able to obtain a congress for substituting negotiations for a frightful war. Wherefore a conference after the insurrection of Brussels? Wherefore not a conference after the insurrection of Warsaw? Is it that in the former case the league was formed against us, whilst in the latter it would be formed against Russia? Had you even recognised the nationality of Poland! For unless France, governed by you, have become the laughing stock of the nations, we must admit that there is some weight in her wishes energetically expressed. What an effect would have been produced in Lithuania, Volhinia, Podolia, Gallicia, and Hungary, by these words solemnly pronounced by France,—we recognise the nationality of Poland! It was not necessary therefore, in order to save a friendly people, to give our armies four hundred leagues to traverse. And as for the fear of drawing Austria and Prussia into the conflict, that fear would have been groundless if the French government had had the courage to take in the whole field of the European system from a French point of view: for then Austria would have had her Poland in Italy, and Prussia hers in the left bank of the Rhine. What matters after all the armed intervention of Prussia and Austria? Do not those powers this moment practise intervention in a manner, alas! almost as decisive? Does not Prussia furnish the Muscovites with arms, provisions, and ammunition, whilst Poland has, to defend her against her innumerable enemies, only her courage and the contemned wishes of France!

Of all the attacks directed against the executive with cogency

and eloquence, but not without some declamation, by General Lamarque, Marshal Clauzel, MM. Mauguin, Bignon, and Larabit, not one assuredly was wide of the mark; and the opposition proved very clearly that the conduct of the ministry had been contrary to the interests of France. But when the ministers asked it "What would you have done in our place? Are you for a general conflagration? What are your plans?" The opposition became confused, and replied vaguely or not at all.

There were many causes for this, the chief of which was the uncertain character of the doctrines of the parliamentary opposition. Monarchical and bourgeois, liberal rather than revolutionary, it would have been unwilling to see the throne engulphed in a sudden tempest, the bourgeoisie again thrust aside, and the people once again assuming the foremost part. Now it knew well in its heart, though it hardly dared avow so much to itself, that a strongly constituted democracy would alone be capable of rending the treaties of 1815 and remodelling Europe; that there was no encountering such a task without an iron will and strong passions; and that the question would never be settled in a manner grateful to our pride, so long as it remained mixed up with the interests of a dynasty. Undoubtedly this language might have been addressed to the kings: "Within the space of less than fifty years, England, Russia, Austria, and Prussia, have inordinately aggrandised themselves. France alone has diminished; and at this day, after those three grand manifestations of her might, the Convention, the Emperor, and the Revolution of July, she is smaller than she was under Louis XV. We may well be astonished at this at a moment when it is proved that France has but to make a three days effort to give a shock to the whole world! Besides, the disinterestedness of a people like ours consists not in renouncing force but in employing it generously; and it is incumbent on us to watch over our might, because it belongs not to us but to humanity. But to uphold this language it would have been indispensable to prepare for a serious struggle, and had the nations armed and rushed into a general mêlée, how would it have been possible to maintain in France that balance of powers, those fictions, all those systematic puerilities that rob the state of unity, that is, of force? It would have been necessary to recur to that mixture of impetuosity and discipline, to that regulated enthusiasm whence sprang the triumphs of the first revolution. And this was of all things what was most dreaded by men reared in the school of liberalism, a school at once anarchical and timid.

Had the opposition possessed a more accurate knowledge of the facts it would not have been stopped by this fear of heroic necessities: for the powers trembled at the thought of a convulsion, because they had few resources against many obstacles. And what could they gain by a war? They had every thing to lose by it. Besides, the time for military coalitions was past. The course of events had brought about between Austria and Prussia, between

Russia and England a hostility of position and discrepancies of interest that would have made an armed league the most perplexing of all things to Europe. Every thing, then, was possible for France, with her and through her. This it should have been the part of the opposition to demonstrate. Unfortunately, for want of information, it incorrectly appreciated the situation of the several courts. Believing war possible, nay, probable, and fearing it, it nevertheless delivered warlike speeches. This contradiction was manifest and it was quite natural that the ministry should extract an advantage from it.

Of all possible systems, that pursued by the ministry was, beyond contradiction the worst, and this still more in a practical than in a theoretical point of view. But, at least, it was definite, consistent, and complete in itself, which gave it the outward appearance of purpose and business, while the course adopted by the opposition was a mere no-system of vague, abstract sentiment. This is the inevitable effect of all vacillating doctrines. The constitutional and bourgeois *régime*, from its very nature, condemned France to occupy in Europe but an inferior, a subaltern position. The government understood this perfectly, and resigned themselves accordingly. The opposition obstinately refused to understand it, and would not resign themselves accordingly.

The discussion went on for several days heavily enough, until a proposition made by M. Bignon suddenly introduced the most extraordinary violence into the debates. M. Bignon demanded that the paragraph in the address, relating to Poland, should be drawn up in these terms: "In your Majesty's touching expressions with reference to the misfortunes of Poland, the Chamber gladly thinks it discovers a *certainty* very dear to it; the certainty that the nationality of Poland will not perish." M. Bodin proposed to substitute for the word *certainty* this less emphatic term, *firm hope*; and as for the ministers pretending that the term *certainty* amounted to a declaration of war against Europe, they made as though they were about to give up their portfolios at the tribunes, at the bare suggestion of the idea. In the sitting of the 15th of August, the proposition of M. Bignon was taken into consideration. Feebly attacked by M. Dupin, it was supported with the utmost energy by its author, by General Lamarque, and by M. de Tracy. At length M. Girod (de l'Ain), president of the Chamber, put the question. The disposition of the House did not appear for a moment doubtful. "Let us save Poland" was the cry in well nigh every mouth. Suddenly starting from his place Casimir Périer rushed to the tribune. But the debate was closed, and the rules of the Chamber did not permit the minister to speak upon the question, except as to a point of order. From every side he was loudly called upon to resume his seat, but standing at the tribune, overcome with passion, he furiously exclaimed, "I will speak! I will speak!" making no effort to conciliate the Chamber, or to obtain from its courtesy the opportunity he desired. There then arose, in every corner of the

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Chamber, the most unheard-of clamour and tumult. Every member of the House was agitated with the most powerful excitement. Deputies, spectators, all stood up. It was all in vain that the president rung his bell; its sound was altogether unheard amid the universal confusion. *Gauche* and *droite* sent forward a constant succession of orators to the tribune to dispute its possession with the minister, who kept his ground, imperious, menacing. At length the president put on his hat, and the assembly separated, after a scene of disgraceful and hitherto unexampled disorder.

Next day the Chamber wore a depressed and gloomy aspect, as though it felt ashamed and exhausted. The conduct of Casimir Périer received from his friends and from himself, an explanation by no means favourable to his pride; but then, in the interval between the two sittings, the ministry had been making superhuman efforts to transfer the majority, and the chances had evidently turned. M. Bignon having consented, by an unfortunate concession, to substitute the word *assurance* for *certainty*, the opposition divided, and the former expression was carried, though the minister distinctly declared that he should not hold himself engaged by it. Thus was the question resolved. The government system had carried the day.

In the course of the discussion M. Guizot had taken occasion to speak insultingly of the republican party, and he had been applauded for what he said! M. Odilon Barrot, on the other hand, had signally failed in an endeavour to introduce into the address a distinction between seditious tumults and the cause of republicanism. The ministry, then, came out of this last parliamentary contest perfectly victorious. Public opinion, indeed, was strongly pronounced against them, but it had not sufficient weight to overthrow them.

In the midst, however, of their joy at this triumph, a terrible blow was struck at Casimir Périer; he was charged by his opponents with malversation, with peculation, and the accusation instantly created immense scandal. Happy were it for the historian, if, in the picture which he traces of the career of nations, he could always keep within the lofty regions of noble thoughts and great designs. But for him who would make himself thoroughly acquainted with the manners and history of a period, who would learn the sad secret of societies in their decay, there is often in the lower class of details something far more characteristic and instructive than in the recital of battles, of diplomatic intrigues, and great legislative debates.

It will be recollected that immediately after the revolution of July, the whole nation demanded to be supplied with arms. The first care of the Laffitte ministry was, therefore, to devise the most prompt and effectual means of meeting this demand. This was also the object of all Lafayette's most anxious thoughts, who, roundly declared that if there was not to be found in France a sufficient number of muskets for the purpose, they must have recourse to foreign manufacturers. Various offers were made to the government by French gunmakers, but these offers, though numerous, did not appear to meet the de-

mand, and there was besides, reason for distrusting the irregular impulse which the unexpected shock of events in Europe might have given to daring speculators.

Under these circumstances, there was but one step to be taken for the promotion of the object in France. The revolution had just taken from thousands of workmen every source of labour, and, of course, all means of support. The obvious plan, therefore, was to form, in the name and under the direction of government, large manufactories for the construction of guns, capable of giving employment to from 25,000 to 30,000 workmen. This was the proposition made by men of sincere, enlightened patriotism, and it received the warm support of M. Dupont (de l'Eure) one of the then ministry.

The idea was at once a bold and a wise one. By giving occupation to men who else would have wanted bread, it took them out of the way of dangerous temptations; and it relieved the revolution of July from that painful character of deception which it had naturally assumed in the eyes of the people. It gave a sudden and effectual check to the spirit of speculation, and to its attempts at plunder; and, finally, it invested the state in a most emphatic manner, and under circumstances in the highest degree favourable to such an innovation, with that right of taking the initiative in matters affecting the industry of the nation, without which society must inevitably present a mere round of anarchical disorder, class tyranny, and the robbery of the people by legalised and unpunished spoliation.

But the chiefs of the triumphant *bourgeoisie* were bankers, great capitalists, men of business, always on the look out for expansive commercial ventures. The persons in office were consequently afraid of sanctioning a system, the principle of which involved danger to so many individual pretensions; nay, threatened the ruin altogether of that base and vulgar despotism, the so-called freedom of industry. The project was accordingly rejected in all haste, on the most preposterous pretences; the material difficulties in the way of its application were exaggerated beyond measure. There were no workmen ready, forsooth! The workmen must be trained, and this would take such a long time! Oh, no, the thing, they were sorry to say, was quite impossible. In a word, speculation remained triumphant mistress of the field.

Of all those who bore the weight of the prime minister's friendship, there was no one more humbly submissive to its empire than M. Gisquet, a man of some talent and much activity, and who, in the revolution of July, had manifested the most honourable firmness and decision of conduct. A judge of the tribunal of commerce, M. Gisquet had co-operated in the heart of Paris, at that time a prey to furious excitement, in the drawing up of a courageous judgment, which was delivered by M. Ganneron on the 27th of July, against the ordonnances and in favour of the charter. Recommended by this circumstance, and supported by M. Casimir Périer,

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M. Gisquet received a commission on the 2d of October, 1830, to proceed to London, and to negotiate, on account of the war department, the purchase of three hundred thousand muskets. He went as a government agent; his letter of authorization contained these words: "You will be allowed a commission upon the purchase-money, and your travelling expenses;"* there can then be no doubt that M. Gisquet was a salaried mandatory of the government, and that he proceeded on his mission, invested with a public character: yet on his arrival in England, he conceived himself entitled to enter in his own private name into a provisional bargain with Messrs. Wheeler, Iron, and Fairfax, gun manufacturers at Birmingham.

The Tower of London contained a vast quantity of old muskets. The Birmingham manufacturers proposed to M. Gisquet to buy these on his account from the English government, reserving to themselves one-third of the net profit realized by the operation.

This last clause was in reality inadmissible: M. Gisquet, being merely an agent, had no profits to make by the operation, no profits to divide. But, nevertheless, he consented to treat on this basis. Nay, more, it was agreed, that if the thirds reserved for Messrs. Wheeler and Co. did not produce the sum of 150,000 francs (6000*l.*), the profits should be halved.

M. Gisquet only required a fortnight for giving his definite answer; and in the singular agreement entered into, he took care to introduce a clause, which precluded Messrs. Wheeler, Iron, and Fairfax, from making, without his special authority, a similar contract with any other foreign power whatever; whether in this he was animated by pure patriotism, or simply by a desire to make out a case which should recommend his plan to the immediate acceptation of the French government, it is not for us to decide.

In accordance with the arrangements agreed upon, the Birmingham manufacturers then made a proposal to the British administration: they offered, by the expiration of a certain period, to replace with new muskets, which they engaged to construct from the materials already existing in the government arsenals, the old muskets contained in the Tower of London. The offer was eagerly accepted, for it presented two important advantages; the exchange of old and inefficient weapons for new ones, and the restoration of some degree of activity to manufactories, that since the wars of the empire had been in a very depressed and languishing condition.

On the 17th of October, 1830, M. Gisquet was back again in Paris. The day before, his house had been obliged to stop payment; the day after, his house resumed payment.

Marshal Gérard, then minister at war, read the contract, and refused to ratify it. His successor, Marshal Soult, also manifested

* Yet we read, in the Memoirs of M. Gisquet (vol. i., p. 176): "No commission, no pecuniary advantage was promised me. My mission was undertaken gratuitously, and entirely out of devotion to the government."

considerable hesitation on the subject; and the affair remained unconcluded for nearly a month.

During this interval, M. Gisquet was daily pressing the minister at war to assent to his contract. When asked the price in detail of the muskets, he proposed to deliver, he had fixed it at thirty-four francs ninety-four centimes (about 28*s.*) each, package and carriage included. This appeared to the minister a most exorbitant price; and, moreover, there were a great many tenders actually made far less burdensome to the treasury On the 27th of November, 1830, an extensive dealer of the name of Vandermeck, made, through the medium of Marshal Gérard, a written proposal to supply the required quantity of muskets for twenty-six francs each, including packing and carriage. He undertook to furnish muskets exactly after the model of those made in England, and of the first quality. M. Gisquet, on being informed on the 8th of December of the proposal thus made, was excessively disconcerted. He had associated M. Rothschild in his hopes; and his fears were greatly relieved by a letter which he received the same day from the great banker, announcing an interview for the next day with the minister at war. The interview took place, and M. Gisquet, now no longer a government agent, but a speculator, an army contractor, concluded with Marshal Soult, a bargain, which, though its terms approximated considerably nearer to those of M. Vandermeck than had his first proposal, still involved the treasury in a clear loss of very nearly 2,500,000 francs (100,000*l.*).

Very unpleasant rumours soon began to circulate. The gentlemen whose tenders had been rejected, were loud in their complaints. Why had this preference, so ruinous to the treasury, been given to M. Gisquet? Had M. Gisquet peculiar acquaintance with the subject, entitling him to the superior confidence of the minister? Was he, had he been, an officer of artillery? Nay, did he, as a merchant, as a trading contractor, offer an adequate guarantee? What mysterious motive could have induced the authorities to confide to a trader, whose affairs seemed to be in much confusion and difficulty, an operation which required great and peculiar knowledge, and unquestionable solvency? Ere long, grave suspicions passed from mouth to mouth, infusing additional irritation into these and similar questions. It was pointed out that M. Casimir Périer was commercially connected with M. Gisquet to a very important extent; that in fact M. Casimir Périer was a sleeping partner in the house; that he had capital invested in it, to the large amount of 1,100,000 francs (44,000*l.*), 250,000 francs of which dated from 1825, and the remainder from the 2d of July, 1830. It was supposed, then, that M. Casimir Périer had been anxious to secure his own interests, which were so seriously compromised by the anticipated failure of the concern. People did not fail to call to mind, that the house of M. Gisquet having just before stopped payment, had, in point of fact, suddenly resumed its payments on the return of M. Gisquet from London,

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with a contract in his pocket, which thus seemed to be the restorer of his fortunes. The rumours assumed a still more distinct and threatening shape when the public learned that the muskets purchased at so dear a rate, were of a very inferior quality; that they were very heavy, and very awkward; and that the workmanship of the locks, &c., was not so well finished as those of French manufacture.*

The minister of war had, it is true, appointed a commission, consisting of twelve artillery officers, to prove the muskets sent from England, on their arrival at Calais; and this commission fulfilled its duties, as far as they went, with the utmost integrity and good faith. But of the 200,000 guns delivered by M. Gisquet, only 110,000 had been furnished by the manufacturers, the remaining 90,000 coming from the Tower of London. Now, various circumstances gave the public reason to believe that the latter portion of the supply, which was by far the most liable to suspicion, had undergone no examination whatever.†

All these circumstances formed a combination of the most suspicious description; and it became a matter of importance to clear up such a mystery, at a time when every thing seemed already to announce a change for the worse in the national character, and the rapid progress of mercantilism in France. It was made a question, whether the matter should not be brought before Parliament; but, meantime, suspicion growing stronger and stronger every day, a republican journal, the *Tribune*, determined to give the signal of attack; and accordingly, on the 9th of July, 1831, it published an article containing these words: "Is it not true that, for the musket and cloth contracts, M. Casimir Périer and Marshal Soult have each received a bonus of above a million of francs?"

M. Armand Marrast was the author of this article. A writer full of talent and energy, he threw all his powers into its production. The sensation it occasioned was immense; and the prosecution of the journal, that was immediately instituted, lead to a memorable trial. Personages of the greatest eminence in the state—Messieurs de Lafayette, Dupont (de l'Eure), Lamarque, Guizot, de Corcelles, Laffitte, and de Bricqueville—appeared as witnesses. Messieurs Casimir Périer and Gisquet were defended with much subtlety and skill by Messieurs Dupin, jun., and Lavaux; but they had to sustain a terrible attack from the advocate of the *Tribune*, M. Michel (of Bourges), a fierce

* M. Gisquet himself acknowledges this in his Memoirs, vol. i., p. 186.

† In the margin of the report addressed to Marshal Soult by the Commission, we read: "It will be necessary to prove all the muskets, without exception, *that are not supplied from the Tower of London.*"

And M. Guisquet, wishing to make out, in his Memoirs, that the proving had been conducted with the utmost strictness, says (vol. i., p. 185): "In fact, of the 110,000 muskets furnished by the manufacturers, 35,000 were put aside for repairs or alterations, which the Commission deemed necessary."

Why does M. Gisquet here confine himself to the 110,000 muskets furnished by the manufacturers? Why does he tell us nothing as to whether the 90,000 *coming from the Tower of London* were examined?

and irresistible orator, who, in a second revolution of '92, would have become a second Danton. M. Armand Marrast also took a part in this celebrated contest, and asserted the rights of the press with powerful eloquence. "What!" he exclaimed, speaking of those depositaries of power, who wished to enjoy its sweets without fearing its responsibilities; "what! they are to have at their entire disposal the army, the public money, the whole national influence; with a bare sign, they are to set in motion the entire body of public functionaries; they are to have all these powerful means for directing the destinies of the country; at the least movement of their thought, they are to call up, as overwhelmers of those who oppose them, the bar and the bailiffs, the gend'armerie, and the whole plague of the police; and when they present themselves before us with all this train, we, poor scribblers, are not to have a right to question them; to suggest a doubt of the tendency of such vast power; to suspect abuses, where abuses may so easily be perpetrated. We are not to give utterance to the murmuring voice of opinion, whose instinct is so direct and sure! We think differently; our duty is as clear as it is elevated. Liberty is nourished by distrust. Keep your power, if you will; but know that, from that moment, you are placed under the empire of publicity; you, your present, your past, your future; all your known acts, all the acts that you have in project! And shame to the coward writer who shall desert his duty, because some danger or other may be attached to it!"

In the course of his warm and animated improvisation, M. Armand Marrast had given to the theory of public responsibilities a developement, that M. Dupin, jun. lost no time in declaring highly dangerous. According to him, charges, even against public functionaries, were not permissible, when founded merely on presumptions, however strong, upon the mere report, or even knowledge, of individuals, however honourable. And, such being the case, it was equally unwarrantable in writers to put forth accusations, whether in the disputative or in the affirmative form, the first form being merely an artifice of language.

In the course of the trial, M. Bascans, director of the *Tribune*, produced a letter, written by one of the principal gunmakers in London, Mr. Beckwith, the very person to whom M. Gisquet had intrusted the inspection of his muskets. The thing was very curious. M. Bascans, some days before the trial, had gone to London, and introducing himself to Mr. Beckwith as a person commissioned to purchase a considerable quantity of guns, had requested that gentleman to give him a statement of his prices in a letter, so that he might communicate them to the persons interested in the transaction. It was this letter that M. Bascans now produced to the court; it contained the following: "A musket and bayonet, of exactly the same quality in all respects as those furnished to M. Gisquet by the British government, will cost you twenty-six francs fifty centimes."*

* This letter was deposited with the registrar of the *Cour Royale*.

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Significant as this letter was, it went for nothing. In sustaining the theory of *personal attacks*, M. Armand Marrast had ascribed to the press a right of investigation, which was perfectly alarming to the authorities, in this epoch of corruption and decay. He was sentenced to pay a fine of 3000fr. and to six months' imprisonment. But public opinion, without accusing the judges of partiality, manifested very little disposition to confirm the sentence; and the expression, *fusils Gisquet*, took its fixed place in the polemical vocabulary, as a term of disgrace.

In the course of this trial, several important questions were started, and solved in various ways. There was one, however, upon which no opposition of opinion was manifested. The law which, in prosecutions for attacks upon private citizens, prohibits the judicial proof by the defendant of the facts alleged, had been cited, without a word being said against its propriety. This fact was typical of the whole spirit of the age. Doubtless, it would be an odious state of things, which, holding out a premium for scandal, should give up the private life of the citizens for the informer to batten on, as was the case at Rome. It is necessary, then, that penalties should be imposed upon calumny, and that those penalties should be of a very severe character. But to prohibit the citizens from denouncing flagitious acts, of which they hold the proofs in their hands; to say that, when they have unmasked vice, and are called in question for it, they shall not be permitted to call the truth to their aid, is an insult to reason, to common sense, and to public virtue; it is to throw over the dissolution of public morals, over the self-abasement of public men, the protecting mantle of public and insured patronage; it is to give legal encouragement to bad faith, to the spirit of intrigue, to skilful frauds, and to tell the society at large that it is not to enjoy that security which is given to its individual members. Besides, men cannot form in themselves two distinct beings, the private person and the public functionary. The judge who jobs on 'Change, will, sooner or later, job on the bench. The deputy who has many wants, the offspring of many vices, will, sooner or later, traffic in his vote, in order to supply them. I pity a country whose laws and manners are such as to render possible the popularity of a Mirabeau.

CHAPTER XII.

While France was allowing its attention to be taken up with these lamentable discussions, Poland was preparing once more to astonish and excite the minds of men with the spectacle of her dying agonies. But as a preliminary to the sad story of that painful and awe-inspiring struggle, it is necessary to explain what, at this moment, were

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the dispositions of the various powers of Europe with regard to this unfortunate people.

Upon learning the insurrection of Warsaw, Austria was at first seized with great alarm. Governed by the policy of the Treaties of Vienna, and mistress of Gallicia, she felt herself doubly menaced. But when the determined and prolonged resistance of the Poles assumed somewhat of a really firm and formidable aspect, Austria began to ask herself whether the reconstitution of Poland upon an independent footing, would not be more advantageous for the Austrian people, than the continuation of a struggle which could not fail to produce the most profound excitement in Gallicia, and the results of which were altogether beyond calculation.

It is certain that the reconstitution of Poland, as an independent state, was the true interest of Austria, even though it cost her Gallicia. For, since the famous treaty of partition, the aspect of things had altogether changed. Russia, constantly tending towards the south-west, had as constantly overwhelmed by her ponderous weight all that she came across in her way. Her advances along the coasts of the Black Sea, and her progress in Turkey, were of a nature to awaken the anxious solicitude of Austria, who saw herself thus on the point of being turned and surrounded. In this situation what could be more advantageous for her than the formation of a kingdom which, from the south-east to the north-west, should cover and secure her frontiers?

Whether influenced by these considerations, or yielding to other motives of a less elevated kind, the court of Vienna proceeded without much delay in disconnecting its policy upon this question from that of the other cabinets of Europe. Yet, faithful to its old habits of wary circumspection, it took care to give its agents* their instructions, couched in such terms that, should the need arise, it might disavow whatever steps had been taken one way or the other.

The Austrian consul, who had not quitted Warsaw, now gave the Polish government to understand that his sovereign was not indisposed to favour the re-establishment of Polish nationality, and even practically to contribute towards that object by relinquishing Gallicia, on these conditions: first, that Poland should accept as her king an Austrian prince; and, secondly, that the proposition should be made conjointly by France and Austria.

In consequence of this communication, M. Walewski was despatched to sound the disposition of the cabinet of the Tuileries and of the cabinet of St. James's. He arrived in Paris, in the beginning of March, just at the moment when the ministry of M. Laffitte was giving place to that of M. Casimir Périer. The Palais Royal did not reject the overtures of Austria; its reply was, that it could not but unite its adhesion with that of England if the project should

* The facts which we here record are not related, nor even indicated, by any of the historians of the revolution of Poland. But we advance no statement which we have not derived from authentic sources.

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prove satisfactory to that country. M. Walewski then proceeded to London. But the answer of the British cabinet was very different from that of the French government. Lord Palmerston admitted, with the utmost frankness, that France was the sole object of the distrust and apprehensions of Great Britain. He said that his Britannic majesty maintained with St. Petersburg relations of amity which he had no desire to interrupt; that he would never consent to unite his efforts with France in any design that was hostile or disagreeable to Russia.

From this a judgment may readily be formed as to the extreme imbecility of the part which was being performed in the diplomatic world, both by the directors of French policy at home and by M. de Talleyrand, their representative in London. But the blind infatuation of our statesmen, on the subject of English alliance, amounted to insanity.

The cause of Poland, as far as diplomacy was concerned, seemed hopelessly lost, when just at that point of time there was put upon the carpet that famous treaty of the eighteen articles, of which we have already related the origin. Although favourable to Belgium, this treaty, it has been seen, was very ill received in Brussels. Had the Belgian congress rejected it, the election of Leopold of Saxe Cobourg would have been materially compromised. The cabinet of St. James's foresaw this contingent result, and was thrown into the greatest perplexity.

In the meantime M. de la Merode, meeting M. Walewski in London, had informed him of the warm sympathy which the cause of the Poles and their undaunted efforts had created in the breasts of the Belgian catholics. M. Walewski immediately conceived a hope of rendering this sympathy practically useful to his country. M. de la Merode did not appear to entertain a doubt but that the catholic party in the Belgian congress would vote for the eighteen articles, on condition that England would promise to interpose, conjointly with France, in favour of Poland. Lord Palmerston, on this being put to him, refused to enter into any formal engagement on the subject, but gave it to be understood that the acceptance by Belgium of the eighteen articles, might prove an eminent service rendered to Poland. As to M. de Talleyrand, he warmly adopted the project, and promised to present a note to the British government in its favour. Upon this assurance, a Polish agent, M. Zaluski, proceeded from London to Brussels, where his exertions materially aided the passing of the treaty.*

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* We have before us two letters, written on this occasion by M. Zaluski to M. Walewski. The following are portions of their contents:

"Brussels, July 8, 1831.

"My dear Walewski,—The debates are not yet concluded; but the acceptance of the Conference's propositions is no longer a matter of doubt. It is as little a matter of doubt that the consideration of the Polish question has powerfully contributed to bring over a number of members who were opposed to the propositions. The objectors had a high and generous ground, the question of the abandonment of Venloo;

England had obtained the object of her wishes, without entering into any actual engagement. Accordingly, when M. de Talleyrand presented the promised note he was met by a refusal, the polite form of which but very imperfectly veiled its real insolence.* M. de Talleyrand had again been tricked.

He had so little anticipated the result, that with a heedlessness quite unpardonable in a man of his years and experience, he had written off word to the Palais Royal, that negotiations highly favourable to Poland were in progress. M. Sébastiani, placing implicit reliance upon the information, hastened to communicate it to the Polish legation in Paris, by whom a courier was instantly despatched to Warsaw, with advices conformable to the pacific character of the intelligence received. At a later period, the opposition made use of this circumstance, and of the disastrous results which attended it, as a ground for accusing the ministry of perfidy.

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the relinquishment of their opposition had also its high and generous ground, the promotion of the true interests of Poland," &c.

"Brussels, July 10, 1831.

"My dear Walewski,—I yesterday announced to you the acceptance by Congress of the eighteen articles. I think it my duty to add, that by the admission of a great many members of Congress, the consideration of the Polish question has materially contributed to produce this result. I am now endeavouring to derive an advantage from this circumstance, by seeking to obtain an acknowledgment of our national government from the new king. M. Lebeau, who will deliver this, has promised to assist us by every means in his power," &c. &c.

* We have been furnished with a copy of Lord Palmerston's note. It runs thus:

"The undersigned, &c., &c., in reply to the note presented to him by the ambassador of France, the object of which is to induce the British government to interpose, in concert with France, in the affairs of Poland, for the purpose of stopping the effusion of blood, and of procuring for that country a political and national existence,

"Has the honour to inform his excellency the Prince de Talleyrand, that with all the disposition the King of Great Britain might have to concur with the King of the French, in any measure calculated to consolidate the peace of Europe, and more especially in any which would really have the effect of putting an end to the war of extermination, of which Poland is now the theatre, his Majesty is compelled to declare:

"That a mere ordinary mediation, under existing circumstances, could not fail to be rejected by Russia; the more so, that the court of St. Petersburg has just declined the proposals of this kind made to it by France; that, consequently, the intervention of the two courts, to be effective, must be an intervention to be enforced, in the event of a rejection on the part of Russia.

"The King of England does not conceive himself, by any means, justified in adopting the latter alternative; the influence that the war may have upon the tranquillity of other states is not such as to necessitate any such step; and the frank and amicable relations existing between the court of St. Petersburg and his Majesty do not permit him to undertake it. His Britannic Majesty, therefore, finds himself compelled to decline the proposals transmitted to him by his excellency the Prince de Talleyrand, in his note of the 20th of June, being of opinion that the time has not yet arrived for successfully adopting them against the will of a sovereign whose rights are incontestable.

"At the same time, his Majesty has directed the undersigned to express to his excellency, the ambassador of France, the deep anguish of his heart at seeing the ravages that are taking place in Poland, and to assure him that he will take every step, compatible with his friendly relations with Russia, to put an end to those ravages. Instructions have already been forwarded to the ambassador of his Britannic Majesty at St. Petersburg, to declare that his Majesty will insist upon the maintenance of the political existence of Poland, as established in 1815, and of her national institutions.

(Signed) "PALMERSTON."

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The charge was an unjust one: the ministry, this time, was only guilty of incapacity.

Thus the Poles had all the powers against them: Russia was exhausting herself in gigantic efforts to exterminate them; Austria abandoned them, through pure timidity; Prussia was helping to overwhelm them; England was quite willing to see them perish, because this afforded a manifest proof to Europe how very little the friendship of France availed; France herself, under the direction of a government alike destitute of elevation of soul and of capacity, had become an instrument against them, in the hands of a diplomacy, steadfast, implacable in its sullen and selfish egoism.

Meanwhile, from the depths of Russia incessantly poured forth new masses of troops. The Russian army, 70,000 strong, with 300 cannon, had passed under the command of Field-marshal Paskewitch, of Erivau, the conqueror of the Persians. Renouncing the idea of attacking Warsaw on the right bank, where it was defended by the suburb Praga, and by the river itself, this daring man formed the project of transporting his line of operations to the other side of the Vistula. His plan was to march towards the Prussian frontier, where additional succours of every description awaited him, to cross the Vistula at Oziek, and to return and attack Warsaw on the left bank.

After passing Warsaw, the river continues its course towards the north for about five leagues, as far as Modlin, a fortified town, then occupied by the Poles. At this place it makes an elbow, turning sharp round to the west; and here receives the Bug and the Narew, which, just before united into a single stream, throw themselves into it by one mouth. Modlin, then, was a fortress, whence the Poles were to command the new theatre of war. But the resolution of the field-marshal was taken, and on the 4th of July the Russian army was put in motion. Divided into four columns, it was ordered to execute a parallel march, turning round Modlin, as round a pivot, the column nearest that fortress having directions to advance slowly, in order that the column at the extremity of the radius might have time to accomplish its movement. This march was in the highest degree rash and dangerous. The soldiers had to make their way over a country ploughed up by the heavy rains, and intersected in every direction with rivers and torrents. Worn out by the heaviness of the way, encumbered by their baggage, their large park of artillery, and the immense train requisite for the transport of twenty days' victualling for such an army, pursued, moreover, by the cholera, which strewed the road with dead and dying, the various divisions dragged on their painful march, exhausted, broken up, dispersed. Had an army of 40,000 men, debouching from Modlin, fallen upon these disordered masses, there is every probability that Paskewitch would have been utterly overwhelmed, that Poland would have been saved. A corps of Polish cavalry, sent out as a reconnoitering party, proved indeed the extreme probability

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of such a result, by the entire confusion which it threw into the Russian army, by driving in Ataman's cossacks.

But tranquil on the left bank, Skrzynecki occupied himself and his troops with the celebration of mass. "Battle! battle!" vociferated the troops with enthusiastic energy, each time that the general passed before their ranks; but headstrong, inflexible, he merely smiled or shrugged his shoulders. What mystery lurked beneath this conduct? Did the hero of Dobre, of Grochow, of Waver, of Dembewilkie, wish to draw the Russians over to the left bank, in the hope of crushing beneath the walls of Warsaw the formidable field-marshal, then cut off from all communication with Russia, and inextricably involved in the disasters of an impossible retreat? But to seize the victory which offered itself was surely better than to await it under circumstances; to postpone it until it was, as he might deem complete, was to render it uncertain. So thought the generals, so thought the soldiers, compelled to inactivity. Loud and general clamour arose; and well it might, for Paskewitch, in the meantime, had crossed the river on floating bridges, the materials for which had been prepared by Prussia at Thorn, and his army was now advancing in compact array to swallow up devoted Warsaw.

The clamour now became universal; Skrzynecki did not comprehend that there was a revolution in this war; that it was essential, at the earliest possible moment, to push forward Poland upon the enemy, if it were only to save her from herself; that this was a time wherein the general must also act the statesman; that each day's delay encouraged the growth of all destroying anarchy. A man and a system of daring, these are evidently what were wanting to unhappy Poland. It would have sufficed to save her had France sent her a chief, who, free from all local prejudices and jealousies, should have established in Warsaw the authority of the French name, have rendered powerless the aristocrat negotiators and schemers, and have given the preponderance to the democratic party, the only one capable of striking an effective blow at Russia, and demanding triumph from despair! But no: four French generals, Messieurs Excelmans, Hulot, Lallemand, and Grouchy, offered themselves; they were forced to retire; Prussia permitting no volunteers to pass, and France not daring what Prussia had dared. The indirect intimations of M. Sébastiani, the letters of our minister at Berlin, M. de Flahaut, who, like M. Sébastiani, was inclined to the temporizing policy, the indefatigable intrigues of that party in Poland which feared the revolutionary principle even more than it feared the Russians, such are the circumstances which explain the indecision of Skrzynecki, but do not absolve him.

For the results were terrible. In the entire absence of a strong and democratic party in Warsaw, that city had fallen into all the excesses of unbridled demagogue sway. The proposition made by the generalissimo, to confide the power to one single person, had only served to engender furious discussions. The failure of the expedition

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of Jankowski into the palatinate of Lublin, which was attributed to the vilest treachery, lead to a number of sudden arrests. The passions of men having, in that day of peril and disorder, no other occupation, naturally employed themselves in augmenting the peril and disorder. Here furious bands were seen parading the streets, and demanding with loud cries: "Death to the traitors!" There sat in conclave a knot of agitators, whom old Krukowiecki, well skilled in turning to his purpose the rude feelings and coarse bravery of his humble fellow-countrymen, was secretly inflaming with views favourable to his own ambitious projects. In a third direction, in order to save General Hurtig, whom the people were about to tear in pieces, the father of Roman Soltyk, who had grown old in the dungeons of the Czar, though well nigh at the portals of death, crawled to a balcony, where he exhorted the multitude to mercy. But those dark and fearful days had also their points of grandeur. All at once in the midst of the storm which raged around it, the Diet stood forth and declared the country in danger. There was something sublime in the address which it sent forth to the people: "In the name of God and of liberty, in the name of the nation trembling between life and death, in the name of the kings and heroes, your ancestors, who have fallen on the field of battle in defence of the faith and independence of Europe, in the name of future generations, who else will demand a terrible account of your abashed shades for their servitude, priests of Christ, citizens, cultivators of the earth, Poles, arise, arise as one man!" and at this invocation all did arise as one man. One vast cry of despair, solemn, formidable, resounded throughout the country. Each priest set up his crucifix as a standard, whither eagerly flocked the whole male population of his parish, the children, the fathers, and the grandsires, armed as best they might with forks, with sickles, and with scythes, the labours of the ripe harvest altogether forgotten or set aside.

It was in the midst of this universal exaltation that Dembinski appeared among them, bringing back from the depths of Lithuania, whither he had gone to spread the flame of insurrection, the wreck of his little army. The expedition commanded by Gielgud had been unfortunate; suspected of treachery, Gielgud himself had been shot by his aide-de-camp; but here, as throughout, the Poles had performed prodigies; among the rest, one noble young woman of twenty, the Countess Plater, had put herself at the head of a detachment of insurgents, and had lead them undauntedly against the enemy. As to Dembinski, compelled to give way before the force of overwhelming numbers, he had effected a retreat worthy of immortal renown; and now having in twenty days accomplished two hundred and ten French leagues, in the course of which he had crossed eleven rivers and traversed vast desert forests, he brought back, for a last great struggle, the remnant of his gallant squadrons, exhausted and in rags, but full of indomitable courage and patriotism. The reception which he met with at the hands of the people

was enthusiastic. They surrounded his horse, they covered his feet and his hands with kisses, they took possession of his cloak and his coat, which were torn into minute fragments, and thus distributed among the crowd as the most precious memorials. Proud and happy was the man who had secured one of these envied relics, and, with the tears gushing from his eyes, placed it next to his heart. Upon the solemn injunction of the Diet, Skrzynecki had promised to fight, but he had not kept his promise: a commission was sent to the camp, which appointed Dembinski his successor provisionally. The latter, however, a personal friend of Skrzynecki, and like him now surrounded by the diplomatizing party, declared it to be his intention to follow in the footsteps of his predecessor. Nothing more than this was needed, to ruin him in the estimation of the more ardent minds among his fellow-countrymen. All this irritation came to a head on the night of the 15th of August. The day which preceded this bloody night had been entirely consecrated to the memory of Napoleon, in celebrating his birthday. The bust of the emperor had been preceded in triumph by the children of the lower classes. Men who had never been seen in the city before, made their appearance there, clothed in imperial uniforms. A flash of unaccustomed joy lit up Warsaw. But suddenly news was spread that the Russians were at their gates; it was even said that Dembinski was advancing to assist in their reduction; cannon was heard in the direction of the Jerusalem suburb. In the evening the *Club de la Redoute* tumultuously assembled, and ere the night had well set in, fierce groups, who had been previously harangued by the light of the lamps, rushed to the state prison and massacred the generals who were in custody there on suspicion of treachery. Other prisoners, confined at Wola, were also slaughtered, but the greater number of these were wretches, forgotten by justice, amid the universal confusion, who had been sent there as guilty of infamous debauchery, of crimes which the pen refuses to designate. Krukowiecki, the presumed instigator of these murders,* which were carried into effect by a small party of assassins, made use of them for the purpose of seizing the reins of power. He ran to the government palace, and, being named governor of the city, dispersed the assembled crowd by a sign with his whip. Every thing became immediately quiet. Poland had but one more misfortune to undergo.

The next day, the Quintumvirs humiliated, overwhelmed with their own utter powerlessness, gave in their resignation. The Diet,

* The general has published an explanation of his conduct, in which he repels this imputation. Yet Messieurs Roman Soltyk and Louis Mieroslawski, who have both written, with different qualities and opinions, but both with great earnestness and ability, the history of the Revolution of Poland, agree in representing Krukowiecki as the author of the terrible night of the 15th of August. This opinion appears to be shared by M. Marie Brzozowski, an exact and faithful historian of the military operations of the period; and it accords with all the private information which we have collected.

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changing the form of government, decreed that the ruling power should be confided to a president, who should choose six ministers, and have the privilege of nominating the generalissimo. Krukowiecki was elected president by a large majority. The first proceeding of the new dictator was to dismiss Dembinski, and to nominate in his place General Malachowski, an octogenarian, though still full of patriotic fire, who had already refused the command, on the plea of his great age.

Meantime, the Polish army was assembled beneath the walls of Warsaw. Paskewitch had steadily advanced, and was now only a mile from the capital. Rudiger had crossed the Vistula with 13,000 men and forty pieces of cannon, and was on the point of completing the investment of Warsaw by a junction with Paskewitch.

On the 19th of August, Krukowiecki assembled a council of war, which, of all the measures proposed to it, most decisively rejected that which was at once the boldest, and the only practicable one, that suggested by the Dictator himself, which was to give battle under the walls of Warsaw with the entire force at the disposition of the government. Uminski proposed to detach one-half of the army by the right bank of the river into Podlachia to victual the capital, and render it capable of a long defence. Dembinski suggested that the whole army should abandon Warsaw, and transport itself into Lithuania, crushing on its way the small corps of Rosen and Golowin. These two latter plans were evidently only admissible after the first had been tried. For, after they had given battle there would be ample time for them, in the event of defeat, to entrench themselves in the city, to victual it from the right bank, to arm the people, to barricade the streets, and to renew the immortal defence of Saragossa. As to the proposition of Dembinski, it was only worthy of consideration as a forlorn hope, as a last resource, after the failure of every thing else. The plan adopted was that of Uminski; a most fatal selection, for it sent away one entire half of an army, already far too weak, on the preposterous mission of procuring, a full fortnight before they were wanted, additional provisions for a city, whose greatest danger at that moment was, not famine, but assault.

Accordingly, Ramorino was despatched with 20,000 men and forty-two pieces of cannon into Podlachia, and Lubienski, with a detachment of 4000 men into the Palatinate of Plock, so that there remained for the defence of the capital only 35,000 men. On learning that the Polish army was thus broken up, Paskewitch decided upon attempting an assault, and fixed the 6th of September for that purpose. His forces had just been increased by a new army of 30,000 men, which General Kreutz had brought. Thus the capital of Poland was menaced at different points by a total mass of 120,000 men and 386 cannon. The effective of the Polish army

was about 80,000 men and 144 cannon, but there were at the present moment in Warsaw only 35,000 men and 136 pieces of artillery. The city was defended on the left bank by three semi-circular lines of vallations, the most extended of which did not embrace less than five leagues. The principal sallies were Wolay, Pariz, and Marymont, connected together by lunettes. This immense developement, to be adequately maintained, required an army three times as large as that of the Poles. Certain points, of necessity insufficiently manned, must, as a matter of course, fall into the hands of Paskewitch, so that they had built forts for the enemy, and the very works which were intended to stop the besieger, became an additional element of success at his disposition. To complete this misfortune, the points the best fortified were precisely those which the Russians could not attack. Krukowiecki had conceived the idea of embodying the male population of the suburbs, and Zalewski, the celebrated chief of the ensigns, had succeeded in organizing an urban guard of more than 20,000 men, the staff of which was formed of the unemployed officers: but Chrzanowski, by spreading an alarm of another night of the 15th of August, obtained the dissolution of this formidable militia. Thus every thing conspired to bring about the fall of Warsaw, each step that Poland made towards her ruin, corresponded with the progressive enfeeblement of the democratic principle.

Before commencing the attack, Paskewitch wished to attempt an arrangement, and General Berg presented himself for this purpose at the outposts, where he had an interview with Prondzynski; but the council of ministers and Krukowiecki himself having declared that they would only treat on the basis of the manifesto, which was equivalent to a rupture, the field-marshal ordered the attack for the next day, the 6th September, and prepared his troops for it by distributing among them enormous rations of brandy. For the Russians, though good soldiers, well able to endure fatigue, and obedient unto death, are deficient in the impetuous energy requisite for so terrible an assault as this was to be.

At daybreak the Russians opened a fire from two hundred cannon. Muravieff and Strantmann advanced to attack Uminski, and at the same moment the columns of Kreutz and Luders, debouching from the centre, threw themselves upon the intrenchments to the left of Wola, and carried two redoubts; but as they were taking possession of battery 54, Lieutenant Gordon fired the powder magazine, and blew up himself with the enemy. Wola was then attacked from behind by the victorious troops, and in front by the general of Pahlen's corps, who hurried their drunken soldiers on to the assault, after having battered the walls with a hundred and fifteen pieces of heavy artillery. Assailed from all points at once, the garrison of Wola, too feeble to resist such a mighty attack, retreated, and intrenched themselves in the church, where their old commandant,

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Sowinski, made them swear upon the cross never to surrender. The place was soon forced, and the soldiers put to death, Sowinski himself falling, pierced with wounds, upon the altar.

Masters of Wola, the Russians planted their artillery there, and marched from it towards noon, under cover of the fire of a hundred cannon, to attack the second line, which, resting on the suburb of Czyste, was covered at the point of assault by forty pieces of cannon under the direction of the deputy, Roman Soltyk, and of General Bem, that incomparable artillery officer, who had been so fatal to Diebitch at the battle of Ostrolenka. On seeing the Russians debouch from the fort, the general directed his artillery and poured in a terrible fire, overthrowing horse and foot, and clearing the ground quite up to the intrenchments of Wola, which Soltyk inundated with shells and projectiles. The Generalissimo Malachowski, seizing the opportunity, pushed forward two battalions of the 4th regiment of the line to retake Wola; and a fierce struggle commenced at the foot of the fort, bristling with cannon, and defended by a body of infantry double the number of the assailants, and which was reinforced by four battalions of grenadiers. Thrice these masses fell upon the two Polish battalions, and each time they were driven back to the fort, by one of those charges at the point of the bayonet which have immortalized the 4th regiment of the line. The enemy at length found itself compelled to send the squadrons of Chilkoff against them, and the two battalions, not being supported, fell back in good order upon the suburb of Czyste. The Russians remained masters of the first line, of which they occupied the chief points.

At midnight the dictator shut himself up with a few of his more intimate friends, and, giving no intimation of the matter to his ministers, wrote to the field-marshal requesting an interview. Upon receiving an answer in the affirmative from Paskewitch, he secretly repaired to Wola, accompanied by General Prondzynski. After a long negotiation an armistice of eight hours was concluded.

When, next day, the 7th of September, the ministers learned the step that had been taken by Krukowiecki, they immediately gave in their resignation. At ten o'clock in the morning the diet assembled. General Prondzynski presented himself, and having obtained permission to address them, proceeded to give an account of the interview which the dictator and he had just had, in the Russian camp, with Paskewitch and the Grand Duke Michael. This statement was heard with closed doors.*

He commenced by drawing a most lamentable picture of their

* We have in our possession the manuscript of a translation, into German, of the unpublished journals of the sittings of the diet during the siege of Warsaw. This valuable manuscript has enabled us to form a thorough acquaintance with those memorable scenes. These journals had been printed, and were about to be published, when Russian agents purchased from the German editor the whole impression, and destroyed it to the very last copy. It was from a set of the proof-sheets, which, by a piece of great good fortune, had been preserved, that the translation was made, of which we possess the manuscript.

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present situation. "This morning," said he, "I have seen the whole Russian army, ranged in order of battle, beneath our walls, at the distance of but half a cannon shot; it is in a most complete state, and far more numerous than we imagined. At this moment our position is such that, having lost Wola and the outer redoubts, we can hardly sustain for a few short hours the attack of the enemy."

After this commencement, as if he had wished to strike terror into the assembly, Prondzynski talked of the approaching assault, and gloomily depicted all the horrors of an armed irruption into Warsaw, —the cradle of the national existence given up to fire and sword, property abandoned to the mercy of an unbridled populace and of routed soldiers. The nuncios listened with stupefaction, and seemed amazed at the strangeness of this harangue. "The conditions offered to us by Paskewitch," continued the general, "are not such as we ourselves should have proposed. The marshal is of an impetuous character; Toll is with him; both are true Russians; they chafe at the least opposition from General Krukowiecki. They insist on their conditions, which have not the full consent of the Grand Duke Michael. I had a great deal of talk with the duke whilst the president was conversing with Paskewitch and Toll; General Krukowiecki's language was worthy of the nation, perhaps even a little more haughty than was proper under the circumstances." Lastly, he enumerated the conditions of the capitulation, which were the return of the kingdom of Poland under the sceptre of the emperor Nicolas, in consideration of a full and entire amnesty, respecting which mutual arrangements remained to be made. The marshal of the diet asked Prondzynski up to what hour the armistice was to continue. Until one in the afternoon, replied the general. The assembly preserved a calm demeanour. The nuncio, Worcell, rose and said, "The country has been many times saved already; the like may happen again. We alone can sign its death-warrant. Whoever wishes to sign it must quit these walls." Precizewski followed: invoking the Almighty, and holding up his sabre, "Never," he said, "has my hand felt more able to wield it." "Let us assemble the generals," said Niemojowski, "let us give the command to whichever shall have the most faith in our cause, and let us not with a stroke of the pen deliberately give the lie to our protestations." The palatine, Ostrowski, seconded this motion, and added, "We must arm the inhabitants of Warsaw and present ourselves with them on the ramparts. We will keep the enemy in check until we shall have surrounded the city with entrenchments, which may be done this very night." General Prondzynski then proposed to speak, but no one would hear him, and Ostrowski, the marshal of the diet, declared that he would sooner quit the chair and adjourn the meeting. Szaniecki instantly cried out, "Let us quit Warsaw when the Russians enter it. Let us go seek another capital in our country, and if all our towns are occupied by the enemy, let us disperse through the world rather than dishonour ourselves." An old man presented himself at the tribune, "I

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speak for the last time," he said, "and I shall end my days, doubtless, in Siberia; but I trust that all the provinces of the Russian empire will rise. I am an old man and shall not see that time; but you that are young engrave it in your hearts, that Poland must have no other limits than the Dniepr and Dwina." Godibski, Zienkowiecz, and Lelewel energetically resisted all idea of compromise. One of Krukowiecki's aides-de-camp entered the hall, and reminded the assembly that it was one o'clock. The diet continued its deliberations. Wolowski urged and implored his colleagues to quit the capital for the salvation of Poland, and to grant the presidents of the two chambers the right of convoking the diet in whatever place in Europe they should think proper. During this time Godebski had been drawing up a fiery proclamation, which he read to the assembly, entreating it to adjourn and march against the enemy. All at once the windows were shaken by the report of cannon. It was the signal for the assault. All the nuncios rose as one man aud shouted, "To the ramparts! To the ramparts!"

The battle began with a cannonade in which the Russians had the superiority in number of pieces and the Poles in skill. Three hundred and fifty pieces thundered together. To facilitate the principal attack made by Kreutz and Pahlen's corps on the suburb of Czyste, Muravieff received orders to march against Uminski, who commanded the left of the Poles, by the barriers of Jerusalem. The seventy-third battery, under Colonel Przedpelski, placed on a salient lunette, played aslant on the Russian artillery acting against Czyste, disabled the enemy's pieces, and swept all before it. Muravieff wished to drive the colonel's artillery from its position. Two columns of infantry, commanded by General Witt in person, advanced along the two flanks of the Raszyn causeway leading to the Jerusalem gate. The Polish grenadiers, without waiting for the enemy to come up, rushed on their columns, already broken by the discharges of grape, and made a great carnage. As they were rallying, Uminski sent the blue lancers and the squadrons of Sandomir to charge them in flank, and they were driven back upon their batteries. But a brigade of the cavalry of the Russian guard hastened to their aid, and drove the Poles back to their lines, but there it suffered its imprudent ardour to carry it too far. It was mowed down by the fire of the Poles, and but thirty horses were left out of the two Russian regiments. Fresh masses of cavalry attempted to carry the seventy-third battery, but the cannon made havoc in their ranks, and they retreated full gallop.

Whilst this formidable battery was occupied with its own defence, Kreutz and Pahlen refitted their damaged pieces, and recommenced the attack on Czyste, which was the salient point of the second line.

Their columns marched resolutely over the ground swept by their artillery, and they carried two batteries. Assailed on all sides by Pahlen's troops, which stole along under cover of the houses and garden walls, the twenty-third battery, commanded by Colonel Ro-

manski, sustained a desperate conflict. Romanski was killed. He and Bem were the ablest officers of artillery in the two armies.

It was five in the afternoon. The Czyste faubourg had been set on fire by a shower of shells, and the flames lighted up the streets strewed with dead. The gardens and enclosures became the scenes of partial conflicts, in which the combatants fought almost man to man. The 4th regiment of the line, entrenched in the cemetery, made a furious defence, but was soon driven from beneath the wall of the toll-house by the spread of the conflagration. General Nabakoff, and the grenadiers led by Szachoskoi himself, advance as far as the barrier of Wola, seek a passage through the flames, and become entangled in a labyrinth of lanes, ditches, and parapets. On reaching the cross ways, their ranks were there swept by four pieces of cannon, planted at the end of the alley. The murderous conflict continued far into the night. That day the people of Warsaw was disarmed, and the mobs were dispersed! The streets of the city were silent and deserted; all eyes were turned towards Praga, whence the 20,000 men under Ramorino, so cruelly backward, were every moment expected. At nine in the evening the army received news of the capitulation, with orders to retire on Praga.

The following is the way in which this memorable capitulation of Warsaw was accomplished. The diet held a second sitting at four o'clock. Krukowiecki sent in his resignation, but so long as it was not accepted he thought himself empowered to negotiate. After a violent debate the assembly, deprived of its most energetic members, who were engaged at the ramparts, refused the president's resignation, and authorized him to treat. At five o'clock, Prondzynski sent a third time into the Russian camp, returned thence with General Berg through the midst of the flames and the conflict. Shut up with that general, Krukowiecki, it is said, resisted his stern exactions with firmness. He was heard to say as he struck the table, "If that be so I will recall Ramorino, arm the suburbs, and bury myself under the walls of Warsaw." The cunning Muscovite allowed the storm to blow over, and when he went away he carried with him the following letter:

"SIRE,—Commissioned at this moment to speak to your imperial and royal majesty, in the name of the Polish nation, I address myself through his excellency Count Paskewitch d'Erivan to your paternal heart.

"In submitting unconditionally to your majesty, our king, the Polish nation knows that your majesty alone is competent to make the past forgotten, and to heal the deep wounds that have rent my country.

(Signed) "The Count KRUKOWIECKI, President of the Government."

"Warsaw, September 7, six P. M.

Suddenly in the midst of the nuncios assembled in the palace of the government appeared the commander-in-chief Malachowski, panting and begrimed with powder. The old man harangued them and conjured them, in accents of despair, to break off all negotiations and die. The nuncios rushed to the gates of the palace. Krukowiecki had given orders to close them. Marshal Ostrowski made himself

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known to the soldiers, went up to the dictator, called on him to abdicate anew, and carried back his resignation to the diet, which named Bonaventure Niemojowski president of the government by acclamation.

At eleven at night Generals Berg and Prondzynski returned and demanded the ratifications of Krukowiecki. They were told that the government was changed. Berg being introduced into the palace found the nuncios in military dress, and armed with sabres. He declared he would only treat with General Krukowiecki. A messenger was sent to Praga for the latter, and he arrived at three in the morning. On catching sight of General Berg, Krukowiecki dashed his cap on the ground, exclaiming, "I am no longer anything: I am but a private individual." He then burst out into abuse of Ostrowski: "Here is the marshal of the chambers in our hands," he said, trembling with rage, to General Berg; "it is he who by his infatuated extravagance has fostered the pride of the nation. You shall remain here, sir!" But the marshal calmly answered, "I make no reply to idle threats; they have no influence upon me; I am here in safety since I see Poles around me." And he added "You have no authority to treat in the name of the nation." General Berg having then said he begged leave to put faith in the declarations of the honourable General Krukowiecki, Dembinski cried out, passionately, that the marshal of the diet possessed the confidence of the nation, and that no one would suffer him to be insulted. "Let him then sign with me," replied the ex-president, "and let him authorize me to conclude arrangements in the name of the diet." "No, no," replied Ostrowski, and he refused a paper written in French, which was presented to him for his signature. Upon this Krukowiecki bursting into a rage exclaimed, "You are arrested, marshal!"—"Arrested!" replied Ostrowski, coolly. "Do you expect to obtain a disgraceful signature from me by force? Though there were a hundred thousand Muscovite bayonets here I would not swerve from my duty," and he withdrew calmly with the most resolute patriots. Urged by the generals about him, and overborne by the despair of all, Malachowski signed, against his will, the capitulation that surrendered Warsaw, as well as the bridge and *tête de pont* of Praga. The Russians in return granted the Poles an armistice of forty-eight hours, to evacuate Warsaw with their arms, ammunition, and equipments. But whilst the army was retiring on Modlin, taking the diet with it, most of the members of which were on foot, the Russians, once in possession of Praga, audaciously broke through the terms of the capitulation, by refusing egress to the military equipments. Instead of joining the main army, Ramorino thought it right to take another route: he was obliged to enter Gallicia, and there he laid down his arms. The last commander-in-chief of the Poles, Rybinski, marched to the Lower Vistula, and found himself compelled to take refuge in Prussia! Just as he was about to set foot on the frontier, Dembinski suddenly

wheeled round with the rear-guard, and had the honour of firing the last Polish shot against the Russians.

On the 15th of September the news of this disaster was announced in France by some cruelly concise lines in the *Moniteur*. As is usual in great calamities, there was at first but a dull surprise, a universal stupefaction. Not one of the thousand busy thoughts of the preceding day survived; the debates on the promotions of the hundred days, the abolition of the hereditary peerage, M. Bérenger's report on that important subject, the admirable pamphlets it had drawn forth from M. de Cormenin—all was forgotten; one sole thought filled every mind—Poland! one word alone was on every lip—Poland! Business was suspended, the theatres were closed that night. The population—and this will be an everlasting honour to the country in future ages—the population went about the streets appalled, silent, and as if overwhelmed under the load of an irreparable humiliation. We French had all ceased to groan over our own misfortunes, in thinking of that people of heroes that was perishing four hundred leagues away from us; and we were all amazed at that unparalleled rancour of fortune, which, even after 1830 and its prodigies, sent France another day of Waterloo!

The next day despondency was changed into rage. In every part of Paris groups were formed, in which the public fury found vent in imprecations and threats. Armourers' shops plundered, and barricades attempted, for some days gave the capital the aspect of a revolutionized city. In all the squares, along the quays and the boulevards, nothing was to be seen but men on horseback and foot waiting a signal. The roll of the drums mingled in every quarter with the shrill voices of the public criers, who were followed by the excited people. The throng hastened to that garden of the Palais Royal, which, ever since 1789, had lain in the path of every revolution; and the Orleans family could look down from its dwelling on scenes like those which had ruined the elder branch of the Bourbons for its advantage. But this time the soldiers did not arrive too late; the multitude was dispersed; the iron gates were hurriedly closed, and unfortunate men were laid dead on the spot, struck at random by the swords of the *sergents de ville*. During this time, a carriage, eagerly pursued, drove rapidly across the Place Vendôme, and two men got out of it. These were Sébastiani and Casimir Périer. They had been recognised as they left the office of foreign affairs, and the people was hotly exasperated against them. Thus passion, peril, and alarm, went on increasing, and this explosion of public feeling, even in its exaggeration and boyish violence, argued the incompetence of those narrow-minded ministers, who pass for practical men because they leave out of their calculations all the sympathetic side of human nature; mean souls, incapable of understanding that in the impulses of the heart is found the most potent lever of policy.

It was amidst this effervescence of public feeling that the sitting

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of the 19th of September began. On the 16th, M. Mauguin, though ill, had given notice that he would question the ministry, and he hastened to fulfil his threat. Impetuous, and close in his reasoning, he overwhelmed the ministry with questions precise and cogent. Why had the scandalous and barbarous intervention of Prussia, in favour of Russia, been permitted? Why, at least, had not the same thing been done to save Poland as the Prussians had done to destroy it? Why had M. Sébastiani cut off from France, by the recall of General Guilleminot, the aid of Turkey, and the means of sending a fleet into the Black Sea? Why had haste been made to give an anti-French solution to the affairs of Belgium, instead of, as M. Bignon had said, keeping Belgium disposable, and making it serve as a ransom for Poland? How was it that, in spite of the formal declarations of the minister of war, the French army had so soon evacuated Belgium? Was it true that a courier, sent to Warsaw by the French government, had been arrested on futile pretexts in the duchy of Posen, without regard to the dignity of France? Was it true, and M. de Lafayette believed he had proof of the fact, that the Poles had been deluded into a fatal inaction, by holding out false hopes to them that negotiations were going on in their behalf; and that in two months, thanks to the efforts of diplomacy, they should enter again into the great family of free nations? And M. Mauguin called on ministers to furnish precise explanations on all these heads, to produce documents, and to prove otherwise than by vague assertions, if not the merit, at least the good faith and integrity of their policy.

M. Sébastiani replied, that Prussia having confined herself to furnishing the Russians with aid in money, provisions, and ammunition, such an intervention did not constitute a *casus belli;* that General Guilleminot had been recalled because, in endeavouring to excite Turkey against Russia, he had committed the triple fault of endangering the system of peace, disobeying his instructions, and *talking to a corpse;** that the interests of France were sufficiently guaranteed by the declaring Belgium neutral, since that neutrality could only be violated to the advantage of France, in consequence of her vicinity; that the evacuation of those countries by the French troops had been a point of good faith towards the Conference;† that the arrest of the

* General Guilleminot could not have disobeyed his instructions, not having received any. The truth is, and this was proved afterwards, the instructions of which Sébastiani spoke on this occasion, were only sent to the general along with the order recalling him, and in *duplicate*—the *first* copy, strange to tell, did not arrive in Constantinople.

† Sébastiani added (we quote his own words): "What did the minister of war tell you? That the French army would not quit Belgium until we should have received assurance of the independence of Belgium. We have received it."—(See *Moniteur*, Sept. 20, 1831.)

Now the following are the terms in which Marshal Soult had expressed himself: "The Dutch army has received orders to retire before our troops. Still our troops do not return on that account. For it is necessary that the performance shall have corresponded to the intention, and that we be assured that there will be no return, before our troops come back to France."—(See *Moniteur*, Aug. 14, 1831.)

The matter then in view was not the assurance of Belgian independence, but the

courier in the duchy of Posen had been occasioned only by sanatory precautions; and, lastly, that as to the pretended advice given to Poland by the French government, that she should give up all offensive war, in the hope of being recognised in two months, "the government had never said any thing of the sort."*

This reply, in which, moreover, the facts were incorrectly stated, betrayed miserable weakness. To say that, for the sake of peace, the government had permitted, on the part of Prussia, an indirect intervention, which it denied to itself at Constantinople, was openly to avow the inferiority of the policy of France, and to encourage her enemies to go any lengths against her. As to the neutrality of the Belgians, it was, at least, a curious assertion, that the government had done well in declaring it inviolable, because the French could more easily violate it than any other power.

From the shape the discussion had taken, and after the long debates on the address, all arguments seemed exhausted; and General Lamarque could, in fact, only present, under the pompous forms of his eloquence, what had been already said over and over again. But M. Thiers found means to freshen the discussion by starting new and unexpected considerations. Addressing himself, first of all, to those who called for war, on the principle that war was inevitable, he proved, what was actually the case, that the powers had neither the wish nor the ability to engage in war. Replying next to those who, like M. Bignon, would have wished to see the salvation of Poland result from negotiations ably conducted, he went into the question, whether the reconstitution of Poland was possible? Poland, according to his views, being but a vast plain without strong frontiers, the idea of reconstructing it would have been chimerical. Had the Republic been able, with its fourteen armies, to effect any thing of the kind? The cabinet of Versailles, which had made an America, had it made a Poland? Had not Napoleon himself halted before this painful but fated necessity? The great Frederick would never have thought of that famous partition, for sake of which he so ably associated himself with the interested policy of Catherine and Kaunitz, had he not recognised the impotence of Poland to serve as a bulwark to Europe.

This speech made a deep impression. Lafayette replied to it with great eloquence and spirit, nicely commingling urbanity and sarcasm, and opposing his personal recollections, and the experience of

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certainty that the Dutch would not return to Belgium: for as to the independence of Belgium, is it to be supposed that Sébastiani, minister of foreign affairs as he was, did not know that this had been recognised long before the Dutch invasion?

* General Lafayette having asked for explanations on this point of the Polish Legation, the following is the answer he received:

"We hasten to assure you,

"That it was the minister of foreign affairs who persuaded us, on the 7th of July, to send a messenger to Warsaw, whose travelling expenses he defrayed; that the object of this message was, as his excellency M. le Comte Sébastiani told us, to induce our government to wait two months longer, because that was the time requisite for the negotiations."

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his age, to the somewhat jejune erudition of the young orator who preceded him.

But the important part of Thiers' speech was hardly touched on in that of Lafayette, although this verdict pronounced against Polish nationality was a political dictum without foundation and without grandeur. When he pointed out Poland as destitute of frontiers, Thiers had not considered that he exhibited her not such as nature designed her, but such as she had been made by perfidious contrivances and the sacrilegious abuse of might. Is it true that, from the Black Sea to the Gulf of Livonia, from Khelson to Riga, the Dniepr continued by the Dwina, would not mark out a line of frontiers capable of protecting resuscitated Poland? There cannot be a doubt but that Poland, constituted as she ought to have been, with two great rivers for her limits, and backed by the coast of the Baltic, would have been a barrier against Russia, and would have hindered her from overflowing the West. Napoleon had clearly perceived this; and not stopping short at the petty idea that Poland would never be, with regard to France, other than an advanced guard too far removed from the main body, he had set down, among the most cherished schemes of his ambition, that of creating another France on the borders of the Vistula, a France strong enough to resist by herself and to wait. And if he did not realise this plan at Tilsit, it was because his great soul already brooded over the design of realising it in Moscow. As for the Republic, she had full occupation for her fourteen armies in maintaining her existence in defiance of Europe. The crime of Frederick, Catherine, and Kaunitz, had been, after all, but a stupid crime. The last Polish war sufficiently declared this; and the torrents of blood shed in consequence of the partition, the extreme terror with which it had been necessary to keep watch over its abominable results, the uncertainty it cast upon the future prospects of the three participating powers; all this abundantly proved that atrocities can never enjoy impunity, and that acts of piracy can never be wise; that time and space swallow up the success of the most skilful spoliators; and that crime is always folly. And then there was no ordinary audacity in declaring a nationality impossible which had twice saved Christendom, and which it would have assuredly been more just to entitle immortal. How many trials had it not, in fact, resisted? How often, rising again when it was thought to be annihilated, had it convicted of impotence the warfare, the butcheries, the treacheries, and the infernal machinations of diplomacy? What then was requisite to demonstrate the vitality of Poland, if the efforts which the fifth part of that Poland had just made, their duration, and their truly prodigious energy were counted for nothing?

The speech of M. Thiers was therefore in reality but a brilliant *jeu d'esprit*, not to speak of the enormous self-contradiction it contained, and which no one in the chamber then thought of exposing. For surely there was strange imprudence in maintaining on the one hand

that war was in no wise to be feared, seeing the temper and the resources of the several powers; and on the other hand that the government had done right in sacrificing every thing to the desire of avoiding it.

The insurrectionary spirit continued its threatening displays in Paris, and newspaper polemics assumed a tone of extraordinary acrimony. In announcing to the chamber on the 16th of September that Warsaw was in the power of the Russians, Sébastiani had made use of this unfortunate phrase, *Order reigns in Warsaw;* on the 19th he let fall the words, that 1815 would not be repeated if France was *discreet:* these words were soon caught up and made the subject of endless and indignant comments. Again every thing conspired to augment the weariness and the irritation of the troops, who were forced for several days together to bivouac in the squares and open places. Two deputies, Audry de Puyraveau and Labordière, were unable on leaving the chamber to pass through the line of soldiers drawn round the Palais Bourbon, and even after they had made known their quality, they were subjected to coarse and violent threats. It could not have been expected that all this angry feeling should not have its effect on the chamber. "M. Mauguin longs for a riot!" said the partisans of the ministry; and he with his accustomed audacity flung back this charge upon the executive. The two parties wanted positive proofs, and exposed themselves with equal recklessness to the hazard of being unjust; but swelling passion is content to deal with appearances. On the 21st of September Casimir Périer started up in the tribune. He ran his eye over the assembly in search of M. Mauguin, on whom he wished to pour forth the full vials of his wrath, and not perceiving him he complained of his absence. He plunged into the fight notwithstanding, and indignantly repudiated the charge of having favoured the progress of riot, declaring the accusation to be a base calumny. M. Mauguin entered the chamber just at the close of these vehement recriminations. He ascended the tribune in his turn, and assuming the attitude of an assailant, he related all the ministers had done to excite the revolution they now disavowed. Spreading out passports and *feuilles de route* on the marble before him, here, he cried, here are the written proofs of the support lent some months ago to the Spanish revolution by one of the most fervent upholders of the ministry, M. Guizot. Then taking the members of the cabinet one by one, he vehemently demanded what they severally represented in the executive. One of them, M. d'Argout, had been the ostensible negotiator on behalf of Charles X. at the Hôtel de Ville during the three days; another, M. Casimir Périer, had obstinately refused his signature to the act of deposition; all had defended legality in July whilst the people was fighting. And who was the representative of the cabinet abroad? M. de Talleyrand, the same who had stood sponsor for legitimacy; the same who in 1814 had signed the degradation and the ruin of his country. It is then the Restoration, the Restoration complete and bodily, that is in office, conti-

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nued Mauguin. There is the evil, there is the danger, and people come and try to frighten us with the republic!

During this implacable inquisition, which was every moment interrupted by exclamations, cheers, murmurs, and flat denials, Casimir Périer writhed in his place, and showed every mark of boiling rage. In casting up against him certain mysterious visits he had made to the Hôtel de Hollande, Rue de la Paix, M. Mauguin had imprudently given him an opportunity of doing himself honour on the score of his generosity. Périer related, therefore, with eloquent vivacity, that an unfortunate woman, who bore a name pre-eminently glorious in the national history, had come to France with her sick son, a fugitive from Italy, and braving the cruel laws that banished her from the soil on which Napoleon had reigned. He related that this woman had made application to the Palais Royal, and had solicited, for some days, a hospitality not beset with danger; and he avowed that the ministry had not had the courage to be inflexible to her intreaties; this was the amount of his crime. The avowal was noble, and touched the feelings of the assembly. But the orator was incapable of moderating his own vehemence. He chose to assail his enemy with the language of invective; and then began between these two men the long parliamentary duel that consumed the life of Casimir Périer, and hurried him to the grave. For Mauguin possessed over Périer the superiority of disdain over violence. To the furious bursts of his enemy, he replied sometimes with ironical politeness, sometimes with an icy smile, ever the accuser, but ever contemptuous and master of himself.

These conflicts produced a strong sensation in Paris. Nothing was talked of on the evening of the 21st and the next day but M. Mauguin's attacks on the ministry. But this popularity even ruffled those of his colleagues in the Chamber whose opinions most nearly coincided with his own. He had demanded an inquiry; the minister moved for the order of the day; the order of the day was voted. In a grave and measured speech, delivered by Odilon Barrot on this subject, there appeared to be some severe allusions, and an intention of turning away the *gauche* from the paths into which M. Mauguin's impetuosity seemed bent on forcing it. M. Laurence also questioned the ministers on domestic affairs, and he, too, was met by the order of the day. It had needed but a week to make weariness succeed to excited feeling both in the parliament and out of doors.

The fall of Poland and the barren effervescence of Paris completed the ruin of the revolutionary principle in Europe. This was manifested by the new attitude assumed by the Conference in the disputes between Belgium and Holland. William had openly braved the diplomatists of London; he had invaded Belgium in contempt of their orders, and had only retired before the French bayonets. Subsequently being interrogated as to his designs by the emissaries of the Conference, he replied, haughtily, that he was not obliged to make known his intentions. It was, therefore, natural that the Con-

ference should take part with his adversaries against him. The reverse was actually the case: first, as I have said, because the best way of making the powers compliant was to make head against them, and secondly, because the last events had transferred all moral power from the revolutionary principle to its opposite. Hence the treaty known under the name of *Treaty of twenty-four articles.*

By this document the Conference once more undid its own work, and on this occasion to the advantage of Holland. But it must be remarked that in this new shifting of the sails, in this scandalous annulment of the *treaty of the eighteen articles,* matters were contrived in such a manner that French interests were sacrificed. The following, in fact, were the bases of the treaty of twenty-four articles, signed, October 15, 1831.

As for the apportionment of the debts between Holland and Belgium, the conference decided that those which had been contracted during their union, and they amounted to 10,100,000 florins, should be divided into two equal portions, so that the share of Belgium was 5,050,000 florins. The conference also burdened the latter country with the Belgian debts contracted before the union, and which formed a sum of 2,750,000 florins, to which it superadded 600,000 florins as an indemnity to Holland for the sacrifices imposed on her by the separation. This decision was equitable enough; for if on the one hand the Belgians could contest the origin of the debts anterior to the union, as, for instance, the *Austro-Belgian* debt created by an arbitrary extension given by William to the treaties of Paris and Lunéville, on the other hand it is clear that the Conference did not treat Belgium unfavourably in having regard to the proportion of taxation, and not to that of population in the apportionment of the debts contracted in common. There remained to be considered the indemnity of 600,000 florins. Now this was not too much for commercial advantages such as the free transit towards Germany through Limburg, the freedom of the Scheldt, and the navigation of the intermediate waters between the Scheldt and the Rhine.

On the whole, then, the commercial and financial question was not settled to the detriment of Belgium. It was otherwise with the territorial question, because here the Conference made it its principal aim to revive against France the idea that had led, at the congress of Vienna, to the formation of the kingdom of the Netherlands.

To this end there were three things to be done, the separation of the two countries being maintained. 1. To delare Belgium neuter, and give it the northern part of Luxembourg, so that the French frontier from Longwi to Givet should be imprisoned by the Belgian neutrality. 2. To secure to the King of Holland a part of Luxembourg considerable enough to make him remain a member of the German Confederation. 3. To give Holland, not only what it possessed in Limburg in 1790—that is to say, half of Maestricht, Venloo, and fifty-three villages—but also all the territory stretching out along the Meuse that could enable it to acquire stability and

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weight as a continental power, and to form a strong barrier against France.

All this was settled by the treaty of twenty-four articles; and the decision was come to unanimously! Since the commencement of this century, M. de Talleyrand's signature had never been wanting to any document pernicious to his country.

Here terminates all that was most important, heroic, and stormy in the European movement engendered by the revolution of 1830. To the most huge surge and swell recorded in the history of human agitations, succeeded the calm of exhaustion, and universal silence.

A victim to her own government, France had nothing before her eyes but the exultation of the powers hostile to her glory at the unexpected successes they had achieved.

Prussia saw the Rhenish provinces, where the name of France no longer wakened one echo, returning peaceably under the sway of her laws.

Austria was re-assured and satisfied. By calling forth the insurrections of Modena, Parma, and Bologna, the revolution of July had only furnished the cabinet of Vienna with an opportunity of having her pretensions with regard to Italy openly and strikingly recognised.

England had during the whole year swayed the sceptre of diplomacy, and had turned to her own advantage that Belgian revolution which fortune seemed to have sent to France as a compensation for her losses in 1815. The Reform Bill passed by the House of Commons had been rejected by the Lords; but the indignation which this rejection excited throughout all England insured a speedy victory to the whig aristocracy, an aristocracy not less hostile than that of the tories to the people, to France, and to the liberty of the world, but more adroit in cloaking its ill-feelings, and in colouring the calculations of its selfishness.

Russia had lost a considerable number of soldiers in the last campaign, but she no longer bore in her bosom, as a focus of rebellion, living Poland. Besides, her sway at Constantinople, far from having been impaired, had been strengthened by the blunders of France and the co-operation of circumstances. For, depopulated by the plague, rent by a sort of religious war, menaced by the revolts of the pachas of Bagdad and Scutari, Turkey was more and more tottering to her downfal. To the reforms of Mahmoud, the true believers replied with conflagrations; that of the suburb of Pera had recently attested the hatred borne to the giaours by the worshippers of the prophet. And during this time, the first subject of the sultan, his rival and his secret enemy, Mohammed Ali, the reformer of Egypt, was equipping a fleet of twenty-two vessels, raising an army, and, under pretext of his quarrel with the Pacha of Acre, was preparing to invade Syria with or without the consent of the Porte.

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Never had Turkey been more imperiously bowed beneath the yoke of foreign protection. Now the recall of General Guilleminot had showed her how inevitable for her was the protectorate of the Russians, and Constantinople was at their mercy.

Such were, for the great powers hostile to France, the consequences of the revolution of July, and their delight at their inconceivable prosperity was equalled by their astonishment.

As for the peoples France ought to have protected, they were blotted out from the map, or reduced to servitude. The country of the Poles existed only on a foreign soil. Italy was no longer talked of. The apostolic party in Spain lorded it over the queen, stimulated the ferocity of Ferdinand, and avenged itself for the attempts of Torrijos by nameless cruelties. An insurrection extinguished in blood, and the success of Count Villaflor, the fortunate champion of Donna Maria, had exasperated Don Miguel, and put the climax to the calamities of the Portuguese nation. Lastly, Belgium thenceforth feeble and mutilated, bent beneath the dictatorial power of the Conference, whilst the King of Holland pronounced threatening harangues, and seemed a second time to call his people to arms.

And for all this one year had sufficed; all this had been the work of some men without genius, grandeur, prestige, or ability; men who had no other foresight than fear of the morrow, no other profundity than perseverance in the love of evil. Thus selfishness remained triumphant; in presence of the monarchies ever prompt to concert together, the insurgent people had been unable either to come to a mutual understanding or to combine; and the problem of the community of interests and responsibility among mankind at large, having been laid before the world in its two different aspects, had been determined in a miserable manner. To add to all these afflictions the cholera had spread over Europe, and was laying it waste.

As for France, guilty of having neglected her appointed task, and having suffered violence to be done to her genius, she was about to be more rudely smitten than any other nation. In their love of peace, which accorded with the sentiments of the dominant class, and with their interests as understood in a narrow and paltry spirit, the French ministers had violated the most elementary notions of political science and the rules of the most ordinary prudence. Instead of preserving peace by inspiring the powers with dread of war, they had given the enemies of the French the means of imposing their own will upon them by making the French afraid of themselves. The vicious nature of this policy had been clearly demonstrated by William, who, as we have already said, had the glory of almost dictating the conditions of peace by showing that he was resolved not to receive them at the dictation of others. The natural result of the conduct of the French government was that the voice of France lost all weight in the councils of Europe, and that her diplomacy fell into that inexorably fatal degradation which ill-timed con-

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cessions produce. There was nothing, even to her conquests in Africa, but was destined to be for her, as will be seen in the sequel of this history, a source of errors and calamities.

There was a singular pettiness of views in supposing that internal repose would be purchased by dishonourable weaknesses. When the passions of a people have been strongly aroused, men must make up their minds to combat them if they cannot give them employment. Accordingly France was about to be alone agitated, whilst all the nations around her had sunk back into motionless inertness. By a just and memorable expiation, she was condemned for a long time to come to trouble that gloomy silence she had suffered to be established around her; and the generous passions which were everywhere driven back, were about in some sort to recoil on her and be converted into tumult and civil war. I will narrate these woes, these disorders; and it is my sincere desire not to mingle too much bitterness with the recital of these sufferings and humiliations of my country; for the historian's duties are austere, and it is imperative on him that he preserve an unimpassioned rectitude of judgment.

BOOK THE THIRD.

CHAPTER I.

ABROAD, the French government had accomplished its task, and all that was left for France was to crawl through the changing scenes of the obscure part which had been assigned it on the stage of the world; but at home, ministers had sown the seeds of a terrific struggle, through the disgust inspired by the systematic subserviency of their foreign policy, whilst the unfinished constitution had yet to brave the storms of public discussion; and all were conscious that the most serious difficulty of the government would be to secure its own existence.

A year had slipped away before the legitimatists had recovered from their stupor. The time, however, seemed to have arrived for their resuming the direction of public opinion; to which they were alike encouraged by the vacillation of the party in power, alternately truckling and threatening, by the increasing suffering and discontent of the people—a discontent exasperated by the recollection of their recent triumph, by the disgraces heaped upon the country, and its subjection to the caprices of the foreigner through the very extent of the concessions made him. Besides, the legitimatist party was rich, and supported by the clergy; and might look to be backed in their boldest undertakings by the enthusiasts of the south, the gentry of the west, and the indomitable and faithful peasants of La Vendée. But the party wanted leaders.

A prey to the feverish excitability and loneliness of heart which are the canker of genius, M. De Chateaubriand loathed mankind and the age, and groaned beneath the burden of an existence which seemed glorious and enviable to all others. I often saw him at this period of his life, and was greatly struck with the utter prostration of spirits under which he appeared to labour. A sense of inward bitterness mingled with the kindly expression of his countenance; he smiled with an effort, and then sadly; whilst the deep and faltering accents of his voice spoke the trouble of his mind, and his conversation was desponding in the extreme. Nor was this to be wondered at. Of all that had once been to him objects of desire, of hope, or of belief, not a vestige remained; and he vainly sought to find food for his enthusiasm, or inspiration for his genius, in the relics of the mighty wreck which he had survived. With the ruin of the

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nobility, the humiliation of the crown, the degradation of religion, and the loss of liberty, the enchantment which had coloured his existence was broken. His chivalrous sympathies were outraged; and he felt his occupation as a high-born gentleman and as a poet, gone. The only solaces for his wounded spirit were wanting. He required brilliant scenes, noble friendships, or ennobling enmities; whilst all that remained of the dreadful or heroic spectacles enacted before his eyes by a terror-struck or an admiring world, were some reminiscences that were laughed to scorn. There are epochs when the pride of strong-minded men can wrest satisfaction out of suffering, when they will court danger with a kind of fearful joy, and find a consolation for anguish in hatred: such epochs were the Revolution and the Empire to M. De Chateaubriand. The age had since become narrow and coarse; calculation had replaced impulse; the grave cares of government were frittered on the wretched details of office; sympathy was made matter of calculation, dislike gave way to cunning, and so dwarfish had all become, that one could not even hate with credit to oneself. After the victory gained in July over the crown and the nobles, what part was there left for Chateaubriand to sustain? That of a partisan? He was unfit for it. His was a disposition which could not submit to the drudgery of petty details, nor satisfy the incessant calls of business. He could make large sacrifices and rise equal to great emergencies; but could neither stoop to use vile instruments, nor to traffic with human feelings. So far, indeed, his friends admitted his disqualifications for active life. But his enemies went further. They refused to see in him any of the qualities of the statesman, and recalled the course of his public career—his haughtiness and literary reveries when at the head of affairs; his contemptuous indolence whilst the court was intriguing around him; the embassies which he would have had undertaken as so many pious pilgrimages; his contempt for the commonplace routine of duty, and his predilection for display; and his lavish expenditure, for even his own fortune he had wasted with the philosophy of a poet and the haughty indifference of a magnifico. It is true that, viewing the matter on its poetic side, M. De Chateaubriand would willingly have undertaken the leadership. He would have delighted to climb so as to overlook society, and, enlarging his sphere of mental vision, to employ the opportunity to witch mankind by imprinting on each social movement the impress of his own poetic conceptions. Nor need this provoke a smile. They alone mould a nation's destinies, who soar, self-sustained, above the common-places of the million. This was no secret to Napoleon, who beguiled his hurried intervals of leisure by the reading of Ossian; and who owed to the poetry of his conceptions, acts, and language, much of that marvellous ascendancy over his fellow-men, which testified the greatness of his earthly mission far more clearly than his victories. It was not Chateaubriand's faults as a statesman which stood in his way, but his deficiency as a partisan; for party self-love is only

equalled by party ingratitude. Party ever desires to find a slave in the very leader whom it has emulously chosen, and imperiously rules the chief it seems to obey. The zealot partisans of the old dynasty had never forgiven Chateaubriand's having been momentarily dazzled with the glory of Bonaparte, on his wavering until decided by the death of the Duke D'Enghien to deadliest hatred of his murderer; still less could they overlook his defence of the liberty of the press, and his share in the glorious three days. Thus, a man whose imagination inclined him to delight in the wondrous, who was gifted with rare and various endowments, and who was susceptible of every noble impression, was reproached for not having remained insensible to the fascinations of glory and the triumphs of liberty. But it is not the first time we have had occasion to remark that party is a despot not to be braved with impunity. To guide it requires a blind and ignorant fanaticism or a servile ambition. Seek to enlighten, you repulse it; ask it to be just, you become the object of its suspicion; serve it despite of itself, and you exasperate it. Such were the chief causes which consigned M. De Chateaubriand to a compulsory inactivity. Such is the age in which one is forced to explain why genius is silent, and power powerless!

As for M. Berryer, where was the party which would not have exulted in having him for its leader? In whom could be found combined more varied elements of success, uniting, as he did, indefatigable activity with singular discernment, an extraordinary power of accommodating himself to the most embarrassing situations, with an inexhaustible command of resources, graces of language and manner, which could disarm the bitterest hatred, and a genius which poured itself forth on all things, and drew all to itself. Never, either, had any man swayed so absolutely the passions of his hearers, or reigned so despotically through the magic of eloquence. There were times in which Mirabeau seemed to revive in him; yet M. Berryer was powerless to aid the legitimatist party, to which he had devoted himself; firstly, because he wanted faith in his political creed; secondly, because his finest talents were shaped by the feelings and habits of an artistic mind. Plebeian by birth and education, he had made himself known just as the aristocracy had resumed the reins of power in France, was felt to be essential to it, and was welcomed, never to be parted with, on the self-abasing but prudent principle common to all aristocracies—a principle which, in England, has placed a class whose birthright is pride at the beck of Sir Robert Peel, the son of a cotton-manufacturer who was made a baronet by Pitt; of Lord Lyndhurst, a painter's son; and of the Duke of Wellington, sprung from a race of Irish citizens. Ushered into and courted in a new world of grace, perfume, and harmony, smiling faces, honied words, and all the elegances and witcheries of life, there is no denying that M. Berryer swallowed the gilded bait, and suffered himself to be inextricably caught. He had panted for the favour of courtly circles; it had inspired his finest bursts of eloquence, had stamped

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his success, had opened to him a vista of pleasures; and, transported with the means thus gained of blending dissipation with business—for he was not one who cared to husband his powers—he had insensibly, but irrevocably, pledged himself. Such, at least, is the portrait drawn by his enemies; and how else explain his having made himself the bondslave of a monarchy whose faults he vainly deplored, and of a nobility with whose obstinate prejudices he could have no sympathy—he, a man of the people, clear-sighted, bold, manly in manner, and democratic in feeling? Thus M. Berryer likewise stood alone amidst his party, since he openly professed tolerance, behaved to the republicans with such winning delicacy, that some of them flattered themselves they had his friendship, was accessible, agreeable, or useful to all, and did not hesitate, in his place in the Chamber, to pay homage to whatever was truly great, whether animated by the recollection of his country's struggles for freedom, or at the image of France saved by the republic, into those bursts of enthusiasm which shake an auditory. Never did he appear to more advantage than when, casting off the chains of his party, he stood forth in the tribune, spoke of national honour betrayed, a people humiliated, and gave himself up to the inspiration of the moment. His flashing eye, the air of haughty defiance with which he tossed back his head, the startling tones of his sonorous voice, the action, alternately majestic or threatening, with which his gesture filled up the meaning of his discourse, formed a perfect picture, and the whole assembly would arise in involuntary transport. Next day, too, the party upon whom his triumph reflected its brightness, durst hardly whisper its dissatisfaction with his vagrant fancies. Still, these ephemeral triumphs were all which M. Berryer could achieve. Men hurried to hear him, to be moved, and to forget. Strange orator, who exercised no real influence, although every prepossession was in his favour, and who, in his futile omnipotence, played with men's passions, but could not direct them.

M. Villèle appeared to stand aloof. Messieurs de Fitzjames, Hyde de Neuville, de Martignac, and de Noailles, enjoyed a reputation which they turned to no account, and left the fortunes of their party to chance. But the weakness of the party really sprang from its own want of enthusiasm. Change was neither essential to it, nor desirable to its leading men. To begin a revolution in such a state of things, was to anticipate defeat. What could the heads of the party hope for more than they enjoyed at the hands of the new government? Property was respected, birth honoured, the past treated with delicate reserve, and ancestral recollections flattered rather than discouraged. What had a man, like M. Berryer, to whom the defeat of his party had brought no diminution of fame, reputation, pleasure, or luxury, to hope for even from the possession of power, which always brings its own bitters along with it; or how could its attainment be worth his risking the hazard of the die? Bitter hatreds and aspiring hopes are the material of revolutions, and the legitima-

tists had little to hope, although they had no lack of hate. Among them, however, were some youthful spirits, who burned for action; and whom the ironic cry, "Where were you during the three days?" maddened to wrestle, sword in hand, with circumstances which they felt less keenly than reproach. Their warlike aspirations were flattered by the beauties of the former court, who longed to govern a kingdom with a flirt of their fan, and were mortified past endurance at having been jostled out of their places by city dames. It was in the midst of these factitious passions and of the idle chat of coteries, that the train was laid which was to convulse France. Many, indeed, saw but a romance in an attempt which was neither more nor less than a civil war. Such is the cruel pride of the great of this earth, who turn the very miseries of the people into a source of sacrilegious amusement.

All know the history of La Vendée during the Republic, and are familiar with the heroic deeds inspired by love and religion, of the peasant-soldiery of Cathelineau, La Rochejacquelin, and Lescure. To this quarter, so celebrated in the annals of loyal devotion, the royalists, who were again about to try the chance of arms, naturally directed their attention. In fact, geographically considered, the departments, L'Ouest, Bretagne, and La Vendée, seemed marked out by nature as a stage for civil war. The country is intersected by cross-roads and by-paths, where death awaits the soldier who wanders from his ranks. The roads are bordered by steep banks, topped with hedges, behind which, when danger is at hand, a host of silent, invisible, and inevitable foemen betake themselves; and vast are the resources afforded to a band of resolute partisans by the wild and broken characters of the soil, in parts densely wooded; near the coast, cut by canals and marshes hidden by thick and matted rushes; and elsewhere stretching into immense plains, covered with broom, which grows to the height of a man. The enclosures, too, which, at short intervals, separate the farms, have only one place of entrance and of exit, which is carefully masked over, and which, being known to the inhabitants alone, affords them an easy means of falling suddenly on an enemy, overwhelming him, and disappearing.

Such was the country which the Convention had taken upon it to subdue. It was inhabited by a simple, energetic, and pious people, living on the produce of their flocks which they divided with their *seigneurs*, to whose patriarchal authority they had ever looked up, and which satisfied their desires no less than their wants. Their priests were held in especial reverence by this primitive, crude, and somewhat bigoted race. Buried in the solitude of their wolds and heaths, they were unconscious of the uproar raised around them by an infidel age; and whilst every received notion had been shaken or overturned in the west of France, prescriptive usages remained with them intact, cherished both by hereditary feelings and legendary gossip. The Revolution fulfilling its destiny, resolved to force La Vendée into that great plan of unity, our knowledge of which is limited to its

violences, but whose benefits will be recognised by posterity. All know what then took place. These peasants, whose greatest dread was to be compelled to serve in the army, displayed in defence of their customs a warlike heroism, unequalled save by that of the *blues*, their opponents. They rushed to the *châteaux* and forced the gentry to put themselves at their head; whilst the latter, in their turn would share the command with a game-keeper, and absolutely chose a carrier commander-in-chief. Then began the war, a war without its fellow, in which peasants, tumultuously assembled, stood their ground against large, brave, and disciplined armies, whose sombre enthusiasm had long been the terror of Europe. Thus was it fated that the power of prescriptive usage should exhibit its greatest strength whilst change was working its wildest wonders; and certainly one of the not least touching or least philosophical spectacles of the age, was that of these crowds of poor countrymen throwing themselves on the republican cannon whilst making the sign of the cross, or, after some hardly won victory, falling on their knees on the field of battle, in the midst of their slaughtered kinsmen, to return thanks to the God whom their fathers had worshipped.

But they who judged by the past of what might be expected from La Vendée in 1831, miscalculated sadly. An interval of thirty years is too short a breathing-space to allow of the renewal of so romantic a struggle as that begun by Cathelineau, and ended by Georges Cadoudal. Georges, the miller's son, the brave, the loyal, the devoted, but also the inflexible, and relentlessly unforgiving, had worn out the West by the *chouannerie* of which he was both the hero and the victim. On his death, Napoleon had disarmed La Vendée by his clemency; and he reduced it to submission by the irresistible ascendancy of his genius. Borne over the world in the ranks of the conquering armies of the Empire, such of the Vendéans as had survived the carnage, returned to their fire-sides, missionaries as it were of new ideas. A change, too, had come over their country through the progress of trade and the sale of the national property; which had introduced into it a class of men whose only desire was quiet, and only religion interest. The ingratitude of the Restoration forwarded the work began by the cosmopolitan and conquering system of Bonaparte. Forgotten, insulted, and the prey of calumnies which were eagerly circulated by the courtiers, the sons of the numerous royalists who had died for the Bourbons had a leisure of fifteen years to learn, in the bitterness of want, the worth of kings and princes; in whose selfish estimate a subject's devotion is but a part of their revenue.

Yet, all things taken into account, an insurrection was still possible in La Vendée. The mercantile spirit prevailed only in the towns and the districts through which the main roads ran; and was but slightly felt in the country parts, where the nobility and clergy maintained their old influence. This influence happened

to be exceedingly dangerous, owing to a cause of discontent special to the province, and which proceeded from the vigour—lawful undoubtedly, yet only to be safely indulged in by a strong government—with which the malecontents had been pursued since 1830. Ebullitions of hatred and revolt were the consequence; and the younger peasantry, drawing lots for the chance, fled into the woods, led a hard and wandering life, cherished their resentments in common, and hardened each other into deadly discontent.

All danger might have been averted by a wise forbearance. But the government agents forwarded to Paris ridiculously exaggerated reports. Received in the West with cold disdain by the legitimatists, who declined their overtures and laughed at their cit-like importance, they dissembled their wounded self-love under a pretended zeal for the public service, stooped to petty persecutions, stimulated the government to brutal measures, and lighted with their own hands the fire which it was their duty to extinguish. Domiciliary visits, by driving the gentry from their châteaux, provided leaders for an insurrection, which had already been largely supplied with soldiers by the system of search which had driven the peasants from their huts; and these formed themselves into separate bands.

Then appeared a Delaunay, a Diot, a Mathurin Mandar; fearless adventurers who, equipped with a musket and a hunting flask, and accompanied by a few brave and active followers, attacked alike soldiers, gendarmes, and the civic guards, and roamed over the country, at one time skirting the woods, at another lurking amidst the tall broom, dreaded in the towns, but cordially welcomed at the solitary farm-house.

The natural sequel of these partial revolts was rapine. Lawless men soon joined the scattered bodies of royalists, and compromised and dishonoured them by their excesses. Government took good care to confound in one sweeping denunciation both the real *chouans* and the odious allies, whom they had not only disowned, but had on several occasions punished. Rumour soon exaggerated the extent and amount of the disorders committed, and the most sinister reports were circulated. Fearful tales spread from mouth to mouth. A cry for vengeance bursts from town and village. The national guards assemble, arms in hand. The patriots themselves, though hostile to government, range themselves on its side for security's sake. "Death to the brigands!" is the rallying cry of the alarmed and enraged citizens, and every *chouan* on whom they can lay hands is butchered. Bloody reprisals follow the bloody executions, and swell the scene of horror. The blow is struck; the passions of men are let loose, and civil war is begun.

It was at this fatal crisis that the Duchess de Berri resolved on leaving Scotland, and on proceeding to cheer by her presence the partisans of her son. The resolution was an accursed one; for Marie Caroline did not launch into the career of the conspiracy to

effect some vast project of social reform, or to improve the condition of the people; and she should have asked herself whether she was justified in plunging France into a long mourning only to restore her to the Duke de Bordeaux, as you would a field to an owner who had been deprived of it. Yet, with the prejudices which she had imbibed from the cradle, the Duchess de Berri could hardly be expected to see the criminality of her design; and, besides, her Neapolitan imagination was fired with the thought of her becoming another Jeanne d'Albret. The idea of crossing the sea at the head of faithful paladins; of landing, after the perils and adventures of an unexpected voyage, in a country of knights-errant; of eluding, by a thousand disguises, the vigilance of the watchful enemies through whom she had to pass; of wandering, a devoted mother and banished queen, from hamlet to hamlet, and château to château; of testing humanity, high and low, on the romantic side; and, at the end of a victorious conspiracy, of rearing in France the ancient standard of the monarchy—all this was too dazzling not to captivate a young, high-spirited woman, bold, through very ignorance of the obstacles she had to surmount; heroic in the hour of danger, through levity; able to endure all but ennui, and ready to lull any misgivings with the casuistry of a mother's love.

Charles X. had drawn up and signed at Lulworth, where he resided some time before repairing to Holyrood, an act confirmatory of the abdication of Rambouillet. Too rudely tried himself to indulge in illusory dreams, he only half-approved the warlike projects of his daughter-in-law; who had become, in the eyes of the family, the mother of a king, a minor. He trembled at the notion of this delicate princess's playing for the last stake of royalty with that genius of modern revolutions, whose overwhelming fatality had crushed his aged self, the survivor of so many shipwrecks. Nevertheless, he consented to authorise the enterprise of the daring mother of Henry V., and even named her regent; but, more anxious than wise, he gave her as her counsellor the Duke de Blacas, to whom he entrusted several orders relative to the exercise of the regency.

There was a doubt whether the duchess should land in the west or the south; but it was not long in being decided. The Vendéan royalists who had been deputed to Holyrood, had displayed a calm and qualified devotion; whereas the deputies from the south had exhibited an enthusiastic ardour in their loyal invitations. Hence it was settled that the duchess should first repair to Italy, where she might concert her plans in safety; and Marseilles was fixed upon beforehand as the point where she should land in France.

Marie-Caroline set out then by way of Holland, and passing through Mentz, Tyrol, and Milan, reached Genoa. She travelled under the title of the Countess de Sagana. The reception which she experienced from the King of Sardinia, Charles Albert, was timid, prudent, and regulated by political considerations. He pre-

tended to be deceived by the *incognita* she observed; nor did he request her to leave his dominions until remonstrated with by the French court, which had been apprised of her arrival by its consul, and he softened the request by every mark of kindness and of sympathy in private. He did more; since, to forward an enterprise to which he heartily wished success, although he durst not own it, he placed at the disposal of the duchess a million which he had borrowed from one of the noblemen of his court, under pretence of paying debts contracted in his youth.

The Duchess de Berri withdrew from Genoa into the dominions of the Duke of Modena, who gave her a very gracious reception, and assigned to her use his palace of Massa, which was seated about a league from the sea. Here were laid all the plans of the legitimatist conspiracy which threatened France.

But these intrigues could not be kept so secret that nothing should transpire. Casimir Périer took the alarm, and despatched an emissary to report on the state of things in the southern provinces.

The following was, at this period, the state of the chief towns of the south.

Bordeaux contained nearly twenty-two thousand workmen out of employ, whom famine made ready for revolt. The raw and manufactured silks of Nismes had sustained a great depreciation in the market; and from the inflammable character of its population, produced by the religious animosities which had so long arrayed Protestant and Catholic against each other, a commercial crisis was more formidable there than elsewhere. Avignon was suffering from a considerable fall in the price of madder; and the well-known venality of a certain portion of its citizens might warrant the highest hopes in the legitimatists. Montpellier, an agricultural town, and a large consumer of wine, complained bitterly of the additional excise; the remembrance of the Restoration was unallied there with any feeling of ill-will; and the inhabitants, unconverted to liberalism, asked themselves what benefit they had derived from a revolution based on liberal ideas. Lyons, the capital of the south, was plunged in an abyss of misery. Politics were little thought of there; but the frightful distress which prevailed amongst its numerous silk weavers threatened some horrible catastrophe. Marseilles was very differently circumstanced, and enjoyed a prosperity, which from its vicinity to Algiers, enriched by peace, was likely to increase. Yet here the multitude were secretly incited to insurrection both by the clergy, who, despite their faults, preserved their ascendancy, and by the nobility, who, although fallen, had not yet lost all their influence on the shores of the Mediterranean.

In this state of affairs, the enterprise of the Duchess de Berri was rather hazardous than foolish. When the people of a country, over which the storms of revolution have swept, are unhappy and unde-

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ceived, the career lies open to pretenders; and when a government forgets to be paternal, it puts up the crown to competition.

But though the chances of the legitimatist party had been greater, it could have turned them to no account, for it was torn by divisions.

"Why delay," said the chivalry of the Duchess de Berri; "why delay throwing down the gauntlet and challenging this revolution which has struck and which insults us? France suffers; Europe threatens. Between the republican passions which growl at the very foot of his usurped throne, and the powers which desire him as their vassal or hold him for their foe, the head of the house of Orleans has no other dependence than upon the toleration of a sceptical bourgeoisie, absurdly jealous of its dignity, attached to its chance king neither by the sacred bond of prescriptive usage nor by that of hereditary attachment, and which will hail us as its masters, when on the day of victory we shall promise it rest, safety, and security from all further shocks. Can there be a more auspicious moment for delivering battle? The various parties, offspring of the revolution, eye each other measuring their respective strength, and long to destroy or be destroyed; ambition pants for the contest; opposing interests jostle in increasing confusion; commerce, so prosperous three or four years since, is one gigantic bankrupt; famine secures us the aid of the lower classes; and if invasion attack our frontiers, the insult will make the country ours both to govern and to defend:—why delay?"

On the contrary, others of the legitimatists thought that haste would ruin all; and that the preferable course was to wait for difficulties to increase round the new throne, and for the usurping government to abuse its apparent victories, which, like those of Pyrrhus, would end in inevitable ruin. They argued that governments are the arbiters of their own destinies; that when they die, they die by their own hands; that to fight the battle in parliament was the shortest and safest road to success; that to draw the sword would be to hazard the rallying, through a sense of common danger, all the enemies of the former dynasty, who were now divided; that civil war would give birth to dreadful animosities; that it would be impolitic to raise the throne of Henry V. on a foundation of blood; that, besides, the opportunities of the time were not so brilliant as they appeared to young minds; that the South was divided by opposing feelings; that La Vendée, held in check by fifty thousand soldiers, had not the same incentives to insurrection which aroused it in 1792; and, finally, that the fate of the monarchy was not to be staked on a single hazard.

This was the tenor of the language of men who, like M. de Pastoret, enjoyed ample wealth; who, like Chateaubriand or Hyde de Neuville, had reputation at stake; or who, like M. de Berryer, feared to jeopardize a brilliant career. Their advice to their party was evidently counselled by prudence, and the loyalty of the greater num-

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ber of them was indisputable; but egotism is ever at the bottom of the wisdom of humanity, and there is in the bosoms of us all a mysterious dictator who, without our consciousness, prompts our speech and rules our actions. Feelings of this kind originated the formation of royalist committees in Paris, in the view of restraining the impetuosity of the loyal provincials. These committees consisted of the leading personages of the party; and their expectant policy was ably supported in the *Gazette de France*, edited by MM. de Genoude and de Lourdoucix.

Meanwhile, M. de Charette had arrived in La Vendée to take the conduct of the insurrection, by virtue of the powers entrusted to him by the Duchess de Berri. His first step was to summon to la Fétallière, near Remouillé, the leaders, whose countenance was indispensable to him. The meeting took place on the 24th of September, 1831; and, among the fourteen present was the Countess Auguste de La Rochejacquelin. The discussion was long and animated. M. de Charette began by laying before them the instructions which he had received from Massac, and which were couched in contradictory, or, at least, in controvertible terms; since, on the one hand, La Vendée was summoned to take up arms only in case of success in the South, of a republic being proclaimed, or of foreign invasion, whilst, on the other hand, the propriety of an immediate rising was left to the discretion of the general officers. M. de Charette's own opinion was that La Vendée should not wait for intelligence of the success of Madame in the South, but that the movement should be simultaneous in both quarters; and this was the advice, too, of the Countess Auguste de La Rochejacquelin, who supported it with the eloquent feeling peculiar to the sex. However the more guarded opinion prevailed; and it was decided by a majority of nine to five that the West should not declare itself until after the submission of the southern provinces, unless France should be invaded, or Paris proclaim a republic.

But whilst the nobility were thus discussing the means of restoring the ancient régime, the bourgeoisie were preparing to complete their triumph by the abolition of hereditary peerage, and by the legal proscription of the elder branch of the Bourbons.

The state of affairs was critical; and there was no dominant or well defined power to regulate the crisis. In the eyes of the people the Chamber of Deputies had neither the charm of authority brilliantly usurped, nor the influence of an incontestably legitimate power. The Chamber of Peers was decried and powerless; and the universal feeling was to deprive it of its very principle of existence by cutting off the right of descent. Lastly, royalty, isolated and uneasy at the summit of this unsteady social fabric, wanted splendour as well as the defences which should circle a throne.

It was the mistake of Louis XI., and still more that of Louis XIV., to believe that royalty could support itself without being

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based on a powerful aristocracy. Now the monarchy which is not incorporated with an aristocratical body must either keep the sword unsheathed for constant use, or the treasury open for constant corruption; oppressive if it is absolute, if under check, demoralising. But either mode of government must be of uncertain duration; since, in the one case authority purchases security by degradation, and, in the other, it cannot aggrandise without exhausting itself.

Thus the constitution inflicted by ignorant sophists on France involved an impossibility; since to desire, as the bourgeoisie did, to combine a living monarchy with a dead aristocracy, was neither more nor less than to want the head to live apart from the body; and so complete was their hallucination that they were jealous of an hereditary peerage, that is to say, after having annihilated feudalism they pursued its shadows.

It is true that among the leaders of the bourgeoisie were some, and especially MM. Casimir Périer, Royer Collard, Guizot, and Thiers, who did not adopt the general feeling with regard to an hereditary peerage; but their objections were too inconclusive to have any weight. Acknowledging the reasonableness of the overthrow of feudalism, how could they prove the necessity of preserving the symbol when they had consented to the destruction of the substance?

At all events the revision of the twenty-third article of the charter, relative to the constitution of the peerage, was clamoured for from every part of the empire, and the anxiety was universal. Government found itself forced to decide, and Casimir Périer submitted to parliament a motion, in proposing which, after having expatiated on the advantages and even the necessity of the law of descent, he concluded by saying, "I move the abolition of hereditary peerage."

This conclusion, preceded as it had been by arguments directed to gainsay it, did no honour to Casimir Périer, and proved how little true courage this haughty man possessed. To despise popular applause, when indemnified by the flattery of the richest, most enlightened, and most important body in the state, is but a petty sacrifice, of which the most vulgar minds are capable; but it is the mark of superior natures to resist, for the truth's sake, the allurements of popularity at the hands of the reputed *élite* of the nation. Proud enough to brave the distant murmurings of popular discontent, Casimir Périer had not the loftiness of heart to dare the resentment of the *bourgeoisie*.

A committee having been appointed by the Chamber of Deputies to examine the proposition submitted to it, M. Bérenger presented on the 19th of September an elaborate report on the subject, and on the 30th the debate began.

Here, however, the question arose whether the Chamber of Deputies, in deciding on the fate of the peerage, acted as a constituent and sovereign power, or whether it belonged to the peers to ratify the supreme sentence about to be passed on them.

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Legally and logically considered this was an insurmountable difficulty; since, after the revolution of July, the new government had constituted itself in violation of every principle. To ask the peerage to consent to the loss of the most precious of its privileges, was to run the risk of a frightful conflict between the three estates, and to expose the state itself to a shock. To do without the consent of the Chamber of Peers was to arrogate for the Chamber of Deputies the character of a constituent assembly. Was it so? M. de Cormenin, in a celebrated pamphlet, proved the negative with singular vigour of style and reasoning. "Constitutions," he argued, "must precede laws; consequently, national assemblies (*les congrés*) must precede the formation of representative bodies (*chambres*). Who appoint national assemblies? The people. Who chooses representative bodies? The electors. These are the true principles; now to apply them. Have the French people called a national assembly? No. Has a national assembly passed the charter? No. Who did then? A few deputies. Who gave them authority? A few electors. And who nominated the electors—the people? No. Whom did they represent—the people? No. If a national assembly were necessary to organize the charter, is not a national assembly necessary for taking into consideration a modification of the charter. If the chamber of 1830 excused its usurpation of the sovereignty of the people by alleging the necessity of the circumstances, can the chamber of 1831 advance the same necessity? And if it cannot, we do not ask what right it has, but what pretence. It is useless to tell us that the electors have given it authority. We grant its legislative, we deny its constituent authority. One cannot give what is not one's own. Are the electors the people? Are a hundred thousand citizens thirty-three millions of men?"

This pamphlet which appeared in the *Courier Français*, and in the *National*, had a powerful effect; and by replying to M. de Cormenin in the *Journal des Débats*, MM. Devaux and Keratry only provoked rejoinders from a formidable antagonist which served to shake public opinion.

The orators who declared themselves against an hereditary peerage were M.M. Thouvenel, Lherbette, Audry de Puyraveau, Marschal, de Brigode, Tardieu, Daunou, Bignon, Viennet, Eusèbe de Salverte, Marshal Clauzel, Generals Lafayette and Thiard, Odilon Barrot, and de Remusat. Its champions were M.M. Thiers, Guizot, Berryer, Keratry, Jars, and Royer Collard. The debate lasted many days, and was animated and brilliant; yet, nevertheless, was inferior to its subject, the vastest which can occupy the attention of man.

In whatever way the peerage be considered, said the enemies of the hereditary principle, the law of descent will be found to be useless, dangerous, and fatal. Regarded as a legislative assembly it ought to be protected from the intrusion of the ignobly-minded, the unpatriotic, and the untalented. There is no higher, more difficult, or more important function than that of framing laws; and what madness to

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leave to chance the care of providing us with legislators! How puerile and how criminal the imprudence which rejects beforehand citizens recommended by their merit alone, and entrusts the control of our destinies to an assembly composed of the first comers! Hereditary monarchy we can understand, since, however imbecile the king, there is an intelligent and responsible minister to answer for him. England was never more powerful or greater than when Pitt was at the head of affairs, although its sovereign was bereft of reason; but where is the remedy for the inefficiency of an assembly found unequal to an emergency? If we regard the peerage as a check on the other estates of the kingdom, it should still be our object to abolish the hereditary principle, which by securing it an independent existence, gives it a special interest to defend, and so renders it liable to the most dangerous prepossessions. The pride of man finds greater satisfaction in originating than in stopping a movement; since action presupposes liberty, that is to say, power, whilst resistance argues necessity, that is to say, weakness. Now what is true of an individual is *à fortiori* true of an assembly of men; and it is in the nature of a moderator to lose sight of his functions, and to employ in action the weapons which he has received for the purpose of resistance. It may be accounted certain that a power devised as a check, disdains its mission. When strong, it gives; when weak, it follows impulsion. The lessons on this point furnished by the Long Parliament are all in all instructive. Could the House of Lords check the course of the Commons? It wished to save Stafford, yet pronounced sentence of death upon him. It wished to preserve their seats for the bishops, yet voted for their exclusion. It desired peace yet voted for civil war. How vain the idea of balancing against each other an hereditary chamber and an elective chamber, in the hope of checking the progressive spirit of society: it is like placing an aristocracy in the bosom of a republic! Rather let us recall the ancient strife between the patricians and the plebeians, between the decrees of the senate, which legalized usurpation, and the edicts of the people, which legalised violence; a strife which so long consumed the Roman empire. The notion of averting such a contest through the agency of a monarchy, which shall mediate between the two, is preposterous. In the face of an elective assembly, the interest of an hereditary monarchy and of an hereditary peerage is identical. At the best, it will be a war of two against one; and the result of our scheming will have been but a complication of disorders. On the contrary, granting that the hereditary peerage has a will of its own, how subdue this will, when braving at once the elective chamber and the throne, it shall obstinately stand in the way of desirable innovations? By swamping it with a batch of new peers? Adieu, then, to all respect for it and to all its independence: it merges the moderator in the slave. But now to look at the peerage as a representative body;—with what interests, in a state of society born of revolutions, can the principle of political inheritance

assimilate? Are not fiefs abolished; is not feudalism extinct; is not nobility, which no longer transmits its functions but only its titles, for ever discredited; have we in France, as in England, a higher class, who have joined with the people against monarchical oppression, and who have so acquired a title to the respect of future generations; have we any thing in France which approximates to the relations of patron to client, of landlord to tenant? An hereditary peerage, then, is in a false position, since it represents no national interest, and keeps alive the recollections of that odious mass of privileges against which the people rose in 1789 as one man. Do you count the universal dislike of the hereditary peerage which now exists, of no moment? What more would you have then to prove its manifest disagreement with the tendencies, progress, and manners of the age? Would the hereditary peerage have so often exhibited the spectacle of its weakness, had it struck root in the nation? What did it do for Napoleon, conquered at Waterloo? What for Louis XVIII., when threatened by the exile of Elba? What did it do, on the 29th of July, for Charles X.? What has it been able to do for liberty? What, the day after the 9th of August, could it do for its dignity and for itself?

We acknowledge, answered the advocates of the hereditary principle, that, as a legislative and judicial body, the peerage ought to contain enlightened men; but what else is the devolving of the largest functions of government on a certain number of great families than the founding of a practical school for statesmen? Pitt, the son of Lord Chatham, attended the sittings of parliament from the age of fifteen, in order to qualify himself to succeed his father; and, when twenty-three years old, Pitt governed his country. Besides, it does not follow that a chamber of peers should consist wholly of eminent men; in which case the advantage would be far exceeded by the dangers, since all would aspire to the first place. The truly influential bodies are those which consist of some pre-eminent, and of a large number of sensible men; for the influence of an assembly results not from the personal merits of its members, but from its constitution; and the sole question to be solved is, whether the consequences of the hereditary principle are salutary or the reverse. Now an obvious good proceeding from this principle is, that it constrains one of the estates of the realm to act the part of moderator. Want begets desire, desire tempts to acquisition; and an elective peerage would be always tempted to make itself hereditary, since that would be its want; but what can a peerage, raised by hereditary rights above all ambitious longings, desire, save to keep things as they are? It is asked whether, with the will to be conservative, such a house would have the power. We answer, yes; a power grounded on the influence of its independent position, on the moral authority of the prescriptive rights of which it is the depositary, on the strong ties of corporate and, above all, of family interests. If it stand apart from the throne, it is said to be dangerous; if ministers can swamp

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a hostile majority by creating batch upon batch of peers, it is pronounced servile. But the power of creating new peers is only dangerous when it becomes an abuse; and our guarantee against its being abused, is the well-understood interest of the throne itself. We grant that the hereditary peerage may be denounced by public opinion as a relic of former privileges; but we maintain that public opinion is in this case the victim of a reckless infatuation, which, in our capacity of legislators, we should be guilty, were we either to flatter or follow. What is privilege but a permanent violation of right; and right but a recognised public utility? Any other definition of right would be to make it a metaphysical abstraction, an empty word. Now, not only is it useful to maintain inviolate the hereditary principle of the peerage, but it is necessary and demanded by the conditions vital to every society. There are a thousand different interests in the world; but they may all be reduced to two—movement and duration. If the former reigns uncontrolled, society is thrown into confusion; if the latter rules exclusively, the social machine becomes clogged and stops. Hence the necessity of a multiple power; of borrowing from each form of government the advantages which are peculiar to it. Monarchies are distinguished by energy of will; aristocracies by steadiness of purpose; democracies by the greatness of their passions. Separate, these three forms are perishable from their each wanting what the others have; united and combined, they constitute a government at once prudent and vigorous—a perfect government.

Such were the arguments advanced on both sides. But, friends or enemies of an hereditary peerage, they were equally in the wrong: the former, because they overlooked one of the essential conditions of constitutional government; the latter, because they did not recognise the radical vice inherent in constitutional government. To the first it might be objected—"Do you rightly understand the sense and scope of your argument? What is to become of the hereditary tenure of the crown, if that of the peerage be destroyed? What! see you not that it is essential to the existence of royalty to be surrounded by a class who have the same interests, or, if you prefer the word, the same privileges to defend? Does the right which you repudiate for an assembly of men, appear to you less odious when vested in an individual? Will he, who makes and executes the law, be long permitted to exercise a privilege which you have refused to a merely legislative body? To what does the responsibility of ministers amount? We all know it is only a chimera. Once a struggle ensues, the sovereign, when victorious, saves his ministers; but vanquished, he is dragged down in their fall. Charles X., notwithstanding the inviolability of his person, is at this moment an exile. The punishment of his ministers only could not satiate the vengeance of his insurgent people. Away, then, with these idle fictions, which are only fit to beguile ignorant credulity; but which no further protect power than whilst it needs no protec-

tion. Besides, is not the inviolability of the royal person—supposing that it be respected—after all, a privilege; and the most fantastical of all privileges, and the least easily justifiable by the common rules of logic? When you have once admitted the principle that the transmission of political functions by hereditary descent is a brutal attack on justice, equality, and reason, do not you see that royalty is on the verge of an abyss, since you will have made it an exception to your sacred, supreme, and fundamental principle? Take it for a truth, your system lands you in a republic. Nor is this all; what is to be the source of this peerage which you will not suffer to be hereditary? Will you make it elective? Then your peers are only doubles of deputies. Is it to be nominated by the sovereign? Your peers would be so many chamberlains. Will you leave it in the king's choice out of a list of eminent individuals? In this case, you would not have a mere aristocracy of functions, but what is far more unjust and injurious, one of functionaries. Would you prefer an amalgamation of the elective principle with the nomination of the sovereign, through the medium of a system of candidateships? Your hermaphrodite chamber of peers would be the reflection of the rival passions which it would have been created to regulate, and would be the embodiment of the two antagonistic elements, whose fatal development is sought to be repressed. Thus, without hereditary tenure, a peerage is an impossibility. Logically speaking, a republic and a single chamber are the results of your system, which cuts up constitutional government root and branch."

To their opponents, and to M. Thiers in particular, the reply might be—"You are consistent, but in your errors only. You say that there are two opposing interests in the world—movement and duration. But if instead of being an evanescent fact, which attests the infancy of a nation, this dualism be considered as an essential and permanent element of a state's existence, to what conclusion are we led—that every society bears within itself the seeds of a never-ending and consuming struggle; that war, war without a truce, is the law of the world; that, condemned to pass under the alternate yoke of these opposing interests, nations, by turns paralyzed or convulsed, are the victims of a fatality equally adverse to perfect security and steady progression! Vainly do you evoke to reconcile these interests a power which you call royalty; since, in conformity with the law you yourselves lay down, this power can have no interest which is not identified with one of the two. The intervention of royalty cannot strengthen the conservative principle, without rendering it more unpopular; and this is not to moderate, but to complicate the struggle. And now, if from the existence of two interests which you fancy you see contending, in virtue of the laws of human nature, for the empire of society, you argue the necessity of two principles contending for the possession of power, what do you do? Why, you transport from social into political existence all the plagues against which it is the duty of a legislator to guard. The

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truth is, that in the eyes of philosophy and of statesmen, society has but one interest; which may be defined—duration in movement. To transform into a law of humanity a phenomenon which proceeds solely from the defects of a still imperfect civilization, is to deny progress, to blaspheme God, and to abandon the world aforehand to the weak government of chance. The simultaneous existence in the bosom of nations of two interests ever at variance with each other, is a fact, but it is also an evil. Watch it, not to regulate, but to destroy it. As regards the advantages peculiar to each form of government, such is their nature, that to bring them together, without altering their character, is to neutralize one by the other, and to pass through disorder in order to arrive at powerlessness. Monarchies are distinguished by the fruitful energy of will, only there where that will is exempt from being every moment discussed, disputed, paralyzed. In democracies, the greatness of the passions, which is their characteristic, soon degenerates into violence when opposed by permanent obstacles and systematic obstinacy. And what becomes of the steadiness of purpose inherent in aristocracies, when, side by side with reverence for prescriptive usages, contempt for them is the spirit of the national institutions? Your constitutional government stops short at merely approximating the elements which it ought to fuse. Now, as society ought to have one interest, power should have but one principle; and it is only by recognising the latter's truth that the first can be established. If England have held the world in check, and have subdued it by her merchants, more completely, insolently, and lastingly, than Rome did by her soldiery, this success has been owing to the existence in England of one principle only—the aristocratic. Her aristocracy owns the soil, directs trade, sways the crown, and domineers in the House of Commons by the venality which has been its work, and which converts the votes of the people into so many lies, at its disposal. Hence in England, king, lords, and commons, are really nothing more than different manifestations of the same principle—three functions, and not three powers. Aye, unity in power—all is included in this, if organized conformably with the dictates of prudence and of justice, all, movement, order, and duration! To establish a compound power, is to organize anarchy and regulate chaos."

The foregoing arguments embrace the just view of the question, and consequently it was far from being thoroughly discussed in the debates upon it. Perhaps, however, the fear of supplying the spirit of inquiry with too formidable weapons, was a check upon its being discussed as profoundly as it deserved. For instance, they who eagerly called for the abolition of the hereditary principle, as regarded the political machine, might have perceived that their arguments might one day be turned against them, and that they might be invited to abolish it as regarded the social. For there is no argument against the succession of political functions from father to son, which does not equally apply to property, in a country

where property gives an exclusive right to the highest functions, and where one can only become a deputy by being rich!

Not one of all these bold conclusions was seriously entertained by the speakers who were, above all, party men. The result was, that the Chamber of Deputies voted, by a majority of 386 to 40, the abolition of the hereditary peerage, and the system of nomination by the king out of a legally constituted list of eminent men and men in office. The satisfaction of the bourgeoisie was complete; but its ruin lurked behind its triumph.

The serious difficulties of the affair were soon apparent. To become law it was necessary that the decision of the Chamber of Deputies should be formally ratified and proclaimed. Now here the knotty question again arose—did the Chamber of Deputies in interfering with the constitution exercise a constituent or only a legislative power? Was its decision sovereign and without appeal, or subject to the ratification of the peerage?

Objections and difficulties started up in abundance either way.

If the Chamber of Deputies aspired to the sovereign power of a constituent assembly, where were its titles and commission? When, on the 9th of August, 1830, it reconstructed a charter and founded a dynasty in a few hours, it had at least imperious necessity and reasons of state—the sophistical warrant for all usurpations—to urge as its authority. But, in November, 1831, was it allowable for it capriciously to assume the right of changing the bases of a constitution by which it acquired its legitimacy, and of reconstructing a government of which it was itself but a part? If it referred this pretended right to the 9th of August, 1830, and to the time at which the revision of the twenty-third article of the charter had been decided upon, the peerage had from that moment been in a manner suspended! But then by what fantastic inconsistency had it been allowed to continue its sittings. Had every *projet de loi* been submitted for fifteen months to its deliberations and its votes only for the joke's sake? The Chamber of Deputies, then, had not the constituent power.

Now if, on the other hand, it looked upon itself only as a legislative chamber, how comes it that it dared to do in 1830 what it durst not attempt in 1831? It had arbitrarily created a king, and it confessed itself incompetent arbitrarily to remodel a peerage! The excuse of necessity alleged to justify the crowning of Louis Philippe, was not even a sufficient excuse; for if circumstances authorize the establishment of provisional government immediately after a revolution has been effected, they cannot authorize the establishment of a permanent authority; and the rights of the nation remain in full force after the danger is past.

There was, therefore, no choice possible but between two equally dangerous and bad courses. It was agreed that the peerage should be called on to decide its own fate. But what was to be done if it refused to commit an act of manifest suicide, and voted for the main-

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tenance of its own hereditary succession? In that case how would it be possible to restrain the host of passions that were ready to burst forth on such a provocation! What would be the issue of a collision between the two chambers? A revolution perhaps! Bewildered by the clamours raised on all sides around them, affrighted, wavering, and desperate, the ministers resolved at all costs to prevent the storm they foreboded, and on the 19th of November appeared a royal ordonnance creating thirty-six peers.

The intention of this measure was obvious; the ministers wished to acquire a majority in the Chamber of Peers favourable to the extinction of the hereditary principle. The news of the ordonnance, however, produced a terrific explosion of public feeling. The adversaries of the hereditary peerage, far from rejoicing at a *coup d'état* that secured them the victory, broke out into imprecations against the ministry. Formidable meetings of opposition deputies were held at Loïntier the restaurateur's, and a protest was drawn up there, which Dupont de l'Eure was commissioned to lay before the Chamber. The language of the journals breathed passionate exasperation. The enemies of the government alleged that in subjecting the twenty-third article of the charter to revision, the Chamber of 1830 had suspended the right of promotion therein contained; that the ordonnance of the 20th of November was, consequently, but a *coup d'état* in the most tyrannical and insolent sense of the phrase; that it was an insult to the nation to make the objects of its antipathies themselves the judges of those feelings; that instead of overstepping the limits of the law in order to prevent resistances too easy to foresee, the ministers would have done better not to encourage those resistances by pleading the cause of the aristocracy at the very moment when they meanly sacrificed it; by crying up the hereditary principle at the very time they intended to destroy it; and by refusing to the deputies, now that an odious privilege was to be abolished, that constituent power which had been accorded to them without an objection at the time when the victorious but uncertain and wearied people was to be forced under the yoke of a new dynasty.

There was something uncandid in the logic of these complaints. For, after all, the means which the opposition so vehemently repudiated, was, perhaps, the only one which could lead without violence to the end they ardently longed for. But Casimir Périer put his enemies in the right when he made bold, in the Chamber of Peers, on the 22d of November, thus to characterize the ordonnance of the 20th. "This is not a simple question of a majority, for there is always in this Chamber a majority ready to sanction a patriotic resolution; it is rather a respectful precaution against your own generosity, which would have stamped upon the resolution of the Chamber the character of an act of devotedness rather than that of a purely legislative act." So that a measure elsewhere represented as a means of disarming the selfishness of the peerage, was here exhibited as a pure homage to its generosity. A poor device, that had not

even the merit of a skilful falsehood! A shameful device, that compromised alike the probity of the minister and the dignity of the man!

Thus disorder reigned in men's minds, and in the conduct of public affairs. The ministry rushed headlong by the way of *coups d'état* to overthrow an institution it held to be necessary; royalty co-operated without intending it towards the ruin of a peerage, which, without intending it, had co-operated towards the establishment of that royalty; the opposition complained of being too well obeyed; those who, in 1830, reproached the Chamber of Deputies with having all the audacity of usurpation, now, with singular inconsistency, reproached it for its scruples. In short nothing prevailed whether in the opposition or the ministerial camp but incoherent wishes, contradictory measures, violation of principles, errors of judgment, or bad faith, obscurity, confusion; and the government of society fluctuated between anarchy and vertigo.

Be this as it may, the creation of the thirty-six peers, by modifying the majority of the Chamber, condemned it to suicide; the law that abolished the hereditary succession of the Chamber, and ratified the system of nomination by the king from among a circle of notables, that law, subversive of the constitutional régime, was passed in the Palais du Luxembourg in the same shape as it had been voted in the Palais Bourbon, by a majority of thirty-four. Thirteen peers, among whom M. de Fitzjames was one, immediately gave in their resignation.

But liberalism insisted on still more. Colonel Bricqueville, reviving a proposition already made by M. Baude, demanded that every member of the elder branch of the Bourbons should be declared banished for ever from the French territory; that death should be the penalty annexed to the violation of this law; and that the sale of the property belonging to the exiled family should be made obligatory within a specific time.

It is but justice to the bourgeoisie to state, that Colonel Bricqueville's motion did not meet with unanimous approval on their part. Many of them felt that, although proposed by a man of integrity, such a law was impious, because it snatched the future out of God's hand; that it was unjust, because it chastised a whole race for the crime of one individual; that it was anti-social, because it bound the people, which endures, to resentments that may pass away; that it was useless because the crime of conspiracy had been provided for, and there was blood enough on the statute books; that it was impolitic, because competition between kings provides a sure punishment for tyranny and protects liberty; lastly, that it was opposed to the very end it should serve, because danger kindles ambition, ennobles even illegitimate desires, and converts, among a generous people, the name of outlaw into the passport of a pretender.

Furthermore, was it expedient to display so much rancour against a vanquished dynasty in a country which was to be broken in to the

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yoke of a new dynasty? This notion was very strikingly presented on the 15th of November by M. Pagès de l'Arriège. "France, the courtiers tell us, is renowned among nations for her love of her princes. History tells another tale, and truth belies flattery. It was the assassination of the last Valois that enabled the first Bourbon to ascend the throne. Henry IV. was barbarously murdered. During their minority Louis XIII. and Louis XIV., pursued by their revolted subjects, hardly found a shelter for their heads; the steel touched the breast of Louis XV. Louis XVI. died on the scaffold; Louis XVII. died within the bars of a dungeon. There is Bourbon blood in the trenches of Vincennes, and on the threshold of the Opera. Louis XVIII. was twice proscribed. Charles X. has thrice trod the path of exile. It is not in a country that has beheld at so near a view all the miseries of royalty, that an addition to this parade of oppression may be made under a monarchical government, and that a tyranny not found in the wrath of the people may be inscribed in the acts of the legislator."

To the speech of M. Pagès de l'Arriège, filled throughout with sound and elevated considerations of this kind, M. Eusèbe de Salverte could oppose only a narrow aud merciless logic. The assembly nevertheless appeared in suspense, when M. de Martignac appeared at the tribune. His face wore the stamp of death, the seeds of which it was thought he already carried in his constitution; and those who saw him ready to defend his old exiled master, remembered the efforts he had made to prevent the catastrophe that had befallen that monarch. "Messieurs," he said, in faint and touching accents, "banishment is, in our laws, a penalty entailing infamy, pronounced by the judge after mature examination, and you are called on to pronounce it beforehand against the existing and future generations, without examination, by anticipation; and without knowing what manner of man he will be whom you condemn! One of your orators said just now from this tribune, 'In France proscription brings acquittal.' Those words of deep truth have pronounced the doom of your law! Thus, let a pretender arrive in France, and the authorities will be warned of the danger that may impend over the public security. But let an outlaw, condemned beforehand, arrive, and where will you find the man who will clap the executioner on the shoulder, and say to him, 'Look at that royal head, recognise it and strike it off?' It is not in France you will find that man." Here the speaker paused, overcome by his emotion, which was shared by the assembly. Then, resuming his discourse, he related that at the time when he had the misfortune to be minister, a regicide, an outlaw, having been discovered on that French soil where he was prohibited from appearing, the ministry far from causing him to be arrested, hastened to protect his retreat. "The old man," continued M. de Martignac, "was taken care of, for he was ill; he received assistance, for he was in want; he was conveyed with the tenderness due to his years and his misfortunes to the frontiers.

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After this I gave an account of what I had done, and my conduct was approved of then, as it would be by you at this day." Yes! yes! they cried from all parts of the Chamber; and the sensation was profound when the orator added, "How would it have been then had the penalty of death been in question? I really believe I should not have spoken of it to you!" M. Martignac completed the effect of these noble words by this striking image: "Suppose one of those outlaws, whom the motion before you would punish, to come to France and seek an asylum there; let him go and knock at the door of the very author of this proposition; let that door be opened, let the outlaw declare his name and enter, and I will take it on myself to warrant beforehand for his safety."

By such generous reasons as these the question was decided: the Chamber removed every penal sanction from the proposition submitted to it. It would have been more consistent in the assembly to reject the proposition altogether than to mutilate it. What signifies a law that is but the declaration of a fact? But the ministry was pleased to regard this declaration as a sort of new ratification of Louis Philippe's dynasty. This was the consideration enforced by M. Guizot, and with this view the majority voted. For governments are all blind and vain after the same fashion; they all make bold pretensions to be immortal, as if there was any thing in the succession of ages but a succession of disasters, as if there was not a fate involved in every succession; and the idea of death present in every phenomenon of life. It too had deemed itself immortal, that republican government that had drowned with the roll of the drums the dying words of a king sentenced as the last representation of royalty in France. Napoleon, too, had thought his dynasty immortal; he who, that he might survive in his lineage, had called to his bed the daughter of the Germanic Cæsars, and by that act of insensate pride wrought his own abasement and ruin. And the Restoration, had it not written on its banners that eternally deceiving word *perpetuity*, which was now printed in Louis Philippe's *Moniteur?* Within two steps of that palace where they dared to talk of one race for ever proscribed, and of another for ever triumphant, stood a palace which for fifty years had been but a hostelry for royalties that came and went. This was notorious: what of that? The Chamber voted this monstrous fallacy. "The elder branch of the Bourbons is banished perpetually." And the kings took this in downright earnest. History is full of these examples.

In the course of the discussion M. Berryer demanded in the name of the union of parties, the repeal of the law passed in 1816 against Napoleon and his family, who likewise were declared perpetually banished. But the Chamber repealed nothing of that law of 1816, except the penal sanction attached to it by men who themselves had since then become proscribed!

Such was the light in which the new powers displayed themselves. A royalty had been erected, and its sole natural support, an

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hereditary peerage, was taken away from it. That royalty had been declared inviolable, and pains were taken to flatter it by devoting the other royalty, inviolable likewise, to the execration of future ages. The statue of Napoleon was placed on the *Colonne Vendôme*, and the sea was forbidden to cast any wandering member of the Bonaparte family on the shores of France. It was wished to keep the people under the continued influence of a monarchical education, and they were invited by those at the summit of society to indulge in that abiding hatred of kings, which is the boast of republics. It is impossible to tell to what lengths the madness of pride may lead, when it has taken its place in the councils of sovereigns.

CHAPTER II.

Whilst Paris was absorbed in these agitating matters, Lyons was hatching civil war. But at Lyons it was not, as in Paris, political questions that kept men's minds alert, and their passions excited. There the evil had deeper roots. An immense population vegetated in the faubourg of the Croix Rousse, devoted to hard labour, and to one that was almost fruitless for the labourers. The workmen in the silk factories of Lyons were not only suffering under severe distress, but were furthermore treated with the most unjust disdain. Those whom they enriched, affected to look down on them as an inferior and degraded race; the horrible inroads made on their youth and their health by their unwholesome dwellings and the excessive fatigues of factory labour, only furnished another weapon to scorn, and the nickname *canut* summed up all the unhappy circumstances of their lot. What thoughts must have busied the minds of these pariahs of modern civilization, when often in the middle of the night, by the light of a lamp burning in a noisome den, they plied the loom for the idler sleeping quietly in his bed? And yet their revolt was to be the result, not of their will, but of the fatality of circumstances, as though want and misery found in their own nature some self-sustaining principle.

It is necessary to be well acquainted with the manufacturing system of Lyons in order to form an accurate conception of the bloody drama the reader is about to peruse. It was in 1831 what it is at this day. The silk trade employed from 30,000 to 40,000 journeymen. Above this class, having neither capital, credit, nor fixed domiciles, and that lived from hand to mouth, was that of the master weavers, whose numbers amounted to 8,000 or 10,000. Each of these had four or five looms, and employed journeymen whom they furnished with implements and materials, keeping back to their own share half the wages paid by the manufacturer. The manu-

facturers, of whom there were about 800, formed a third class, intermediate between the master weavers and those who, under the name of commission agents, supplied the raw material, a set of parasites and very leeches of the Lyonnese manufacture. Thus the commission agents ground down the manufacturers, who in their turn squeezed the master weavers; and the latter were forced to transmit to the journeymen the oppression entailed on themselves. Hence arose among the class, who had to bear the whole burden of these accumulated tyrannies, that sullen rancour that ferments in the surcharged heart, until the hour comes when it bursts forth in a whirlwind of passion.

The prosperity of the Lyonnese trade had, however, for a long time put off the evil day. As long as they had work upon terms not utterly homicidal, the Lyonnese journeymen had contented themselves with the moderate pittance that enabled them to sustain life. But a blow was dealt the Lyonnese manufactures by circumstances foreign and anterior to the revolution of July. Numerous silk factories had been established in Zurich, Basle, Berne, and Cologne; and England was gradually emancipating herself from her long dependence on the products of the Lyonnese looms. Another still more active cause of ruin to the journeymen was added to this. The number of manufacturers in Lyons had increased very considerably since 1824, and the effects of foreign competition, which, after all, affected only plain goods, were augmented by the disastrous results of a domestic competition pushed to its utmost limits. Some manufacturers continued to enrich themselves; but the majority seeing their profits diminish, shifted their losses upon the shoulders of the master weavers, and these again transferred a portion of their burden on the journeymen. The wages of the intelligent and industrious workman fell gradually from between four and six francs to forty, thirty-five, twenty-five sous. In November 1831, the workmen employed in weaving plain silks gained but eighteen sous by eighteen hours daily labour. Thus the oppression had descended through all the degrees of the industrial scale. The unfortunate journeymen began to utter loud cries of distress when they saw their wives and children deprived of their very bread. The situation of the master weavers themselves was become most fearful; the fall in prices no longer allowed them to defray the expenses of high rent, and the losses resulting from the repeated stoppages of their looms, and from their too frequent putting in and out of gear. Complaints became general; the master weavers and the journeymen made common cause in suffering; and a vague confused clamour, that soon became articulate, formidable, and immense, arose from that region of misery called the Croix Rousse.

Lyons had for some time had for prefect, a man of address and skill in flattering and managing the popular passions. M. Bouvier Dumoulard comprehended at once that under existing circumstances, there was no possible middle course between exterminating the labour-

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ing population and satisfying its legitimate wants. He took the latter course. Unfortunately his authority in Lyons was ill-secured and tottering. He was feebly seconded by the municipal administration, whose jealousy had already caused the downfal of his predecessor, M. Paulze d'Yvoy; and what was still worse he had a personal enemy in the Lieutenant-general Roguet. Count Roguet was a brave soldier, but he was no more. The complaints of the working population of Lyons were, in his opinion, only an explosion of factious discontent; and this way of thinking, added to his private enmities, unfitted him for seconding the views of the civil authorities. Bouvier Dumoulard set to work in defiance of all these difficulties. He strove at first to gain the confidence of the workmen by exhibiting himself as the champion of their interests. They demanded that a minimum rate of wages should be fixed; the demand was a just one, and he took measures to have it enforced. On the 11th of October, 1831, the council of *prud'hommes* had drawn up the following declaration:

"Considering that it is publicly notorious that many manufacturers really pay inordinately low wages, it is expedient that am inimum rate be established."

Although by the strangest interversion of magisterial functions the council of *prud'hommes* had assembled at the call of the Lieutenant-general Roguet, Bouvier Dumoulard resolved to follow up a proceeding that quite accorded with his own views; and on the 15th he convoked and presided over a meeting consisting of the chamber of commerce, the mayors of Lyons, and those of the three *ville-faubourgs*. It was decided in that meeting that the basis of a tariff of wages should be discussed pro and con by twenty-two workmen on the one side, twelve of whom had been already delegated by their comrades, and twenty-two manufacturers on the other, who were selected by the chamber of commerce.

Nothing assuredly could be more in conformity with the laws of justice and humanity. Supposing even that this measure was not legal, supposing it had not been authorized in 1789 by the Constituent Assembly, in 1793 under the Convention, and under the Empire in 1811, was it not imperatively called for by the existing state of things? Several thousand workmen were proving by the excess of their misery how much tyranny might exist under cover of that pretended freedom of pecuniary dealings which the manufacturers cried up. Were the laws of humanity to be violated, and a civil war to become inevitable, and nothing done? The government that knows not how to be arbitrary under such circumstances ought to abdicate. One is unworthy to command men when he is incapable of risking much for their safety and preservation, and even of staking his head upon the issue.

M. Bouvier Dumoulard might and ought then to have fixed the tariff himself; he had not so much hardihood, and he contented himself with bringing the two parties together. But so strangely er-

roneous were the notions then current respecting the rights of commerce, and the necessity of leaving the market for labour free to find its natural level, that the prefect's conduct, timid and perfectly legal as it was, was vehemently censured by the manufacturers, and considered as an abuse of power. The workmen on their part regarded almost as a favour what was but a strict and necessary execution of the laws of justice.

A fresh meeting was called at the prefecture on the 21st of October. The twenty-two manufacturers selected by the chamber of commerce met the twelve delegates of the working class. But the manufacturers gave notice that having been nominated by the authorities they could not undertake to bind the proceedings of their brethren. On the other hand the number of the workmen's delegates was not complete. A third meeting was therefore appointed that the manufacturers might have time to nominate their authorized representatives. The crisis meanwhile was becoming more and more urgent; crowds of workmen assembled every evening in the streets, and popular orators went about among them declaiming vehemently against these cruel delays, and asking if no justice was to be done to the working man until hunger should have disabled him even from complaining. The 25th of October had been fixed on for the final discussion of the tariff. At ten o'clock that morning a strange and touching spectacle was beheld in Lyons. An immense multitude descended silently and in good order from the heights of the Croix Rousse, passed through the city, and filled the Place de Bellecour, and the Place de la Préfecture. These were the starving artisans who had come to learn their fate. They remained there some time without uttering one cry or menace; their hands were armed neither with guns, nor swords, nor even sticks; only a tricolour flag waved above their heads, and their leaders carried slender wands to distinguish them and enable them to maintain order.

Pacific as was this demonstration, Bouvier Dumoulard was afraid it would give occasion to calumny. Going down therefore among the workmen in his official costume, he represented to them how necessary it was that the tariff should not appear to have been extorted by violence, and he ended by declaring that the meeting should not proceed to business until they had withdrawn. Shouts of *Vive le Préfet* were raised, and that people of paupers returned to its quarters with slow steps, in good order, through the midst of the other people mute with astonishment.

The discussion began between the delegates on either side upon the crying abuses that had crept into the manufacturing business, but particularly on the drawing up of the tariff, and such was the moderation of the workmen, that the rate of pay for what are called *lancés*, for which the employers had consented twelve days before to give eight sous, was reduced one eighth in favour of the manufacturers. The tariff was signed on behalf of both parties, and the council of *prud'hommes* was charged with the task of seeing to its

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execution; and one day in every week was appointed for hearing the complaints to which bad faith might possibly give occasion.

Lyons was deeply affected by this great news. The workmen gave loose to their joy, illuminated their houses, and testified their enthusiasm by keeping up the song and the dance nearly the whole of the night.

Moreover, so little disposed were they to follow up this first success, that their twenty-two delegates offered to resign. But M. Bouvier Dumoulard vehemently persuaded them to withdraw the offer, either in the view of creating a permanent barrier against the bad feeling of the manufacturers, or that fearing some sudden change, he wished to secure a party within the working class itself.

However this be, the agitation was transferred from the camp of the workmen to that of the masters. Among the latter were some honest and enlightened men, who were sincerely glad of the tariff, and also regarded it as a necessary restraint on the avidity of some large speculators, and as a certain means of modifying the disasterous results of competition. But these were the feelings of the smaller number, and no sooner was the passing of a new tariff known, than the rage of the majority of the manufacturers burst out in threats and reproaches. "What intollerable tyranny!" was their angry cry. "We are told that our delegates gave their consent; but it was extorted by fear. Besides, by whom were they delegated? By a meeting at which many of us refused to be present. And, after all, what is the tariff but an outrageous attack on the freedom of business? What security can we expect for the future, if such interference with industry, and such ready support to the turbulent demands of our workmen be allowable?" They exasperated each other's passions by conversations of this kind; and some refused compliance with the tariff. The recusants were adjudged to be in the wrong by the *prud'hommes;* and the irritation increased daily. At length, about the 10th of November, a hundred and four manufacturers met and signed a memorial in which they entered an energetic protest against the tariff, and complained of the unjust demands of the workmen who, according to them, asked for unreasonable wages only *because they had accustomed themselves to artificial wants.* Threatening reports spread through the city; even M. Bouvier Dumoulard was intimidated; and on the 17th of November, a letter of his was read in the council of *prud'hommes* containing a passage to the effect that the tariff having never had the force of a law, was obligatory on no one, and could at the most be binding in honour as a basis for agreements between master and workmen. On the other hand, the rumour ran that the minister for commercial affairs had expressed his approbation both of the tariff and of the conduct of the prefect, at a meeting of the deputies for the department of the Rhone summoned by him at Paris. At the same time, no means were left untried to urge on the civil powers to harsh measures.

Lieutenant-general Roguet desired the laws respecting public meetings to be placarded, in order to hinder the workmen from making a manifestation similar to that of the 25th of October. The troops of the line were kept in barracks for a week, half of the men sleeping ready dressed; and double sentries were posted, drafts being made for that purpose out of the 1st legion of national guards, which consisted exclusively of manufacturers.

This was more than enough to give the alarm to the workmen. The tariff was repeatedly violated; the council of *prud'hommes* retracing its first decisions, declined condemning those who broke its solemn promises; and, thus pushed, the unhappy weavers resolved to abstain from work for a week, and to parade daily through the city in a peaceful and orderly manner, agreeing to show every sign of respect as they passed to those manufacturers who had proved themselves just and liberal.

But this moderation served to flatter the pride of their enemies, and to provoke contemptuous taunts. One day a manufacturer received his workmen with pistols on his table. Another went so far as to say, "If they have no bread in their bellies we will fill them with bayonets." The storm lowered: it was inevitable.

A review of the national guard had been fixed to take place on the 20th of November, in the Place Bellecour, before General Ordonneau; and this review served to draw together, and bring into play all the elements of discord which existed in the bosoms of the people of Lyons.

At this time the national guards of Lyons did not dress uniformly. The rich who had mounted the new clothing immediately after the revolution of July, wore the uniform of the Restoration. The poorer, that is to say the master weavers (*chefs d'atelier*), wore the uniform appointed by law. This difference of habiliment occasioned insulting remarks on the part of the former, to which the latter answered by threats.

Every thing seemed to prognosticate a riot on the following day. Men trod the streets at night with thoughtful or stern countenances; and hatred might be said to be in the air which all breathed. M. Bouvier Dumoulard desired a conference with Lieutenant-general Roguet, in company with the mayors, military commandants, and chiefs of the national guard, in order to consult on the measures to be taken; but as had been anticipated, the general who had no liking for the prefect, bluffly refused to receive him: a refusal deeply to be deplored. But in societies such as ours, the lives of many thousands of human beings may depend on a circumstance like this. It was decided at the meeting which was held at the *préfecture*, without the Lieutenant-general, that the five gates leading from Lyons to Croix Rousse should be occupied from daybreak; that a battalion of the national guard of Croix Rousse, and three hundred of the regular infantry should form together at seven in the morning, in the *Place*

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of that suburb, in order to prevent any assembling there; and that four battalions of the Lyons national guard, and one of that of La Guillotière should muster at the same hour in their respective *Places*.

Thanks to the weakness or the blindness of the authorities, not one of these arrangements was carried into execution. The mayors of Croix Rousse had given way to a fatal security; and as to General Roguet, when apprized of these measures by the meeting, he replied as follows:

"Monsieur le Prefet,—It was unnecessary to apply to me respecting the preparations to be made for the morrow; all you apprize me of had been already arranged between the mayors of Lyons, Croix Rousse, and myself. You may make yourself perfectly easy both on this point and on my unequivocal determination to keep the peace of the town."

The general strangely deceived himself regarding the means at his command. The garrison of Lyons did not exceed three thousand men. It consisted of the 66th regiment of the line, three troops of dragoons, a battalion of the 13th, and a few companies of the engineers. But no reliance could be placed on the 66th, which had been formed after the revolution of July, out of the remains of the royal guard, together with citizens who had fought against Charles X.! M. Bouvier Dumoulard had written of these things to the minister in pressing terms; but the minister taken up by his official and parliamentary intrigues, had paid no attention either to these communications or to the reports forwarded to him of the misunderstanding between the civil and military powers. This neglect unfortunately was expiated by others than those who had been guilty of it. Numbers who slept in Lyons the night succeeding the 20th day of November, slept their last night's sleep.

For the full understanding of the fearful struggle which was about to take place, a description of the battle-field is important. The city of Lyons, as is known, is extended, lengthwise, between two rivers, the Rhône on the east, and the Saône on the west. To the north, on an eminence commanding the city, is the town of Croix Rousse, which is almost wholly inhabited by silk-weavers. Between Lyons and Croix-Rousse, on ground higher still than the latter is a table land from which two long roads descend towards Lyons, the left-hand road called the Grand-Côte, the right-hand one Carmelite hill (*la montée des Carmelites*). These two principal roads meet at the bottom of the acclivity, and run into the street des Capucins, which is occupied by manufacturers, who thus have the workmen above them. Northward, on the western bank of the Rhône, and along the sides of Croix Rousse, stretch the suburbs of Saint-Clair and Bresse. Eastward and southward are the quarters des Broteaux and la Guillotière, separated from Lyons by the Rhône. On the west is the suburb of St. Just; and on the south, between the rivers, the peninsula of Perrache. Three bridges thrown over the Rhône, connect les Broteaux and la Guillotière with Lyons, called la Guillotière bridge, Moraud bridge, and Lafayette bridge.

With the topography of Lyons Lieutenant-general Roguet was

very imperfectly acquainted. He was ill, too, and could hardly have prevented the insurrection.

Between seven and eight o'clock on the morning of Monday, November the 21st, about three or four hundred silk-weavers collected at Croix Rousse. They were led by one of their syndics, and were armed with sticks. They had no intention of attacking the manufacturers; and only sought a general strike until the tariff should be recognized Some of them proceeded to the factories to remove the hands which were at work. Whilst so occupied, fifty or sixty national guards came up, and their commanding officers exclaiming—" My friends, sweep away those wretches!" they advanced with fixed bayonets. The enraged workmen dash forward, surround this handful of men, disarm some, and put the rest to flight. The multitude quickly increases, without, however, entertaining any hostile thought. All that was spoken of was the expediency of repeating the pacific manifestation of the 25th of October. With this intent, the weavers joining arms and marching four abreast, began to descend the Grand Côte. The grenadiers of the 1st legion, consisting exclusively of manufacturers, resolutely ascended to meet this body. Their wrath was at its height; and several of them drew bags of cartridges out of their pockets which were handed from man to man. The two columns met about midway on the Grand Côte; and, the grenadiers firing, eight of the workmen fell mortally wounded. The ranks of the latter are thrown into disorder; and, re-ascending the Grand Côte, uttering cries of despair, the workmen disperse themselves over Croix Rousse like a raging sea. Instantaneously, an immense clamour arises; each house pours forth fighting men armed with sticks, clubs, stones, pitchforks, and some with muskets. The more enthusiastic run from spot to spot, shouting, " To arms! they are murdering our brothers!" Each street has its barricade, raised by the hands of children and of women; two pieces of cannon, belonging to the national guard of Croix Rousse, are seized by the insurgents, who march upon Lyons preceded by drums beating, and displaying a black flag with the affecting, but ominous inscription—" Life, working; or Death, fighting!" It was nearly eleven o'clock. M. Bouvier Dumoulard had repaired to the Hôtel de Ville, which is on the Place des Terreaux, nor far from the quarter des Capucins. Thither is borne General Roguet, who is too ill to walk. " General," said the prefect to him vehemently, " I require you to order a distribution of cartridges."—" I am not here to take your commands," replied Count Roguet, " I know my duty."

At half-past eleven cartridges were distributed; and the prefect and General Ordonneau put themselves at the head of a column formed of national guards and of troops of the line. Already, a strong barricade had been raised at the top of the Grand Côte. The column began to scale the hill, which is very steep, and lined by houses entirely occupied by workmen. Suddenly, a perfect

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hail-storm of tiles, stones, and balls, falls upon the column; the prefect is struck by a flint-stone; many around him are likewise struck, and the column falls back. The national guard of Croix Rousse had joined the workmen. Two officers ask to treat with the prefect. He follows them, passes with them through the barricade, and mounts the balcony of the mayoralty of Croix Rousse to harangue the populace tumultuously assembled below. From time to time his words were interrupted by the terrible cry, "Work or Death!"

Such was the state of things, and hostilities appeared suspended, when the firing was renewed at three different points. The cannon boomed. "Vengeance, vengeance, we are betrayed!" shouted the workmen. The prefect was surrounded by an infuriated crew who wrested his sword from him and dragged him with uplifted sabres, into a house where he was detained prisoner. General Ordonneau, who had joined him, was also seized, and was led to a workman's, named Bernard, who saved his life.

Meanwhile the alarm was beat in different quarters. The quays, *places*, and streets, were crowded with national guards and soldiers. However, the interior of the town was spared for that day from civil war.

A troop of dragoons, supported by a battery of the artillery of the national guard, scaled the street des Carmelites, through a heavy fire, and made good their footing on the top of the hill. But the workmen fired so briskly on horse and artillery from the roofs of their houses in Croix Rousse, that the ground was soon strewed with dead and wounded. However, the contest was maintained, and the national guard, under M. Prevost, was offering a vigorous resistance, when a note was brought him from General Ordonneau, ordering him to fall back with his battalion. Not knowing that the general was a prisoner, Commandant Prevost obeyed.

Whilst these things were going on, a crowd of armed men surrounded their prisoner, M. Bouvier Dumoulard, and strove to force him to sign orders for the delivery of forty thousand cartridges and five hundred shells. He refused, and the uproar around him was fearful. Four dead bodies were exposed beneath the windows of the room in which he was; and the cry was raised—"Here are four victims; we must have a fifth to avenge them!" All the workmen, however, did not participate in this sentiment. Many of them, and particularly Lacombe, one of their leaders, exhibited the best feelings towards the prefect, and even offered to connive at his escape in disguise through the gardens. To attempt this would not have been without its danger or its disgrace to him. As the day drew to a close he again presented himself to the workmen, and said—"Listen; if you think for a moment that I have betrayed your interests, keep me as a hostage; but if you have nothing to reproach me with, allow me to return to my post, and you will find that I shall act as your good friend and father." Moved by this address, some were for setting him free; others, more suspicious, repudiated such

generosity as imprudent. At last, about eight in the evening, he was set at liberty, and returned to Lyons surrounded by a mob muttering its suspicions of treason, cloaked, however, by shouts of "*Long live the prefect! Long live the workman's father!*"

M. Bouvier Dumoulard found General Roguet at the Hôtel-de-Ville, and offered him his hand; a frank, but tardy and useless reconciliation! The artillery and dragoons had retired from the height, and only a few desultory musket shots were occasionally heard; but General Ordonneau, who did not regain his liberty till nightfal, was still in the power of the insurgents, and the weavers of Croix Rousse watched, arms in hand, round fires which they had lighted, mourning their friends who had fallen, and thinking of the vengeance of the morrow.

Let us pause a moment, to remark one of the most singular and lamentable features of this fatal day. We have seen the causes which drove the workmen to insurrection. They were instigated by no political feelings; and entertained but little idea, at that period, that it was a radical change of government only which could ameliorate their condition. The party men, on their part, were engrossed by the single desire of overthrowing the established authority, and did not dream of placing the social fabric on a new basis. Thus there was no real bond of union between the working-classes and the most ardent and generous portion of the bourgeoisie. There were at this time at Lyons, as in all parts of France, numerous republicans, but few true democrats; and so it happened that many republicans took up arms against the workmen, conceiving, through a very excusable though fatal mistake, that the safety of the city was at stake; and it was they who fought with the most determined valour and resolution. Many of them were wounded, others killed; and among the latter, M. Schirmer, one of the most respectable manufacturers of Lyons. However, on the Tuesday, some of the republicans were seen to side with the workmen; so that those who were united in the closest bonds of public feeling and of friendship, found themselves, unwittingly, opposed to each other; a too frequent mistake, which supplies the history of civil wars with its most frightful episodes!

On Tuesday, the 22d, General Roguet caused a proclamation, which he had had printed in the night, to be posted round the town; but it only served to add fuel to the fire, and was everywhere torn down with insults. The tocsin of St. Paul's was sounded as on occasions of great calamity; the alarm was beat in every quarter, and the insurrection recommenced.

The 40th regiment of the line had arrived from Trévoux at about two in the morning; and a detachment, with two companies of the 13th, was ordered to move up by the hill des Carmelites to take possession of the height of Croix Rousse. But the workmen who inhabited the Rue Tholosau, and the adjacent streets fell with fury on this detachment, and compelled it to lay down its arms. The roads

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leading from Croix Rousse to Lyons were thus left perfectly open; and the dense population of the silk-weavers hastened into the city, and thronged it in every direction, dispersing themselves over the quays, the *places*, and in the streets, and spreading everywhere their own fiery passions. But already the alarm-bells, the booming of the cannon, the smell of powder, and the sight of blood, always so contagious, had aroused everywhere the spirit of revolt. All around Lyons, and almost at the same moment, the quarters des Broteaux, de la Guillotière, and St. Just, were up in arms. Count Roguet, in the view of preventing the working population of the first named quarter from falling upon Lyons by the bridges Morand and Lafayette, ordered a battery to be raised upon Fort St. Clair; and whilst the balls, passing over the river ravaged this unhappy district, manufacturers, posted at the windows of the houses which line the Quai du Rhône, kept up upon it a constant and murderous fire. Elsewhere, the contest had become general. The town was covered with barricades. Every outpost of the military had been carried one after the other; a republican, named Drigeard Desgarnier, who lived in the passage de l'Argue, had distributed gratuitously among the people fowling-pieces out of his shop; three gunmaker's premises had been broken into; part of the national guard had gone over to the insurgents, and supplied them with cartridges; and, finally, the workmen, who had begun the battle with sticks, had replaced them with muskets. In the botanic-garden, a handful of insurgents had repulsed several companies of soldiers. The barracks, Bon-Pasteur, had been forced by a mob of women and children; and the troops kept their ground with difficulty in the street de l'Annonciade, which was commanded by the Place Rouville, and by Brunet-house, which was in the hands of the insurgents.

Meanwhile, Lacombe, a man of resolution, and much looked up to in the faubourgs, made for Lafayette-bridge at the head of a numerous column, composed of the inhabitants of St. George's. He had sent on before him a flag of truce which was fired upon; and he was making preparations for the attack, when word was brought him that the soldiers of the line, stationed at the Carmes-Déchaussés barracks, were about to take him in the rear. He instantly changes his plan, hurries to the barracks, forces them, and then directs his steps to the Place des Celestins, where a tumultuous crowd was already assembled. Here there happened to appear a brave young man, named Michael Ange-Périer, who wore on his breast the decoration of July; and at the sight of this memorial with which so many remembrances were connected, they crowd round Périer with enthusiasm, embrace him, and one of the workmen hands him a carbine, exclaiming, as "You fought for the people in July; well, fight for them once more to-day." Périer, seizing the carbine, answers: "Yes, friends, once more I will fight for the people; the cause is yours, mine, and that of all of us. Long

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live the republic!" The cry is repeated by a thousand voices; and they march with one accord on the Hôtel de Ville.

Thus, circumstances introduced politics into the insurrection, which henceforward assumed a double character. But, for the overthrow of a government which was based on the bourgeoisie, then all powerful, ideas—more formidable weapons of war than cannon were necessary.

Arrived at the corner of the Rue Neuve, the column which had set out from the Place des Celestins, found itself in face of a detachment of troops of the line, posted on the Place du Plâtre. The shortest road to the Hôtel de Ville was by the Rue Sirène; but to begin a conflict there was to ensure a fearful carnage. Pèrier stepped forward to the officers in command of the detachment, and then, returning to his followers, mounted a barricade, and intreated them, in forcible terms, to avoid a useless effusion of blood. The column, accordingly, took the Rue Neuve, and debouched on the Quai du Retz. Balls rained upon it from every window; and dragoons came up at full gallop. They were received with a fire of musketry; but the column having broken its ranks to give them passage, many of the workmen threw themselves in disorder on a little walk, planted with trees, and separated from the quay by a parapet. Here, and all along the Rhône, the battle raged with excessive fury. A negro, named Stanislas, who took his stand on Morand-bridge, shot down a dragoon or an artilleryman at almost every discharge of his musket; and each time gave loose to his joy in expressive gestures and savage shouts. Michael-Ange Périer received a musket-shot just as he was kneeling upon the quay, at the corner of a street, to take aim at a national guard, posted at a window. Péclet, his friend, received two balls in his arm. They were carried off, covered with blood; and the insurrection lost in them the only men who, for some days at least, could give it a political direction.

By this time, the workmen were everywhere triumphant. Most of those national guards upon whom the manufacturers had relied, had withdrawn, discouraged and amazed. The soldiers of the line opposed only a weak and indecisive resistance to the insurgents. Still full of the remembrances of 1830, they retorted upon the liberals the lessons which the latter had taught them. In 1830, the soldiers had been taught that, to shed the blood of their fellow-citizens, was the greatest of crimes; and the defection of the 50th, on the 29th of July, had been loudly applauded. Could the soldiers have forgotten all this by 1831? They thought that, if the Parisians were justified in rising up, in 1830, in defence of a charter which did not concern them, the people of Lyons were much more justified in rising up, in 1831, in defence of a tariff which would save them from starving. Thus the cause of the workmen met with a secret sympathy in the troops themselves, which favoured the success of the insurrection.

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By seven in the evening all was over. Finding himself unable to keep possession of the powder-mill of Serin, which he had held all the day with two pieces of cannon, Captain Peloux spiked them, threw a large quantity of powder into the Saône, and drew off his men. By nightfal, the troops were driven in upon the Place des Terreaux, and the authorities found themselves restricted to a single point in Lyons, the Hotel de Ville, where they were hemmed in on every side. In this extremity, Count Roguet, the prefect, and the representatives of the municipality of Lyons, held a council, at which it was determined that the town should be evacuated. This was at midnight. The busy hum of the insurgent town was still audible; and, at different points, the guard-houses and excise stations (*pavillons de l'octroi*), which had been set fire to during the battle, finished burning in the darkness. The following was the manifesto drawn up:

"Midnight, Nov. 22d, 1831.

"The undersigned, in council at the Hôtel de Ville, present Lieutenant-general Count Roguet, commander-in-chief of the 7th and 19th military divisions; de Fleury, marechal-de-camp of the engineers; Viscount de Saint-Genies, maréchal-de-camp, commanding the department of the Rhône; Bouvier-Dumoulard, councillor of state, prefect of the department of the Rhône; Duplan, solicitor-general of the Cour Royale; de Boissiers, first adjoint, acting as mayor; Gros, adjoint to the mayoralty; Gautier, municipal councillor, acting as adjoint;

"Considering that, after two days' hard fighting, in which too much French blood has unhappily been shed, the troops have been forced back upon the Hôtel de Ville, where they are blockaded by an immense and armed multitude; that, exhausted with fatigue and heavy losses, and without ammunition or food, or the means of procuring any, they are indisposed, according to the report of their officers, to prolong a useless resistance; that the insurgents have seized many important posts;

"That of the national guard, numbering fifteen thousand men, not above a hundred are under arms; that, in this extremity, the generals are agreed on the hopelessness of attempting to hold out the Hôtel de Ville;

"That to make the attempt would, by prolonging the contest, infallibly exasperate the assailants to the highest pitch of fury, and expose the besieged and the whole city to the most deplorable results;

"After deliberate consultation, at several sittings, are unanimously agreed,

"That, to stay the effusion of blood, and prevent the sacking of the city, the only step to take, in this serious conjuncture, is to withdraw from the Hôtel de Ville, in order to take up a more favourable position outside the walls, so as to keep up a communication with the local authorities. The council also unanimously request M. le Préfet to remain at his post.

"Drawn up in duplicate, in session, at the Hôtel de Ville.

"Signed: Dumoulard, Count Roguet, Viscount Saint-Geniès, Fleury, Duplan, Boisset, Gros, and Gautier."

The signal for retreat was given. General Roguet, who was in a very weak state of health, was obliged to be lifted on his horse. The troops under him consisted of the 66th regiment, and of several battalions of the 40th and the 13th. Some detachments of the national guard followed, with some cannon. A body of workmen had stationed themselves at the barrier St. Clair, on the line of the retreat. At the first whistling of the balls on approaching the barrier, General Roguet exclaimed to those near him, "I begin to breathe; the smell of powder restores me to life; I am much better here than in the Hotel de Ville." Then he ordered the artillery to breach the barricades. The night was calm and clear, and the bayonets glit-

tered in the moonlight. All the bells pealed. The cry, "To arms!" repeated from man to man through the faubourgs, produced an electrical effect. The windows were thronged with insurgents. The troops, compelled to creep along under the fire of the assailants, across numerous barricades which the artillery was inadequate to batter down, arrived at last at Montessuy, panting and dejected, dragging their cannons after them, and carrying their wounded. General Fleury had received a ball, and had seen his aide-de-camp stretched dead at his feet. The fight in that faubourg was a bloody one; but it was the last disastrous scene of the civil war.

Meanwhile, the authorities in the Hôtel de Ville remained in a state of panic-stricken indecision. The Quartier des Terreaux was all in uproar. The prefect and the members of the Lyonnese municipality resolved to retire in their turn, and to withdraw to the prefecture, where they drew up the following declaration, which has never been published, and which was the last will and testament as it were of the expiring magistracy.

"Wednesday, November 23, 1831, two o'clock in the morning.

"We, the undersigned, assembled at the Hôtel de la Préfecture declare and certify the following facts:

"1°. That in the sequel of the melancholy events that took place in the city on the 21st and 22d of this month, all the military forces of every arm, those of the gendarmerie and of the national guard, under the command of Lieutenant-general Count Roguet, were constrained, in order to avoid the effusion of blood and the horrors of civil war, to evacuate at two o'clock the Hôtel de Ville, the arsenal, and the powder magazine, positions which they still occupied, and to withdraw beyond the city by the Faubourg St. Clair;

"2°. That we, the undersigned, have been likewise constrained to suffer the post of the Hôtel de Ville to be occupied by the forces of the insurgents which had the mastery at all points;

"3°. That at this moment the most complete disorganization prevails in the city, that insurrection overrules all the authorities, and that the laws and the magistrates are powerless.

"Done at the Hôtel of the Prefecture, the day and hour abovenamed.

"(Signed) DUMOULARD, BOISSET, E. GAUTIER, DUPLAN."

The signers of this melancholy declaration had no sooner abandoned the Hôtel de Ville, than it was entered by the insurgents. The doors were opened to them by Quériau, the actor. Some adventurers established themselves there with some sectional leaders, under the title of provisional *état major*. The government of Lyons was then shared between Lachapelle, Frédéric, Charpentier, leaders of the workmen, and Pérénon, Rosset, Garnier, Dervieux, and Filhol, men unknown to the working classes, but who took that place in the victory of the people, which in times of disturbance belongs to whoever possesses audacity.

What course was this provisional government about to pursue? Lachapelle, Frédéric, and Charpentier, had seen in the struggle little more than a tariff question. Pérénon, Rosset, Garnier, Dervieux, and Filhol, had regarded it solely in the light of a political convulsion. The former wished that the physical condition of the people should be ameliorated; the latter that monarchy should give place to a republic. As for the influence which a change in the

constitution may produce in the order of social arrangements, no one then gave this a thought. Pérénon belonged by conviction to the cause that had been defeated in July, 1830. Rosset was an old man to whom the habit of conspiring had given a sort of feverish energy which age had not yet extinguished. Garnier had no political creed. Dervieux and Filhol were turbulent men of no ability. Such, however, were the hands into which fortune cast the destinies of the Lyonnese insurrection.

The people, for whom to obey is the strongest of all necessities, was stupified when it found itself without masters. It was frightened at its own supremacy, and thenceforth thought only of raising up those it had cast down, and rendering back to them an authority of which it could not support the burden.

The mayor's adjunct, M. Boisset, returned betimes to the Hôtel de Ville, and was soon followed by M. Gautier, and the central commissioner, M. Prat. M. Dumoulard felt that the best means of wresting the fruits of their victory from the workmen was to employ themselves in that task. He sent in the middle of the night for Lacombe. The messenger found him at the head of an armed band besieging the post of the arsenal. He replied that he would not go to the prefecture until he had taken the post, and he kept his word. M. Dumoulard received this leader of insurgents with great demonstrations of esteem and confidence; he flattered his vanity and had no difficulty in obtaining over him the ascendancy which the habit of command and the prestige of authority, even though vanquished, afford their possessor over minds fashioned to obedience. Lacombe was named governor of the Hôtel de Ville by the prefect, and intoxicated with his new grandeur, he went thither not to direct the insurrection but to curb it.

No very strenuous resistance was to be apprehended from Lachapelle, Frédéric, and Charpentier; but Pérénon and Garnier were not disposed to forego the power they had received from chance and their own audacity. They drew up and published, with the consent of Rosset, Dervieux and Filhol, a violent proclamation, but one that gave evidence of Pérénon's legitimatist opinions: it was posted up on all the walls of the town. To give it the more weight its authors attached to it these names, well known and esteemed by the working classes, *Lacombe*, *Lachapelle*, *Frédéric*, *Charpentier*.

Rosset, on his part, proceeded to M. Dumoulard's, and resolutely summoned him to resign his authority into his hands. But Dumoulard had already come to an understanding with the most influential workmen; he had tried the mettle of those uncultivated minds, and he already knew to what a pitch the bewilderment and perplexity of triumph may reach among a race long bowed in servitude. He replied with firmness.

His authority, however, was exposed to more serious dangers. Men in tattered garments, with flashing eyes, were marching towards the hôtel of the prefecture. They entered it, and forced their

way into the prefect's apartments with their hats on their heads, and muskets in their hands. They brought with them Pérénon's proclamation, and threateningly demanded the disarming of the first legion. M. Dumoulard put on a bold face, and immediately surrouuded himself with the influential workmen he had called together in the morning. Then addressing the intruders in a speech, at once vehement and pathetic, he had the art to persuade them, the natural leaders of an army of proletaries, in the very heat and flush of victory, that political institutions under which there was no provision whatever to protect them from starving, nevertheless merited all their respect and affection. They believed this no doubt, for they signed on the spot the following proclamation, an everlasting monument of popular improvidence and inconsiderateness.

"LYONNESE.—We, the undersigned, chiefs of sections, all protest loudly against the placard tending to disown legitimate authority, which has been published and posted up with the signatures of *Lacombe*, syndic, *Charpentier*, *Frédéric*, *and Lachapelle*.

"We call on all good workmen to join us, as well as all classes of society friendly to that peace and union which ought to exist between all true Frenchmen.

"Lyons, Nov. 23, 1831. (Signed) ROVERDINO, and fifteen others."

The prefect's efforts were moreover admirably seconded by the acts of the municipal authorities. M.M. Boisset and Gautier had early betaken themselves to the Hôtel de Ville, where they gradually established their influence. They adroitly flattered the supremacy of the workmen only to destroy it, and spared no pains to point out to their suspicions the politicians who aimed at obtaining a share of the insurrectional power. They said it was strange, to say the least of it, that Pérénon and his accomplices had subscribed a factious protest with the names of brave and honest workmen, thus selfishly exposing them to obloquy, and perhaps to the very worst consequences; that this was both a forgery and an act of treachery, and that the pretended signers ought vigorously to protest against it.

Thus prompted, Lacombe, Frédéric, Charpentier, and Lachapelle, did complain very bitterly of the use made of their names, and the Hôtel de Ville became the scene of very angry disputes, which assumed the character of terrific disorder towards the latter part of the day. Rosset, who had gone in quest of partisans, suddenly appeared there at the head of an armed band. He burst out into violent invectives against the old municipal authority, of which M. Etienne Gautier was just then the sole representative. Then turning to the leaders of the working men, he charged them with abandoning the cause of the people which was confided to them. "The mayor and the prefect are nothing now," cried Dervieux: "the people alone commands here; it has a right to choose its leaders." M. Etienne Gautier, standing up in a chair, endeavoured to make his voice heard above the din, and he was imploring the crowd to remain in allegiance to lawful authority, when Filhol rushed forward in a fury, with a pistol in his hand, and threatened to blow

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out Lacombe's brains. The moment was a critical one: but the men who aspired to guide the political movement, had neither sufficient stability nor adequate intelligence to enable them to play such a part. Not very well known to the working classes, they spoke a new language, which its violence would have rendered acceptable to the crowd, but for the prejudices with which it had been ingeniously inspired, through the instrumentality of the very leaders of the insurrection. Rosset, Filhol, and Dervieux failed therefore completely in their efforts. They withdrew in baffled rage; and Dervieux, as he quitted the Hôtel de Ville, said to the multitude: "You will not listen to us. So much the worse for yourselves. You will repent when it is too late!" A day had sufficed to bring the victorious people under the control of the leaders of the beaten bourgeoisie.

Never had the city of Lyons been better guarded than during that astounding day of the 23d of November. The first thing the workmen thought of when masters of the city, was to distribute themselves through the most opulent quarters to maintain order and preserve property. Men in rags were seen with shouldered muskets, keeping anxious and vigilant watch at the Mint and at the office of the receiver-general; poor workmen were seen doing duty as sentinels before the houses from which the manufacturers had issued to charge them. The victors, with a remarkable refinement of generosity, took especial pains to protect the rich hotels of those manufacturers who had proved themselves the most merciless. A great bonfire, however, was lighted before the Café de la Perle and the Maison Oriol, whence the manufacturers had fired on the Quartier des Broteaux during the whole day of the 22d. The furniture and the goods contained in those houses were thrown into the flames. This was the whole extent of popular vengeance. But nothing was stolen, and the people shot two men on the spot who were running away with parcels under their arms. Such of the workmen as were not employed in guarding the property of the manufacturers, busied themselves in removing the bloody traces of the conflict. Some did hospital duty in the halls of the Hôtel de Ville where the *ambulances* had been established; others were engaged in making hand-barrows, and in carrying the wounded to the wards, where there were soon three hundred of them collected; others again went about the city looking for the corpses of their missing friends, an affecting, and in many cases, an unavailing task, a great number of the victims having been thrown into the two rivers.

Whilst the working men were occupied with these pious cares, the bourgeois, having recovered from their stupor, were thinking of the future and concerting their measures. Disguised as workmen, they went about when the night came, and mingled with the groups at all the posts, so that the old authorities had now but to show themselves to be recognised and obeyed. Accordingly M. Dumou-

lard left the prefecture that night by torchlight, and presented himself at all the posts successively, followed by some trusty men. At every halt he made, the disguised bourgeois swelled his escort, which consisted of six hundred men by the time he reached the Hôtel de Ville.

From that moment the old forms imposed on a diseased and effete society resumed all their empire. The authorities nevertheless continued to associate certain workmen with themselves, amongst others a wireworker named Buisson; it was necessary to amuse the people for some days. A subscription was forwith opened in favour of the working men; and some important persons put down their names for large sums, which were never to be paid.

At last, about noon on the third of December, a proclamation from the mayoralty announced the arrival of the prince royal and Marshal Soult. They entered Lyons by the Faubourg de Vaise, at the head of a numerous army, which advanced in formidable array, with drums beating and matches lighted. The marshal had fallen in at the camp of Reilleux, whither General Roguet had gone to meet him, with the troops that had been quartered in Lyons at the time that the insurrection broke out. Marshal Soult—a minister under Louis Philippe, who had become king because the troops of Charles X had refused to fire on the people in 1830,—harshly upbraided General Roguet's troops for the inertness of their resistance. The soldiers listened with astonishment.

At Lyons he displayed a still more menacing severity. The working classes were disarmed, the national guard was disbanded, and Lyons was treated as a conquered town. And, as if to make the people feel how utterly disregarded were its praiseworthy generosity and its voluntary abdication, a garrison of twenty thousand men were placed in Lyons, and the Croix Rousse was gradually encompassed with a belt of forts bristling with cannon.

There was no longer any reason why the tariff should be carried into effect! Not content with refusing it its sanction, the government dismissed M. Dumoulard for the part he had taken in that act of justice, thus forgetting the incontestable services that prefect had rendered to the king's cause. M. Dumoulard was ill when the prince royal made his entry into Lyons. On the 6th of December he received orders from Marshal Soult to quit the city, *were it but to go a distance of two leagues, and wait there till his health was better.* He departed, therefore, from the city he had preserved for the royal authority, driven out like a malefactor, suffering in body and mind, in an inclement season, and leaving unprotected, to use his own words, a panic-stricken family, consisting of three generations of women, among whom were a matron, aged 82, and infant children. He had taken part in arranging the tariff!

The news of the Lyonnese insurrection had spread rapidly through France, and filled it with sadness and anxiety. It was not, in fact, either in the name of Henry V. or of Napoleon II., nor for the sake of the

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republic that the workmen of Lyons had risen. The insurrection had this time a far other and more formidable character and scope. For it was a sanguinary demonstration of the economical vices of the industrial régime inaugurated in 1789; it was a revelation of the baseness and hypocrisy lurking in that specious system of leaving unrestricted all pecuniary dealings between man and man, which leaves the poor man at the mercy of the rich, and promises to cupidity that waits its time, an easy victory over hunger that cannot wait. *To live working, or die fighting!* Never was motto more heart-rending or more terrible inscribed on a banner on the eve of a conflict; it demonstrated a real servile war in the insurrection of the unfortunate workmen of the Croix Rousse; and from the might displayed by these slaves of modern times, slaves who yet had lacked their Spartacus, it was easy to divine with what tempests the 19th century was pregnant.

But such was the blindness, such was the ignorance of the men then placed at the head of society that they were re-assured and satisfied when they learned that the insurrection *was not political.* "It is nothing," was the parrot cry of all the government organs. "It is a mere struggle between the manufacturers and the working men." And the *Journal des Débats* published these savage lines: "Assured of peace abroad, *encompassed by a powerful army* assembled under the tricolour flag, the government can have no other consequences to fear from the revolt than cases of individual hardship, which, no doubt, are very much to be lamented, but which will be abridged and diminished by the *rigorous manner in which the law will be enforced against malefactors.*"

Casimir Périer declared, in giving an account of so many disasters to the Chamber, that "the events were of a grave nature, but that the measures ordered by the government would correspond with them by their force, their rapidity, and their completeness."

As for the Chamber, it thought it did enough for the cure of the immense malady, of which the Lyonnese insurrection was a symptom, by presenting the following address to the king, upon the motion of M. Augustin Giraud.

"SIRE,—We have heard with gratitude, and at the same time with pain, the frank and complete communications made by your majesty's ministers respecting the disturbances that have broken out in the city of Lyons. We applaud the patriotic impulse that prompted the prince, your son, to present himself in the midst of bleeding Frenchmen to stop the effusion of their blood. We hasten to express to your majesty the unanimous wish of the deputies of France, that your government may oppose these deplorable excesses with all the might of the laws. The security of persons has been violently attacked; property has been menaced in the principle of its existence; the freedom of industry has been threatened with destruction; the voice of the magistrates has not been listened to. These disorders must promptly cease; such criminal acts must be vigorously put down. All France is a sufferer through this assault on the rights of all in the person of some citizens: she owes them a signal protection. The measures already taken by your majesty's government convince us that the return of order will not be long delayed. The firm union subsisting between the national guards and the troops of the line reassure all good citizens. Your majesty may count on the harmonious co-operation of the authorities. We are happy, sire, to offer you, in the name of France, the co-operation of

the deputies towards re-establishing peace wherever it may be disturbed, extinguishing all the germs of anarchy, corroborating the sacred principles on which rests the very existence of the nation, maintaining the glorious work of the revolution of July, and everywhere insuring force and justice to the laws."

A nearly similar address was voted by the Chamber of Peers: and in this way the king had an opportunity of expressing the delight with which he beheld the union of the legislative bodies.

Thus ministers, deputies, and peers of France seemed to know no better means of government than cannons to remedy the evils of competition; fortresses to reduce a multitude of wretches who offered their labour on the sole condition of not dying of hunger; and soldiers, armed poor men, to keep down poor men without arms.

The opposition itself spoke in these woful circumstances, as though the re-establishment of order had been in its eyes but an affair of police. In the violent debates the insurrection gave rise to in parliament, not a word was said of fixing a minimum of wages, nor of the necessity of the state interfering in matters of trade, nor of the modifications requisite to be made in the oppressive *laissez faire* system, nor, in short, of scientific arrangements adapted to prevent, were it but provisionally, the renewal of a conflict for ever to be deplored. No. M. Mauguin demanded that the epithets, *frank and complete*, should be struck out of the address; Casimir Périer demanded the contrary. Casimir Périer called Mauguin, offensively, *an individual;* Mauguin put Casimir Périer's impertinence in a strong light. Thereupon there was a great uproar, and a medley clashing of all the passions of party. A month after this the president of the council appeared at the tribune, and pronounced an indictment against the prefect of the Rhône, who, boiling with rage, seized the moment when the president of the council was leaving the chamber, to threaten and give him the lie in the most humiliating manner. This was all.

The government, moreover, had other matters to occupy its attention at this time. The day was approaching when the civil list was to be fixed for the whole duration of the new reign, and the list of the royal expenses judged necessary by the ministry was circulated among the public. That list showed an amount of eighteen millions of francs as the tribute to be levied by royalty from the people.

The workmen of Lyons being once more reduced to brood in silence over their misery and their mortal suffering, the friends of order were triumphant The retirement of the people to Mont Aventine had at least resulted in the establishment of the tribunes.

CHAPTER III.

THE true history of our century consists in the history of its ideas. The crafts and subtleties of diplomacy, the intrigues of

courts, the noisy debates of assemblies, the conflicts in the open streets; all these are but the outward agitations of society. Its life is elsewhere. It exists in the mysterious development of general tendencies, in that noiseless elaboration of doctrines which prepares the way for revolutions. For there is always a deep seated cause for the many events which, when they burst upon us, appear the offspring of chance and of the hour.

The insurrection of Lyons had come upon the ministers unawares. Enslaved to political routine, incapable of adopting an original line of conduct, strangers to the intellectual movement taking place round them, and accustomed to behold the existence of society only in the frivolous quarrels on which they expended all their zeal, the ministers ceased to understand the import of the revolt of the weavers from the moment it ceased to be noised in their ears. But beneath that executive so obstinately entrenched in its improvidence and its egotism, men full of intelligence and boldness were studying the problems it left unsolved, were seizing on the part it disdained in its impotence, and were seeking to govern by thought a nation which the executive could not govern by soldiers.

Now never had any society been more filled with disorders than that which the men officially appointed for its guidance were thus abandoning to the control of chance.

Struggles between producers for the possession of the market, between the members of the working class for the possession of employment; struggles of the manufacturer against the poor man on the subject of wages, of the poor man against the machine, which by supplanting him devoted him to starvation: such was, under the name of COMPETITION, the characteristic feature in the situation of things regarded in a commercial and manufacturing point of view. And what disasters in consequence! Great capitals ensuring the victory in economic wars, like great battalions in other wars, and the LAISSEZ FAIRE system thus leading to the most odious monopolies; great commercial enterprises ruining the small; usury, that modern feudalism worse than the ancient, gradually usurping the soil; and manorial property encumbered with more than a thousand millions; artisans, proprietors of their own industry, giving place to workmen who had no property in their own toil; a vile cupidity burying capital in wild speculations; all interests armed one against the other, the vine-growers against the wood-owners, the manufacturers of beet-root sugar against the colonies, the seaports against the factories of the interior, the southern against the northern provinces, Bordeaux against Paris; here markets glutted, and capitalists in despair; there workshops closed, and the operative starving; commerce degraded by tacit consent into a traffic of tricks and lies; the nation marching to the reconstitution of feudal property through usury, and to the establishment of a monied oligarchy by means of credit; all the discoveries of science transformed into means of oppression; all the conquests achieved by the genius of man over

dance exercised the strongest of skills, and young manhood by the same token was the time of life when the body was in its prime of perfection. In the case of the Greeks, the Olympic festivals, which were the most famous of all the festivals of ancient times, were held, and the daughter of the gods was feted in accordance with the same principle. Among the Romans, the Ludi Juvenales were held in honour of the goddess of youth, Juventas, and the Ludi Florales in honour of Flora, the goddess of flowers. Among the Jews, Apocrypha, though nevertheless sacred, forbade gifts and sacrifices to be offered to the goddess of youth, Hebe, but not to the goddess of flowers.

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Charles Dupin was to make this solemn declaration from the tribune of the Chamber of Peers, "Out of 10,000 young men called to military service, the ten most manufacturing departments of France furnished 8980 infirm or deformed, whilst the agricultural departments furnished but 4029." It is superfluous to say that in a society in which oppression like this was possible, charity was but a word, and religion but a bodiless remembrance.

And the evil subsisted in the legislature and the executive as well as in society. Royalty, an hereditary authority incessantly menaced by an elective authority, was perforce wholly absorbed in the care of self-defence. The Chamber of Peers, become the creature of royal nomination, was counted only as a superfluity or as an incumbrance to the constitutional mechanism. The Chamber of Deputies was compelled to forego all initiative power; first because, as the representative of the one dominant class, it could not desire to reform the abuses by which itself profited; and next, because consisting partly of functionaries, it crouched to ministers who made the corrupting distribution of places a means of enslaving the majority.

Thus to recapitulate the state of things under its three principal aspects: in social order there was competition; in moral order, scepticism; in political order, anarchy: such were the characteristic features of the reign of the bourgeoisie in France.

Evils so great demanded vigorous remedies: none had been discovered which were not calculated to aggravate the mischief.

Turning boxes were established to prevent mothers from killing the child they could not rear;* but these turning boxes became an encouragement to licentiousness, and the number of foundlings, which had been but 40,000 on the 1st of January, 1784, amounted in 1831 to 130,000.

Penitentiaries were erected where virtue was to be taught to those whom misery had educated in crime; but it was a very improvident system, which showed a solicitude for the criminal on which the poor man had no right to count, a system which waited for the murder before bestowing moral instruction on the murderer, which erected, close by the factory where children were left to every corrupting influence, the prison where hoary villains were to be catechized.

Savings' banks were established to encourage economy among the poor; but in an age when the first of all maxims was this, "Every one for himself, charity begins at home," the institution of savings' banks could serve only to render the poor man selfish, to rend among the people that sacred bond that holds together those who suffer in common. It was a mockery besides, to bid the working man lay up savings which his penury inexorably forbade. On the 31st of De-

* These are inserted into an aperture in the wall of the foundling establishment in which they revolve horizontally. The child is deposited in them; the depositor rings a bell; the turning box revolves on its axis, and the child is received into the house. The actors in this proceeding, on either side of the wall, do not exchange a word or see each other's faces.

cember, 1830, 74,835 out of 163,196 savings' bank depositors were not of the operative class, and were, for the most part, domestic servants.

The bank of France was promised a renewal of its privileges; but that bank, which extracted exorbitant profits from the production of the country, did not accept the poor man's paper; it forced the petty dealer who would reach it to pass first through the hideous dens of usury; in a word, it showed no other title to the avaricious enjoyment of the most precious of all monopolies than the aid it afforded the strong against the weak.

It was natural that attempts at innovation should follow from this melancholy state of things; and this was the case.

We will, by-and-by, examine, in its proper place, the theory which Charles Fourier, a man of genius, who was destined to die poor and unknown, had long been elaborating in obscurity and solitude; but at the epoch we are now considering, the ideas of that persevering thinker were known but to a very small number of adepts, and the public stage was wholly engrossed by the St. Simonian school.

It was given to that school to restore honour to the principle of authority amidst the triumph of liberalism; to proclaim the necessity of a social religion, at a time when the law itself had become atheistic; to demand the organization of industry and the association of interests during the very height of the fallacious success of competition. With unequalled intrepidity, with a vigour sustained by great talents and laborious acquirements, that school laid bare all the festering sores of the age; it shook a thousand prejudices, roused deep thoughts, and opened a new and vast career to intellect. It is requisite, therefore, to say what were the St. Simonians, what they accomplished, what truths or errors they brought to a perturbed society, and from what source were drawn, in what manner were developed, those doctrines which were to be alternately the objects of astonishment, of ridicule, and of anger.

The founder of the St. Simonian school had been five years dead when the July revolution broke out. He belonged to one of the noblest houses of France, and was heir to the name and arms of the famous Duc de St. Simon, the historian of the reign of Louis XIV., the last of the real *grands seigneurs;* and yet he made it his business to attack all privileges of birth, and to affirm that war is impious. For he was a man strong in intellectual independence and moral courage. Convinced that before composing a code for mankind, it is necessary to have attentively analysed men and things, he passed the first half of his life in studying society in all its aspects, stopping short of no experience, practising in the character of an observer vice as well as virtue, deriving a lesson from each of his falls, making his follies matter for his own study, lavishing prodigally, but with a purpose, a fortune acquired by speculations, poor to excess in the sequel of a studious opulence, living by a miserable employment as a copyist at the very time he was governing the world

in thought; a sage in the estimate of some, in that of the majority a madman; ardent to enthusiasm, then desponding to the degree of attempting suicide; lastly, reduced to beg, he who had so often assembled at his table, to judge them, the most brilliant artists and the most celebrated *savants*. Such was the life of St. Simon: now let us see what were its intellectual results.

In common with all other reformers, St. Simon set out with the principle of human perfectibility. But as history showed him humanity in a perpetual alternation of despotism and anarchy, repose and convulsion, he distinguished the career of nations into two sorts of epochs: those in which there prevails a system, good or bad, as may happen to be the case, but a system exactly planned in its various parts, and accepted by general consent; and those characterized by the efforts made to pass from the existing order of things into a new one. The first of these St. Simon entitled organic epochs, or epochs of organization; the second, critical epochs, or epochs of crisis. He saw, for instance, an organic epoch in paganism, up to the time of Socrates; and another organic epoch in Christianity, up to the period of Luther.

After having divided society into workers and idlers, with the permanent conviction that the future belongs exclusively to the former, St. Simon proceeded to inquire what was the most exact classification to be introduced among the workers. Man feels, thinks, acts: St. Simon thence concluded that the whole of the world's work is to be done by those who address themselves to the feelings of man, by those who cultivate his intelligence, and by those who set in motion his powers of action. Hence three social functions: the exciting the emotions of man, the enlightening him, the enriching him. Hence also three classes of workers, artists, *savants*, and men of labour and traffic (*industriels*).

There remained to find out the connecting link between these three orders of social functions,—that is to say, the law of progress.

The first French revolution had forcibly struck the imagination of St. Simon: it was clear to him that this event was only a continuation and extension of the revolt of Luther. The ruin of the papacy, or, which is the same thing in other words, the forfeiture of its authority by the spiritual power of Europe, was, then, that which appeared to him the most striking and general expression of the work of revolution. Now, could the union which the church had established among nations, remain dissolved and broken up for ever? Was it possible for the government of mind, of the spirit, to remain superseded, without the march of humanity being suspended? An immense void had been created in the world: this void must be filled up. But how? By whom, and on what basis was the spiritual power to be reconstituted?

In his first work, entitled "Letters of an Inhabitant of Geneva to his Contemporaries," St. Simon addressed himself to the *savants*. The project which he here threw out was fantastical in the extreme:

it embodied the ideas which the author at a later period more fully developed, especially that of election: it was not, however, as yet a doctrine, but merely a rough sketch. According to this project of his, a subscription was to be opened before the tomb of Newton; every body was to be called upon to contribute, rich and poor, men and women, each according to his or her means and inclination; and each contributor was to name three mathematicians, three physicians, three chemists, three physiologists, three men of letters, three painters, and three musicians. The product of the subscription was then to be divided among those *savants* and artists who should have received the greatest number of suffrages. The twenty-one persons so selected by mankind, united together under the title of *The Council of Newton*, and, presided over by a mathematician, were to form the spiritual government, charged with the high task of directing towards one common object the various nations of the globe.

This project, the only thing noticeable about which is its singularity, was not of a nature to be generally either relished or understood. Besides, it was incomplete in itself. It created no permanent and necessary connexion between science and labour, between the discoveries of mind and their application, between theory and practice. Moreover, St. Simon was not long in observing that the body of *savants* had become a body without warmth and energy, almost without life, that on all occasions it received its impulse from the world without, instead of giving it; while, on the other hand, industry, growing rapidly and strongly, was animating society with its manly breath, and daringly taking the initiative in all things; and had, of later years, grown powerful enough to keep in check the brute force of sword-sovereignty, and to counterbalance the genius of Napoleon.

He determined then to address himself to industry, to the men of labour, and in all the writings of this the second period of his intellectual life, industry occupied the place which in his former works he had assigned to science. Adopting as his motto, "*Tout par et pour l'industrie*," he declared that the time was come for tearing from the brow of idleness the crown it had so long worn: that the time was come for inaugurating the reign of labour. He whom the men of labour looked up to as the first man of labour among them, was to be the king of this new rule. The ministers were to be such select men of enlightenment amongst them, as should be deemed fittest to prepare and make good the budget; the assessment of the taxes, giving the electoral franchise, he required to be placed on such a footing, as should substitute the influence of the cultivator for that of the idle proprietor; that is to say, the influence of the man who pays rent, for that of him who receives it. He added a variety of schemes, all of them directly tending to transfer political power from the soldier, the lawyer, the fundholder, to the man of labour.

This was evidently a mere theory *de circonstance*, of very questionable value in itself, and which, after all, gives only the political side of the reformer's views. For how was *industry*, left to itself, to provide for the moral and intellectual necessities of mankind?

St. Simon then made an appeal to the artists. And this time, calling together all the various ideas which at intervals he had sent forth as detached thoughts, he composed them into one harmonious whole, which then, under the name of the NEW CHRISTIANITY, became that large conception, which its author was destined to bequeath to a few beloved disciples, a brilliant but labour-bringing heritage!

Jesus Christ said to mankind: "Love one another as brethren;" an admirable and touching precept, but conveyed in a somewhat vague form, as befitted a period in which the world was divided into masters and slaves. As slavery by degrees disappeared, this precept of Christ, ought, according to St. Simon, to have resolved itself into this beautiful and generous formula: The earliest possible amelioration, physical and moral, of the condition of the poorest and most numerous class. It was to realize this object that a spiritual power had been instituted; that there existed in the world a vicar of Christ, a pope.

But in order to secure the introduction of his sublime doctrine, it was necessary for Christ to keep terms with Cæsar, who had the power on his side. This was why he told the people: "My kingdom is not of this world; render unto Cæsar, the things which are Cæsar's." And thus it was, that from the very bosom of Christian regeneration arose that grand dualism, which characterized the history of the middle ages: the spiritual power and the temporal power, the Church and the State, the Pope and the Emperor. The direction of the material interests of mankind, being thus removed beyond the province of the church, the church was forced to limit within the circle of theological disputation, the exercise of the spiritual power confided to it, and to devote all the resources of learning to the analysis of dogmas, without any possible material application whatever; altogether neglecting any consideration of the physical amelioration of the people, nay, preaching up contempt for the flesh and all carnal interests; contributing, in short, nothing to the relief of the poorest and most numerous class but this maxim: "Suffering is a holy and expiatory thing;" words which were to infuse into the existence of the most miserable, all the joys of hope, and to console the damned on earth, by showing them the gates of paradise opening for them hereafter.

Yet, after all, there was much in this influence of the spiritual power, though limited to this indirect utility; nay, it may be said to have been sufficient, so long as the temporal power only manifested itself in wars and conquests. But a day came when the action of the temporal power, instead of developing itself exclusively in war, began to extend its energies to industry. And on that day the church was, as a matter of natural consequences, shaken to its very

foundations. For industry required a special science of its own. And what happened? That a layman, Kepler, led the way for Newton; that a layman, Gutenburg, invented printing; that laymen, the Medici, traced out for commerce, paths hitherto unknown to it; that mathematics, physics, physiology, astronomy, owed to laymen much of their avowed progress. There was thus seen, side by side with theological or sacred sciences, a practical or profane science; there arose in the face of the spiritual power exercised by the church, another spiritual power exercised by the state. A new weight descended upon the mighty balance, which during the middle ages, hung suspended over Europe, holding in the one scale the emperor, in the other the pope: the new weight favoured the former of these. Luther appeared, and the old spiritual power was well nigh annihilated.

The pope, in fact, became heretic, from the moment when, in the path which leads to the amelioration of the lot of the most numerous class, he found himself outstripped by the temporal power. But Luther, also, on his part, hereticized, when he made the Christian religion retrograde to its point of departure, by placing it under the jurisdiction of Cæsar; he hereticized in banishing from the worship of the reformed churches the influence of the arts, which correspond to one of the three grand social functions, the appeal to the emotions of mankind.

Thus, in the opinion of St. Simon, the *religious* power, would have been that, which embracing humanity in all that which constitutes its essence should have guided it on towards that which forms the true aim and scope of Christianity, the amelioration of the lot of the most numerous, and that by these three means: by feeling, employing therein the artists; by reason, employing therein the *savants;* by acts, employing therein the men of labour. According to this view of the matter, the papacy had been a spiritual power, but not a religious power. The popes had been, down to Leo X., chiefs of the *savants*, rather than chief priests. Religion still remained to be founded, and it could not be founded on a sure basis, until there had been discovered a system, which should concurrently guide towards one and the same design, under the leading impulse of a power endowed at once with regenerate feeling, profound knowledge, and indefatigable activity, artists, *savants*, and men of labour. Such was, according to St. Simon, the basis of the New Christianity.

One would be disposed to regard these lucubrations as merely an ingenious terminology, had they not given birth, as we shall explain, to a doctrine, fruitful of practical consequences, the announcement of which had something really formidable about it.

St. Simon himself was deeply impressed with the importance of his conception; for he died full of faith and hope, uttering as a last adieu to the select disciples who surrounded his death-bed, these words, which showed how elevated by, perhaps, justifiable pride was

that soul about to fly hence: "The fruit is ripe, be it yours to pluck it."

M. Augustin Thierry had been St. Simon's secretary; M. Auguste Comte one of his disciples; but the person whom he appointed heir to his doctrines was M. Olinde Rodrigues. A journal entitled *Le Producteur*, which appeared in 1825, shortly after St. Simon's death, and the editorship of which was confided to M. Cerclet, became the centre, around which M. Olinde Rodrigues collected, for the purpose of initiating them into the doctrine of his master, those men who he thought would preach it forth with most talent and success. Yet the *Producteur* was not a St. Simonian journal. Its contributors being such men as Messieurs Olinde Rodrigues, Enfantin, Bazard, Buchez, Auguste Comte, Armand Carrel, masters of high merit, but who did not all obey one common faith, the publication had little other effect than that of astonishing and alarming the liberals by the novelty of some of its hints and incidental sketches, and by the very unexpected solutions which it offered of certain problems which were then presented by the industrial world.

Meantime, the doctrine was elaborated by the joint study of Messieurs Olinde Rodrigues, Enfantin, and Bazard. They brought over to their views some of the pupils of the *Ecole Polytechnique*, some distinguished men of letters, orators, artists; and ere long a school was formed. When the revolution of July broke out, the St. Simonian school was already constituted; it recognised as its chiefs, MM. Enfantin and Bazard, to whom Olinde Rodrigues had nobly ceded the supremacy. The following was the development given by the disciples to the ideas of the master.

Accepting his division of mankind into artists, *savants*, and men of business, the St. Simonians occupied themselves, in the first instance, with verifying by historical induction that law of progress, which constituted the basis of their belief.

With respect to the order of feelings, they remarked that, in history, the course of humanity was from hatred to love, from antagonism to association. The conqueror, they found, had in the first instance, set out with exterminating the conquered; by and by, he contented himself with reducing them to slavery; the serf succeeded to the slave, the freeman to the serf. Again, they found a single family enlarging itself until it has become a city, the city swelling itself into a kingdom, the kingdom becoming a federation of kingdoms, until by degrees, from one step to another, a great number of nations united under the law of Catholicism. The march of humanity, then, was towards the principle of universal association, founded upon universal love!

Studied with reference to the facts which concern *science*, history afforded them instruction of a no less valuable nature. The development of civilization had continuously augmented the importance of

the intellectual man, to the detriment of the strong man. And what a magnificent lesson was given to the world, in the spectacle of the church, organized otherwise than the state! On the one hand, a spiritual power obtaining acceptation for itself on the basis of reason, and its intrinsic merit: on the other, a temporal power imposing its authority, by right of conquest, or by right of birth. In the middle ages, the hereditary principal was represented in the person of the emperor; the contrary principle by the pope. Now, down to the time of Leo X. who surrounded himself with a court, like a temporal prince, who sold indulgences to defray the cost of his sister's toilet, who transformed himself into Cæsar, which of these two powers, the church or the state, eclipsed and dominated the other? Was there no profound conclusion to be drawn from the example of a monk, who, the one day quitting the obscurity of his cloister, to ascend the pontifical throne, on the next, saw the proudest among the monarchs of the earth, kneeling submissively before him, and reverentially kissing the dust from off his sandals? Humanity it was clear, was marching on towards an organization in which there should be given to each according to his capacity, and to each capacity according to its works.

In what concerns industry or labour, the law of progress was manifest. Habits of industry had unceasingly been gaining the ground which habits of war had as continuously been losing. War, it was true, had not yet become banished from history, but its object was no longer the same. Where nations formerly armed themselves for purposes of devastation, they now armed themselves in order to establish marts of trade. The commercial conquests of England had become substituted for the triumph-conquests of old Rome. The military class was daily giving way before the mercantile class. Napoleon himself, the man of battles, Napoleon had held out to the ambition of his armies, commerce and peace as the objects for which they were to contend. Humanity, then, was marching on towards the organization of industry.

As results of these historical investigations, came the three following formulæ:

Universal association, based upon love; and, as a corollary, no more hostile competition.

To each according to his capacity, to each capacity according to its works; and, as a corollary, no more hereditary possession.

Organization of industry; and, as a corollary, no more war.

Such doctrines as these, tended directly to shake down the entire fabric of existing social order. Their announcement caused great sensation, consternation. Yet they are deficient alike in logic, true grandeur, genuine courage.

In preaching forth the universal association of mankind, based upon love; in demanding that industry should be regularly organized, and should establish its empire upon the ruins of a system of

disorder and of war, the St. Simonians showed a thorough comprehension of the laws which, at a future period, will be the rule of mankind. But they overturned with one hand the edifice they were raising with the other, by this celebrated maxim: *to each according to his capacity; to each capacity according to its works;* a wise and equitable principle in appearance, but in reality unjust and subversive.*

Whether inequality, the mother of tyranny, takes her stand in the world, in the name of mental superiority, or in the name of physical conquest, what matters this to us? In the one case, equally as in the other, charity disappears, selfishness triumphs, and the principle of human brotherhood is trampled under foot. Take a private family, and examine its proceedings: the father, in the distribution of that which he has to give his children, does he take into consideration the difference in the services which they render him, or does he not rather guide himself entirely by the wants which they feel? He himself, he who bears the whole burden of the domestic association, does he not readily abridge his own enjoyments, that he may be able to satisfy the requirements of a sick child, or promote the happiness of a child who is under incapacity from a diseased mind? Here you have charity in action. Let the state model its proceedings after those of the private family. If it does not, there can be nothing but violence and injustice. Give to each according to his capacity! What then is to become of the idiots? What of the infirm? What of the incurably helpless old man? Are these to be left to die of hunger? It must be so if you adhere to the principle that society owes nothing to its members, beyond the value of what it receives from them. The St. Simonian logic then was a homicidal logic? No: it was merely inconsistent: for elsewhere it admitted of hospitals for the incapable, and of Bicêtre for the insane. To assert it to be fitting that a man should adjudge to himself, in virtue of his intellectual superiority, a larger portion of worldly goods than to other members of society, is at once to interdict ourselves the right of execrating the strong man, who, in the barbaric ages, enslaved the feeble, in right of his physical superiority: it is a mere transference of tyranny. The St. Simonians, indeed, went upon the principle, that it is good to stimulate talent by the prospect of recompense; seeking in social utility a justification of this maxim of theirs. But is it necessary that recompenses should be material, should have a money value? Thank Heaven! mankind have shown that they can be influenced, and more efficaciously, by other and far higher motives of action. Incited by the promise of a bit of ribbon, to be stuck in the button-holes of the bravest by their emperor,

* It is fair to mention that, among the St. Simonians, there are some who understand the maxim we are criticising in this sense, "that the most capable should have the highest places in the hierarchy or government," which would be a perfectly reasonable proposition. But the maxim goes beyond this; it says that the most capable shall have the highest allowance. And it is in this more extensive meaning that the maxim was received in the school, and in its official organ, the *Globe*.

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whole armies of Napoleon's soldiers rushed on to meet death. The word *glory*, well or ill understood, has directed the destinies of the world. By what fatality shall that which has sufficed to inspire great deeds, when the work in hand has been destruction, not equally suffice to inspire men when the work in hand is production? Have not the truly great ever sought and found their principal recompense in the exercise of their high faculties? Had society desired adequately to reward Newton, its whole means would have fallen short: the great and sufficing recompense of Newton, was the glowing happiness which filled his soul, when his genius had discovered the laws which govern the world of space. There are two classes of things in man: wants and faculties. By his wants, man is passive; by his faculties, he is active. By his wants, he is thrown upon his fellow-men for assistance; by his faculties, he is enabled to assist his fellow-men. The wants are the indication given by God to society, to point out what it owes to individuals. The faculties are the indication given by God to individuals, to point out what they owe to society. Then there is the more due to him who has the greater wants,* and we may fairly require more of him who has the greater faculties. Then, according to the divine law, written in the organization of each human being, higher intelligence is called upon to contribute more extended and useful action, but is not entitled to greater remuneration; and the only legitimate rule, with reference to inequalities in aptitude, is that from those who are less apt for the duties of society, less duty shall be required.† Adjust the social scale according to capacity: this is well, it is productive of all good; but the distribution of the public means, according to capacity is worse than cruel; it is impious.

The principle of distribution then, proposed by the St. Simonians was in direct contradiction to the noble design stated by themselves: universal association based upon love. Nor was this all. When they were asked who was to be the judge of capacities, and in what manner they proposed to set about the establishment of their ruling power, they replied without hesitation: "The law in critical epochs is but a dead letter, and it is this dead letter which the people obey; but organic epochs require a law which is mixed up with, fused with, which is part of the legislator himself; a living law. He shall govern

* Man has physical wants to which nature herself has assigned limits. He has moral wants, which, in a regular and progressive association, would find means of satisfying and developing themselves collectively. As to purely factitious wants, created by a vicious and corrupt civilization, and which give rise to extravagant demands, these would be merely regarded, in a regular association, as individual maladies, which society would not encourage, but effectually cure.

† But how to put this principle into operation? This is a point, the discussion of which does not enter into the plan of the present work. We have limited ourselves to pointing out the weak side of the St. Simonian innovations. Neither does the nature of our undertaking admit of a detailed criticism upon St. Simonianism, respecting which we have merely put down what seemed to us best adapted for enabling the reader to appreciate the social signification of that system, and its true scope and aim.

who shall feel himself the most capable, and shall be able to procure his acceptation as such." So that they had in view a personal and pacific despotism, having its source in the perfectly voluntary adhesion of the governed; or, in other words, their chief was to be he who was the most loving and the most beloved. Now had they been a little more logical in framing their doctrine, the St. Simonians would have seen, that in a system whereby the wealth of society is not distributed on a purely fraternal and equal principle, and whereby the public economies are not framed on the principles regulating a family, the power of the " most loving and the most beloved" is a chimera, a sheer impossibility. To charge the ruling power with the distribution in unequal proportions of the fruits of the society's labour, is at once to expose it to bitter animadversions, and to throw in its way endless obstacles; to assign to it the right of entertaining preferences is to raise up against it a host of enemies. The exercise of the personal authority thus rendered, sooner or later, a source of odium, hatred would introduce itself into the association in the train of jealousy, and anarchy would follow hatred. Such would be the inevitable consequences of the classification of capacities, if this were made to correspond in the least degree with the distribution of shares. And once this state of things supervened, what would become of the system? It must either maintain itself by force or fall to pieces.

It will be seen a little further on how this fundamental error: To each according to his capacity, to each capacity according to its works, evolved other errors, which in the first instance transformed St. Simonianism into something else, and then altogether ruined it. But before we enter upon the second phasis of the existence of the St. Simonian school, it is necessary to say a few words as to the external part it took, and the influence it exercised upon society.

The revolution of July had given to St. Simonism a singularly energetic impulse. That which in the first instance was but a school, was now a family. Combining with the authority of lofty intellect and solid acquirements, the passion for proselytism, the first adepts, men of the world, jealous sectaries, spread themselves about in every direction; holding out to orators the promise of a noble arena, a stirring theme; tempting poets and artists with the bait of reputation easily acquired; proving to the *savants* that the existing science of liberalism was false and hollow, without aim or scope, as without heart or feeling; talking to the women about the fine arts, love, and liberty. The success of these efforts was rapid; they soon made plenty of individual conquests, and they then began to think of collective triumphs. The hierarchy was founded: the college first, then the second degree, then the third degree. The *Globe*, which the retreat of the doctrinaires had left in the hands of M. Pierre Leroux, a powerful thinker and writer, became the daily journal of the school which was already possessed of the *Organisateur*. It was no sooner hinted that money was wanting than money flowed in. M. d'Eichthal furnished a considerable sum. To a letter from Bazard and Enfantin,

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M. Henri Fournel, who was then at Creuzot, instantly replied by the offer of his whole fortune, his reply being thus subscribed: "Henry and Cecilia Fournel for their child." In a society overrun with the coarsest and most narrow-minded mercantilism, there was something in a very high degree marvellous and touching in this burst of generous enthusiasm. The far larger portion of the journals of this period were mere trading speculations: the *Globe* was distributed gratuitously.

The zeal of the adepts animated them to the most vigorous exertions. The quiet, modest conferences which, before the revolution of July, were held in the Rue Taranne, were now succeeded by the vehement and noisy harangues of the Rue Taitbout. Here men, full of eloquence, such as Messieurs Barrault, Charton, Laurent, Abel Transon, repaired to exercise in turns the sovereignty of mighty harangue. Nothing could be more curious than the spectacle presented by these assemblies. Around a vast hall, beneath a roof of glass, there arose three tiers of boxes. On the stage in front of these, and of an ample pit, the red benches of which as the clock struck twelve, were crowded with an eager audience, there arranged themselves every Sunday, seated in three rows, a number of young and serious-looking men habited in blue, among whom might be seen also a few ladies dressed in white, with violet-coloured scarfs. By and bye there appeared, leading forward the preacher of the day, the two supreme fathers of the society, Messieurs Bazard and Enfantin. As they advanced to the front, the disciples rose with looks of tender veneration; while among the spectators there immediately prevailed an intense silence, contemplative or ironical, according to the mood in which they came. After a short pause the preacher began. Many among the audience listened at first with a smile on their lips, and raillery in their eyes; but after the orator had spoken for a while, there would be one feeling amongst his hearers of astonishment mingled with admiration; and the most sceptical found themselves irresistibly impelled into an earnest meditation upon the discourse, if not into a secret emotion, in sympathy with it.

Every thing tended to render this propaganda active, triumphant. The family established in the Rue Monsigny, was like a glowing fire, reflecting brilliant light upon those whom its genial warmth drew around it. The doctrine developed itself here, amid the inspiring bustle and gaiety of elegant soirées, under the powerful influence of fascinating women. Abandoning their occupations, their dreams of fortune, their early associations of the heart, engineers, artists, physicians, advocates, poets, rushed hither to throw into one common association their most exalted hopes; some brought their books, others their furniture; their meals were taken in common, and they assiduously studied this new religion of human brotherhood. The name of father was given to the members of each superior degree by those of the inferior degrees; and the fe-

males who had entered themselves of this intellectual colony, were addressed by the gentle names of mother, sister, daughter. Here centered the relations, constantly extending themselves, which established between these Parisian innovators and their provincial allies, an unintermitting correspondence; and this was the point whence there set forth, bent upon sowing the seed of St. Simonianism throughout the length and breadth of France, missionaries who everywhere left traces of their course; who made their way into shops and into drawing-rooms, into huts, hôtels, and châteaux; received here with enthusiasm, there with hootings, but everywhere indefatigable in their ardent zeal. Thus MM. Jean Reynaud and Pierre Leroux were sent to Lyons, which they kindled into a flame, and which was destined to retain an imperishable memory of their presence.

This energetic movement, however, did not obey the laws of an inflexible unity. As to the manner in which the questions should be propounded, all were agreed; but they were not all equally agreed as to the manner in which these questions should be definitively resolved. This diversity more especially manifested itself in the missions, where, removed from the eye of the chiefs, each preacher found himself at liberty, or permitted himself, to give way to his own particular inspirations. With some of them, as for instance, with M. Margerin, mysticism was all in all; others, such as M. Jean Reynaud, were full of the revolutionary spirit, the democratic sentiment.

The same want of unity is to be remarked in the St. Simonian publications, when compared with each other. The *Exposition*, by M. Bazard; the *Letters sur la Religion et la Politique*, by M. Eugene Rodrigues; the *Cinq Discours* of M. Abel Transon, the *Note* of M. Olinde Rodrigues, upon marriage and divorce; the lectures of M. Péreire upon industry and finance; the *Trois Familles*, by Monsieur E. Barrault; the writings of Messieurs Pierre Leroux, Jean Reynaud, Charton, Margerin, Cazeaux, Stéphane Flachat, Charles Duveyrier, Enfantin, upon metaphysics, the arts, political economy; all these works are far from forming a complete body of homogeneous doctrine, and are little more than so many proofs of long, learned, and courageous elaboration.

However, in the meantime of all these various efforts, an able *resumé*, popularized for the benefit of the uninitiated, was regularly published by the *Globe*. Under the direction of M. Michel Chevalier, a man very moderately endowed with original power, but marvellously skilful in translating into language adapted for ordinary comprehension, the abstruse ideas of others, the *Globe*, in order to enable itself to sit in judgment upon the society that was in motion around it, had taken its stand in a very elevated position, whence it carried on a furious and inexorable war against all the received institutions, while it dealt with men and parties in a spirit of the most philosophical charity and forbearance. Of all the

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attacks which St. Simonianism directed against a social order which it anathematized as wholly vicious, the most daring, beyond question, were those which had for their object the prevailing system of inheritance.

The march of humanity according to the St. Simonians, was towards a state of things in which individuals should be classed according to their capacity, and salaried according to their works. Property then, as it now exists, was to be abolished because it furnishes a certain class of men with the means of living by the labour of others, because it gives sanction to the division of society into workers and idlers; because in fine, in contempt of all obvious notion of equity; it places those who produce much and consume little, in the hands of those who consume much, and produce little, or even nothing, to be worked and made use of at their pleasure. But the existing system of inheritance was not only unjust, according to the St. Simonians; it was in the highest degree prejudicial and objectionable in an economical point of view; it was not merely condemned by equity; it was equally rejected by scientific reason Of what do riches consist? Of land and capital. What is capital, in relation to production? The instrument of labour. What are the capitalists? The depositaries of this instrument of labour. And what then, as a consequence, is the social function of capitalists? The distribution of the instruments of labour, to the men of labour. Now this function, the most important of all, requires a profound knowledge of the mechanism of industry; a perfect familiarity with the laws which regulate the relations between production and consumption. It cannot, therefore, without immense danger, be confided to the privileged by birth, who are the elect merely by chance. Besides, was not the system condemned with equal force, by the nature of things? Slavery, the right of property of man in man, had been abolished. Serfage, which was merely the modification of the property of man in man, had undergone the same fate. For the rights of primogeniture and of entail, the limit assigned to the power of transmission, had there not been substituted the equal division of a man's property among his children, a modified limit assigned to the same power? The nature of the right of property, its character, its limits, its effects, all this had been subjected to the will of the legislature, to the mighty influence of those general movements, which ever and anon, lay hold on societies; and all that remained to be done, was to advance at once to that position which it was evident from the tendency of all history, the societies of the world were from the first designed to occupy. If the law of progress were admitted, it was essential to admit, as a corollary, the gradual perfectioning of industry. This granted, the whole question resolved itself into this; whether, yes or no, it was for the interest of industry that the rent of land and houses, and the use of the instruments of labour, should be made gradually cheaper? Could there be any doubt upon the matter? True, the idlers would cry

out for the lowering of wages and the rise of rent and interest; and very naturally; but then the workers would demand just the contrary. The gradual development of labour, then, would involve the continual reduction of the rate of interest, and of the rent of land and houses. This being the case, the St. Simonians asked, what would become of the proprietors when the reduction should have become so great, that it would be no longer possible for them to live solely upon the interest of their money, and the rents of their lands and houses? They must perforce work. But the proprietor-worker dying, his son might not have the same tastes, or the same peculiar capacity as his father. For instance, the artist son of a proprietor-cultivator, finding it impossible for him to live on the rents of his patrimonial estate, would be necessarily subjected to the alternative of either altogether pauperizing himself by cultivating, unskilfully and against his inclination, the domains he had succeeded to, or of selling them, in order to obtain the means of devoting himself to the profession more suitable to his turn of mind. And similar social phenomena presenting themselves throughout the whole extent of society, was it not evident, that there would arise a necessity for a general liquidation, which the state alone would be in a position to regulate, and the direction of which, it would be to the clear interest of the proprietors themselves to confide to the state?

Our readers will have observed the freedom with which the St. Simonians approached the most delicate questions. And to those who, upon this very question of property, reproached them with seeking to destroy, along with the right of hereditary possession, the stimulus which the father derives from the hope of enriching his son, they replied that this stimulus had not existed for the majority of those workers, of whom humanity was proudest; that it had not existed, either for the popes, or for the monks, or for the crowd of active and intellectual men who had devoted to the austere rule of celibacy a life which their great works were to render of immortal fame.

They might have replied in a manner still more definitive and peremptory, if, instead of adopting this formula—to each according to his capacity, to each capacity according to its works—they had adopted that which is derived from the purest sources of gospel morality. From that day on which the doctrine of duty should be recognised as the foundation of social morality, the father would no longer have occasion to provide, by his own providence, against the improvidence of the state; he would no longer have need to secure beforehand, for his son, a capitalist's position in society, the only one which, in the present state of things, affords any security. The activity of each member would have other motives to prompt it, when once society should have become a large family, where places should be marked out for all men of goodwill, according to the words of the gospel, the finest, the most fruitful of good, the most touching

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that were ever pronounced: "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall enjoy peace." Unfortunately the St. Simonians, who, as to the practical part, went too far, did not go far enough towards a broad and comprehensive theory. For the age in which they lived, they sought more than was equitable; for the interests of permanent truth and justice, their aspirations were very much short of the mark.

Meantime, a latent division reigned in the very heart of the St. Simonian family. The principles had been laid down: it remained to verify them by practical application. Had the time arrived for attempting this application, this perilous application? Having, as they deemed, completed the theory, were they now to pass from theory into practice? Upon this point, there were considerable differences of opinion in the college. "All the problems," urged some of the members, "though propounded, are not yet resolved: let us remain banded together, firmly as ever; but let our task be confined to the elaboration and propagation of the great work. When we shall have gained over to our cause, the society which surrounds us, it will of itself effect the desired revolution. Let us sedulously avoid the mistake of creating a little society in the midst of the large one. Let us be apostles, and not set up as a government." "We have dogmatised long enough," contended the others; "the essential thing now is to proceed to realization. Let us preach by example, let us organize labour, let us constitute a government in conformity with our ideas, let us quit the purely apostolical position." This was the opinion of Bazard and Enfantin, and their opinion naturally carried the question. They proceeded to plan the establishment of great workshops and manufactories; they admitted adherents from among the proletary class; the children of a number of these were adopted into the society with solemn forms. The capital and the provinces were next ambitiously partitioned out among them, and St. Simonianism framed its own map of France; the two supreme fathers assumed the title of popes, an appellation which was at once a daring plagiarism and a betrayal of the proud ambition at work within: in short, the question was no longer the collecting together a select body of choice men to form a respectable synagogue, but how to constitute a powerful force, of the progressive numbers of which the *Globe*, every morning, published the emphatic and imposing census. This new turn and tendency of things gave birth to illusions of an almost incredible description. The chiefs ventured to direct their eyes towards the Tuileries: Louis Philippe was summoned, by letter, to give place to Messieurs Bazard and Enfantin. St. Simonianism, which was at first but a school, then a family, now started as a government, and a government destined to supersede the authority of catholicism.

In all this, Bazard, who had, for a long time past, assiduously imbibed the ideas of M. de Maistre, saw little more than a political

conclusion; whereas Enfantin contemplated nothing less than the carrying out, to their fullest extent, the numerous problems arising out of the doctrines by the foundation of a new religion.

This diversity of views in the two chiefs, was complicated by a profound opposition of character and organization. Bazard was a man of a masculine soul, but of a cast of intellect which, timid and hesitating from a habit of long and cautious reflection, willingly admitted no ideas that were not perfectly clear and distinct. Mixed up, an ultra-democrat, with the struggles of the Restoration, he had retained, unimpaired, the revolutionary instincts, the strong hatreds of his carbonari life; he had an ardent desire to take a part in the conduct of affairs, and a taste for theories of easy application. Enfantin, on the contrary, with somewhat of the feminine in the sentiments of his soul, combined a bold and soaring mind; in contrast with the methodical deliberation of Bazard, he felt an impetuous, an unconquerable, an inexhaustible passion for the initiative. That which Bazard would have sought to accomplish by the management of existing resources, by the employment of political means, or, if need were, by physical force, Enfantin wished to attain by the ascendancy of intellectual daring, by the seductions of intellectual fascination. The first felt himself by nature a tribune, the second made himself an apostle. The first would willingly have limited himself to the agency of logic and science: the other aimed at procuring acceptance for his domination, by adding to reason mysticism. The organization of Enfantin, then, was the more complete of the two. In addition, he was a man of rare personal beauty, and incomparable serenity of temper, and he possessed, in an astonishing degree, the art of justifying, by logical reasoning, the most flagrant, the most startling paradoxes.

So long as the school had contented itself with developing the dogmatics of St. Simonianism, the active influence of Bazard had preponderated, he had even constrained his colleague to sign, in favour of the institution of marriage, a public declaration which Enfantin in his own mind disavowed. But Bazard found himself launched into a career wherein he was interdicted from stopping short. For what, in fact, was the idea St. Simon went upon? That the solution of the great problem consisted in discovering an efficient RELIGIOUS bond of connexion between the spiritual power and the temporal power, or between science and industry, mind and labour. So that in proclaiming the necessity of organizing industry, conformably with the laws of association, and in affirming the principle of the classification of capacities, the St. Simonians felt that they had only accomplished one-half of their task. They must go on: they must, following the impulse given by the eloquent letters of Eugène Rodrigues, press forwards to the religious part of St. Simonianism, and, first of all, come to a decision whether society has a religious futurity.

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Upon this point, both Bazard and Enfantin were agreed. Both concurred in the opinion that the religious development of humanity had comprised three general conditions: *fetichism*, in which man deifies nature in each of her visible productions; *polytheism*, wherein man elevates his imagination to certain abstractions, which he then deifies; *monotheism*, wherein he refers all creation to one single cause, external to the universe. They saw in the succession of these three general states or conditions, the proofs of a progress easily verifiable. For, in fetichism, fear is well nigh the only sentiment that unites man to the divinity, such as he conceives the divinity to be. In polytheism, love is mingled with the fear, though, even in this religious state, the type of the just man is he who is represented as fearing the gods. In monotheism, of which Judaism and Christianity constitute the two phases, love tends more and more to supersede fear in the sentiments of man with respect to the divinity. The progress of the religious idea is equally perceptible, in its social bearings. For, after fetichism, which corresponds to the isolated worship of the individual *family*, comes polytheism, which consecrates only the worship of the *city*, and, then, after the monotheism of the Jews, which proclaims the unity of God, but adds, "God has chosen one only people," comes the monotheism of the Christians, which proclaims at once the unity of God, and the unity of the human family.

From these premises Bazard and Enfantin agreed in the conclusion that, notwithstanding the scepticism by which they were surrounded, an adventitious malady, which was not to be wondered at, in an epoch of crisis, humanity was marching towards a religious future, the soul of which was to be pantheism.

After this profession of faith Bazard wished to pause and reflect, but the time for that was gone by; Enfantin was at his side, a masterly logician, unremitting, inexorable. Since humanity had a religious future, to occupy themselves with that future was a duty. Now what had been the idea of St. Simon on this point? Bazard could not but be well acquainted with it, for he had himself expounded and developed it. Yes, according to Bazard's own writings, Christianity had adopted, with the dogmas of original sin, the fall of the angels, paradise, and hell, the ancient theory of the struggle between two principles, *good and evil*. And Bazard had not denied that Christianity had viewed this principle of evil as embodied *in matter*, as was abundantly proved, by the preference given to celibacy over marriage, by the order given to mankind to mortify the flesh, by the little care the church had manifested to direct the material activity of mankind, and by its celebrated dogma: "Suffering is a holy and expiatory thing." All this Enfantin impressed upon the recollection of Bazard, and called upon him to proceed to all the consequences of this their common declaration: "The most striking, the most original, if not the most important feature of the progress which

humanity is now called upon to make, is the *rehabilitation of matter*, a mode of universal existence which Christianity smote with its reprobation."

According to the notion of Enfantin, these consequences were—that the *artists*, as interpreters of the principle, *love*, should serve as a connecting link between the *savants* and the *men of business*, and thus form a priesthood whose aim and duty it should be to establish harmony between *mind* and *matter*, which had for so long a period been placed in hostility with one another; that the priest should propose appetites; that it was essential to the happiness of humanity, that to himself the important task of favouring but regulating the impulses of the sensual appetites, as well as those of the intellectual, the *beings of profound affections* should not be separated by an insurmountable barrier from the beings of *vivid affections*, and that it was in the throwing down of this barrier that the mission of the priest consisted. Proceeding to derive, as a conclusion, from the harmony to be established between mind and matter, the equality of mind and beauty, of man and woman, Enfantin proclaimed as a religious necessity, the enfranchisement of woman, and her participation in the supreme power, whereby would be constituted the PAIR PRIEST.

The mission of the PAIR PRIEST would have been to "impose the power of his love over beings whom a strong imagination or burning passion was misleading, receiving from them the homage of a mystic, chaste, and tender affection, or the worship of an ardent love. Knowing, as a master, all the grace of chastity, all the charm of pleasure, he would be able to control and regulate the too adventurous mind of some, and the overpowering passions of others." "In our world of crisis," added Enfantin, "we seem to have forgotten the divine influence exercised by the dame of the middle ages, or the Christian virgin, upon the life of the page and of the knight; we know nothing of that state of feeling in which the present of a scarf, a look, even though it were unaccompanied with a smile, would command the devotion of a life, though that devotion was without hope; above all, we appreciate not, know not, the influence of a virtuous caress, of a religious kiss, of a holy voluptuousness. We have no idea of such things. Our bodies are even more foul and corrupt than our minds; and the bare suggestion of that of which I have now spoken, scares a world that is ignorant as yet of the social, religious, and moral power, that the future has in reserve for beauty."

The relations of husband and wife were not to be exempt from the close intervention of the priest. Enfantin did not, as a fundamental principle, condemn inconstancy. He saw, indeed, two vices in indifference, or a facility in passing from one affection to another; and in jealousy, the exclusive love for one sole being, a devouring passion, which dreads all approach, which is agitated by a look, and rendered miserable by a doubt; but under these two vices, the types of which were, to his notion, Don Juan and Othello, Enfantin thought he discovered two virtues. A facility in passing from a

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lower affection to a higher one,—having guarded oneself from being lost, overwhelmed in the former, and looking upon it rather as a first element of progress,—this facility appeared to him the property of a beautiful and holy nature, provided that it did not degenerate into heartless forgetfulness and neglect, vain caprice or ingratitude. So, in like manner, he was impressed with high respect for that deep, profound sentiment of love, which gives one being unreservedly to another, which fuses two existences into one the more closely to bind them together, both strengthened by this union, the one by the other, for the work of society. To *harmonize* these two natures by completing their satisfaction with each other, and to lay down for them a rule of life, such was the mission of the sacerdotal pair.

It will be useful to observe, at this point, to what monstrous conclusions the application of a false principle may lead. The maxim, *to each according to his capacity*, &c., was, as we have pointed out, an obstacle in the way of the pacific exercise of the personal power or priesthood. Enfantin saw this; and to render the power possible, by rendering it attractive, he was lead to the idea of rendering it the most dangerous means of corruption that ever entered into the imagination of the greatest voluptuary.

As to the limit which it was desirable to assign to the influence of the priests and priestesses upon the faithful, Enfantin admitted his incompetence to decide; the moral law, according to him, not being discoverable by man alone, and being only then entitled to acceptation, as authority, when woman shall have given it her sanction.

This extravagant conception belonged altogether to Enfantin, and to him alone. St. Simon had never advanced any such proposition. The only passage he ever wrote on the subject, was in the "Lettres d'un habitant de Genève à ses Contemporaires," where he says: "Women shall be permitted to subscribe. They may be nominated." The disciple then was a much greater innovator than the master. For the doctrine of the disciple subjected marriage to the exercise of a sacerdotal privilege, which would have deprived children of the knowledge of who was their father. It was sensualism employed as a means of government; it was the rehabilitation of the lover by the confessor.

Before this chain of strange deductions, Bazard recoiled in utter alarm. He wished to abide by the traditions relating to the constitution of *the family*. He had a wife whom he tenderly loved, and on the occasion of the marriage of one of his daughters, he insisted, in spite of the remonstrances and reproaches of Enfantin, upon having the ceremony performed with all the ordinary forms. He resisted then, and for a very long time, arguments which diffused alarm and agitation through his soul. But with that serene imperturbability which never deserted him, Enfantin pursued the realization of his design. Not content with enfolding Bazard in his sophisms, in discussions, perfectly unintelligible to the large majority of the St. Simonians, he applied himself zealously and un-

remittingly, to the task of attaching to his views and to his person, as extended a body as possible of faithful disciples. His radiant face, his noble manners, his perfect acquaintance with the language in which it is necessary successfully to address beings full of sensibility and passion, all this threw upon those who approached him, a spell of enchantment. With an astonishing mixture of good faith and deception, he managed, by insensible degrees, to stagger and to destroy in the minds he set about to seduce, all those articles of faith, which he had promised himself to uproot. The better to prove to them of what illusions they were the victims, he managed by the sole influence of his personal ascendancy, to penetrate into the secrets of the families around him; he induced the women to make a public confession, and thus obtained possession of some formidable disclosures, which he made use of to prove the merit of his theories, ready to justify the means he employed, by the worthiness of the end.

At this time, there passed in the Rue Monsigny, in the midst of that French society which had become so sceptical, so full of scoffing, scenes of such an extraordinary description that, to find any thing at all resembling them, we must have recourse to the history of the anabaptists. Those members of the college who repelled the doctrines of Enfantin, felt as though they were suddenly transported to the brink of an immense abyss, the existence of which they had never once suspected; they asked themselves, full of terrible misgivings, whether their life hitherto had been but a dream; they experienced a nameless pang, when they thus found themselves, perhaps for ever, separated from him, whom, in the enthusiasm of infinite tenderness and devotion, they had so long called their father. As to those who remained faithful, their fervour became doubly fervid, altogether beyond expression, beyond conception; their exaltation amounted to frenzy. Frequently there were held, in a hall, whose doors were fast closed, whose thick walls gave egress to no sound, secret discussions which lasted whole days, whole nights, without interruption, without relief, without repose. Sometimes, it happened that young men, less capable than their companions of supporting this fearful exercise of mind and body, gave way, and fell fainting to the ground: they were removed, the discussion going on uninterruptedly as though nothing had occurred. One day, M. Cazeaux fell into an ecstacy of a full hour's duration, and set to work prophesying. On another occasion M. Olinde Rodrigues was almost struck with apoplexy, because when he went round to the various members present, asking whether they had any doubt of its being a fact that the Holy Ghost was in him, Rodrigues, M. Reynaud answered very shortly in terms expressing the most entire incredulity; the crisis was extremely violent, and to save the patient, Dr. Fuster was obliged to have recourse to a formal retractation on the part of M. Reynaud, which that brother, full of sorrow and anxiety at the mishap he had occasioned, very readily furnished. Such, even upon men of a grave

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and sober turn of mind, of sound and elevated understanding, is the strange empire of faith, when it has reached a certain point of exaltation; from such singular phenomena may a judgment be formed of the power of the movement which St. Simonianism had created.

Although the secret of these debates which were so deeply agitating the college, was well kept, it was impossible that the family at large should not indirectly receive their impression. From the wearied step of the members of the college, from their worn and pallid faces, which gave manifest evidence of sleepless and anxious nights, from their white lips, from the wild disorder of their remarks, from the mystery with which they carefully surrounded their proceedings, the members of the second degree saw that some terrible drama was going forward; the anxiety became general; every one asked, what will be the end of this disunion?

An experiment was made of a hierarchical arrangement, which should prevent the two chiefs from encountering at every turn on the same ground. To the ternary division of the society into artists, *savants*, and men of business, corresponded these three terms: *religion*, or the direction of sentiments; *dogme*, or the inculcation of science; and *culte*, or the direction of material interests. Enfantin was named chief of *religion*, Bazard chief of the *dogme*, Olinde Rodrigues chief of the *culte*. Vain attempt! Schism had become inevitable.

Soon after, in a conference at which but few of the adepts were present, Bazard and Enfantin measured arguments for the last time. The discussion was most impassioned. The domestic affections which had so great a hold upon Bazard, gave him an agonizing interest in this final contest. He felt that upon its result depended his whole personal happiness. He struggled long, vehemently, in anguish, against a man who overwhelmed him by his pitiless impassibility. At length, vanquished, unknowing where to take his stand between error which was imposing itself upon him by the might of eloquent words, and truth which was escaping from him, exhausted, utterly despairing, he suddenly, after a whole night passed in this terrible duel, fell to the earth as though he had been struck dead. While the others hastened round him, Enfantin stood by, and said, with suppressed emotion, "No, it is not possible that he should die thus: there are too many great things for him to accomplish." Bazard was raised in a state of utter insensibility; by degrees his friends succeeded in restoring him to life. But the sources of happiness were dried up in his bosom for ever. He languished on for a short time, and then died.

Immediately after the declaration of the schism, on the 19th of November, 1831, there was a general meeting of the family. Enfantin appeared there in his quality of supreme father. In that assembly there were collected a number of St. Simonians, who, without rallying under the banner of Bazard, had prudently made up their minds to quit that of Enfantin; among these were MM.

Pierre Leroux, Jean Reynaud, Charton, Jules Lechevallier, Carnot, Fournel, Abel Transon. Enfantin opened the discussion, and after having explained the causes of the misunderstanding which had existed for some time between himself and Bazard, he proceeded to explain his ideas on the *rehabilitation of the body*, on divorce, considered as an aspiration to a nobler attachment, upon the functions reserved to the St. Simonian priest, male and female, upon the necessity of rendering woman equal to man in the state as well as in the family, in the temple as well as in the state. "But," added he, "it is not a law that I give you, a doctrine, a rule that you must learn; it is merely the opinion of a man that I express..... The moral law of the future cannot be revealed without the co-operation of woman. Until that is revealed, I pronounce, that every act is immoral with us, which now would be reprobated by the manners and moral ideas of the world around us; for it would be fatal to the doctrine in general; and for myself, personally, I should regard the commission of any such act, as the greatest proof of disregard my children could give me." But such a reservation as this, did not lessen in the eyes of the dissentients, the danger of those principles which the supreme father had made it his constant endeavours to instil into the minds and hearts of his disciples. Suddenly interrupting the speaker, M. Pierre Leroux, in the name of the college protested against him and his doctrines, and announced that he should forthwith retire. M Lechevallier declared that since, according to Enfantin's own admission, the morale of the doctrine had not yet been framed, it was out of the question to think of constituting the St Simonian family at present, the whole affair still remaining in a state of elaboration. Abel Transon mournfully complained of the abuse that the supreme father had deemed it his duty, in the furtherance of the doctrine, to make of the system of private confessions, which he had contrived to introduce in many quarters. "The Father Enfantin," exclaimed in his turn, M. Reynaud, "evidently fancies that woman will not fail to come forward and legitimate his particular conceptions, and this it is makes him walk with his head on high. For my part, I have full faith that woman will crush his head, but we must wait until woman shall rise up for this purpose. For ourselves, we have brought over men to this doctrine: an enormous responsibility upon us. I fear the influence of Father Enfantin over those men, and I will remain at his side, to show him to them, such as he really is." This was the bitterest attack that had, as yet, been made upon Enfantin. "Reynaud," he replied, without evincing the slightest emotion; "Reynaud alone comprehends the mission of high protestantism. He knows me great, he sees me great, and he desires to protest there where he knows protesting will be most affective, at my side. It is there that Bazard ought to be, above Reynaud." Then succeeded an interchange of hard words, between those who attacked and those who defended the conceptions of the supreme father. A lady, a

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member of the family, having loudly exclaimed that she repelled the ideas propounded by Enfantin as immoral, her denunciation was energetically echoed by several women in the gallery. M. Fournel declared against the supreme father. "Your doctrine," cried M. Carnot, "is the systematization of adultery." "The rehabilitation of vice," added M. Dugied. On the other hand, the partisans of Enfantin, applied themselves to his defence. M. Michel Chevallier expressed his astonishment at the conclusion which some members had arrived at, that because some few abuses might have crept into the St. Simonian government, a dissolution was necessary. M. Duveyrier stated his conviction, that not one of Enfantin's acts had proceeded from personal, or selfish, or unworthy motives; and that the defects complained of, were entirely owing to the very circumstance that they had not as yet existing among them that law of propriety, of modesty, of fidelity, which woman was more especially qualified to introduce. "I solemnly declare to you," said M. Talabot, pointing to Enfantin, "that this man is the chief of humanity." And addressing M. Transon, M. Barrault exclaimed, in a voice full of emotion, "It is not without deep pain that I behold Transon, the standard-bearer of the doctrine, by whose side I have so long marched, separate from us. But no, Transon, thy place is with the Father Enfantin, with me. Thou can'st not quit us, for thou art religious. Thou wilt not follow Jules, for Jules has said that the doctrine is bankrupt. Quit us! No, thou can'st not: thou lovest the men of labour, the children of the poor, those who are suffering."

Throughout this scene Enfantin never for an instant showed the loss of a thorough mastery over himself; he replied to each accusation with proud and perfect self-possession; and at length dismissed the assembly with these words, enunciated in the most solemn manner: "Although that which is now taking place amongst us is of the greatest utility to all, yet I cannot but desire at length to terminate the scene. We will recommence the discussion on Monday; but if we continue to occupy ourselves with such contests as these, the workmen will in the meantime die of hunger, and the children we have adopted will be forsaken. One thing quite manifest is, that there are men among us who should for awhile retire and seek repose."

Some days after, the family again met. The insurrection of Lyons had taken place in the interval, and the assembly wore the aspect of deep and painful thought. An arm chair left vacant beside that of the supreme father symbolically indicated the absence of woman. M. Olinde Rodrigues took his seat as *chef du culte*, on the right of Enfantin. Rising, after a short pause, he recalled to the meeting how, from a Jew he had become a St. Simonian. Then, in a loud voice, he went on: "Rothschild, Laffitte, Aguado, never undertook so mighty an enterprise as that which I am about to enter upon. All of these have come, on the conclusion of a war, to supply the conquered with the means of satisfying the conqueror. They have

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all done great things, of which, thanks to St. Simon, I was the first to perceive and make known the real character, seven years ago. But these men have discounted bills upon the future of political restorations, and this future has already its limits for them. Their mission is about to terminate; mine is commencing." He then explained the groundwork of the project which was, according to his account, to inaugurate the moral power of money. The financial committee of the St. Simonians was to have for their object: 1st, To labour by a combination of measures exclusively pacific, for the moral, intellectual, and physical amelioration of the poorest and most numerous class; 2d, To establish houses of education, in which the children of St. Simonians should be brought up without distinction of birth or fortune; 3d, To found houses of industrial association for those men of labour who should become St. Simonians; 4th, To provide temporarily for the wants of these associations; 5th, To propagate the doctrine, so as to replace industrial anarchy by the religious association of the workers. The act, passed before a notary, was to be signed by all the members of the family, whose united means were to constitute the social stock, and who were all to be answerable for engagements contracted with third parties.

The plan having been read, M. Barrault traced a rapid sketch of the sufferings of society, and of the services that St. Simonism had already rendered it; in accents full of pity and eloquence, he described the wretched Lyons weavers, and from this frightful episode in the great civil war called freedom of industry, he deduced the double conclusion, that reform was necessary, and that it was on the path of St. Simonism that reform must advance.

M. Barrault had finished his discourse, and Enfantin had risen to leave the hall, when M. Reynaud made a sign that he wished to speak. His gesticulation was vehement, and his countenance animated in the extreme. "Money," he exclaimed, "can have no moral power, since you, Père Enfantin, according to the terms stated by yourself, destroy the old moral system without replacing it by a new one." The greatest excitement immediately pervaded the assembly. Addressing M. Reynaud, M. Laurent asked him whether, when he went to preach a new era to the suffering population of Lyons, he had been conscious of one St. Simonian moral system. M. Talabot added, that the morality of the apostleship was in the emancipation of the beings appealed to. M. Henri Baud demanded to address them, and burst out enthusiastically: "My father was a common man, who triumphed over the accident of birth, and amassed riches by the strength of his arm. When the words of St. Simon came to my ear, I felt that to ennoble my privilege, I ought to employ it in the abolition of all privileges: I became a labouring man. And is it thus the family of the blood rewards me for having put my religion forth into practice? But not all the unkindness of the family of the blood shall triumph over the love I bear it; I will force it by my works, to give me its tenderness, its affection.

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Reynaud, I have often heard these mighty words proceed from thy mouth; *the voice of the people, is the voice of God!* What is it that they who form the people of the most industrious cities and towns demand? What cry is that which is heard under that standard of death, amid the storm of grape shot? Reynaud, Reynaud, that demand, that cry is for bread; money which will give bread, is then a moral power. Ye men of labour, who hear me, my hand has often grasped your hands, hardened with labour, and has felt them return its pressure. Reassure yourselves, God would never have permitted a man thus to place himself before the presence of his fellow-men, with that calm, serene face, with that grandeur, and that beauty of form, that he might avail himself of these attributes for the purpose of seducing and destroying them. And you, O women! She who bore me in her bosom comes not here to listen to my words; do you, therefore, make place in your heart to a mother's love for me, that so, if you meet her whom God ordained to give me birth, you may appease the torments of the separation to which she has condemned herself and me. Tell her, to excite her emotion, how great are the sufferings that a son like myself feels, deprived of her embraces, of the sound of her voice, of the sight of her countenance." At these words, the assembly rose in a transport of enthusiasm. Several members of the family rushed up to Enfantin, and threw themselves into his arms. This was the last scene to which the schism gave birth.

The more important members of the St. Simonian family, up to this period, had been, after Bazard and Enfantin; Messieurs Pierre Leroux, a man of letters; Reynaud, Transon, Cazeaux, Michel Chevallier, Lambert, Fournel, all of them mining engineers, men who had quitted with honours the Polytechnic school; D'Eichthal, the son of a Jewish banker; Pereire, a mechanic; Duveyrier, a barrister; Margerin, a lieutenant of artillery; Barrault, ex-professor of rhetoric at Sorèze; Laurent, author of a refutation of Montguillard, and of whom M. St. Beuve said, speaking of his tribune like nature, that he had seen him walking on the crest of the Mountain; Jules Lechevallier, a man of letters; Carnot, son of the celebrated member of the Committee of Public Safety; Dugied, founder of Carbonarism under the Restoration; Olinde Rodrigues, whom St. Simon appointed heir to his doctrines; and lastly, Madame Bazard. Of these eighteen persons MM. Barrault, Duveyrier, Lambert, Fournel, Michel Chevallier, and D'Eichthal, alone remained faithful to Enfantin; for MM. Laurent and Rodrigues who, in the outset of the schism still followed him, soon separated from him. Enfantin clearly saw that the old college was slipping away from him, but he had formed his plan. To raise the courage of his remaining disciples, who were somewhat alarmed at the isolation in which they found themselves, he persuaded them, that, in the order of progress, for a new period, new men were wanting, different from those who had seceded; and, sustained by that methodized fanaticism

which constituted his strength, he precipitated himself into the career, wherein he was destined hopelessly to loose his way.

St. Simonism assumed a new form. We shall by-and-by come upon it again, surrounding itself with a singular sort of pomp, displaying before the eyes of the populace, innovations of costume, much more adapted for striking them than innovations of ideas; putting into practice among its votaries a fantastic kind of brotherhood, and, in the end, sinking utterly effaced, amid the persecutions of ignorant power, and the hootings of the scoffing multitude.*

CHAPTER IV.

THE year 1832 opened to the king, amid the usual felicitations and flatteries. And yet never had royalty in France been more seriously menaced. The revolution which the St. Simonians were seeking to introduce into social order, the republican party were pursuing in the political order with fiery zeal and considerable success. On the 2d of January, M. Armand Carrel, in the *National*, pronounced for a republic, and some days after, M. Garnier Pagès entered the Chamber of Deputies as an avowed republican.

One deputy alone rose to protest against the admission of this new member: this was Casimir Périer, strong hate making him quicksighted, he at once discerned what enemies were rising up against him, and how much could be done towards the ruin of all his hopes by two such men as MM. Armand Carrel and Garnier Pagès.

There was about the whole person and manner of Armand Carrel, a decidedly chivalrous air. His free, bold step, his brief emphatic action, his deportment, full of manly elegance, his taste for bodily exercises, and, furthermore, a certain ruggedness of temperament, made

* At the time in which we write, the St. Simonians are dispersed in various quarters and in various careers. M. Lambert has gone to Egypt, and become Lambert-Bey. M. Duveyrier writes vaudevilles. M. Michel Chevallier is a councillor of state. M. Carnot is a deputy. M. Cazeaux is directing the operations of the Waste Lands Cultivation Company in the Landes, and has distinguished himself greatly for skill and industry. MM. Transon and Dugied have re-entered, with great *éclat*, into the bosom of catholicism. M. Margerin is professor in one of the catholic universities of Belgium. M. Pereire is attached to the administrative department of one of the Versailles railroads, of which he has been throughout the chief agent. M. Laurent has accepted a judgeship at Privas, and has written a popular history of Napoleon. M. Olinde Rodrigues, a man of mind and action, is engaged in financial operations. Madame Bazard has re-entered the bosom of catholicism, with her son-in-law, M. de St. Chéron, editor of the *Univers Religieux*. MM. Jean Reynaud and Pierre Leroux, two men of highly philosophical minds, have continued to follow out, in their labours, the double object of their former studies—religion and humanity. Retired to a country-house, not far from Lyons, M. Enfantin has resumed the course of ordinary life.

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manifest in the strongly projecting lines of his face, and the energetic determination of his look, all this had much more of the soldier about it than of the writer. An officer under the Restoration, a conspirator at Béfort, in arms in Spain against the white flag, dragged at a later period before three councils of war, 1830 found him a journalist. But the soldier still lived in him. How many times have we seen him entering the court-yard of the Hótel Colbert, on horseback, whip in hand, wearing as stern and martial a mien as ever did belted knight of old. Full of gentle kindliness and winning ease when among his private friends, he appeared in public life domineering, despotic. As a writer, his style had less brilliancy than relief, less animation than nerve; but he handled with inimitable effect the weapon of scorn; he did not criticize his adversaries, he chastised them; and as he was always ready to risk the sacrifice of his life in affording satisfaction to any person who might take offence at what he wrote, he reigned supreme over the domain of polemics, disdainful, formidable, and respected. He was born to be the chief of a party, chief of a school he could never be. He was utterly deficient in that cool, immoveable fanaticism, which springs from stubborn undeviating devotion to one particular class of studies, and creates innovators. Above all things a Voltairian, he seemed never to have conceived the notion of marking his place in history by the initiation of thought. Yet when a truth came sparkling before him, a truth he had not before known, he instantly perceived, and surrendered himself to it; for in him the love of progress was irresistible, and the modesty of his nature was full of brave and noble aspirations. But incapable as he was of sacrificing to a vain desire for popularity the moderation of his opinions, and being, moreover, somewhat aristocratic in his manners, his ascendancy over his party was only that of a lordly mind, of true and trusted talent. He possessed in a very high degree the power of commanding the minds of men; his friends, he could influence as he pleased; his soul was all energy. In his enemies he inspired fear mingled with a certain confidence; they felt that in the day of anticipated reaction they would possess a safeguard in the moderation of the man, in the imperial magnanimity and generosity of his nature. In fact, all violent systems were repugnant to him; the American principles greatly pleased him, in the homage they paid to individual liberty, and the dignity of human nature. He had long been a Girondin from sentiment; and most reluctantly had he bowed before the majesty of the revolutionary dictatorship, the terror, the glory, the despair, and the salvation of France. Though the empire had tempted his fancy with its surpassing glories, his mind revolted against the insolences of its organised force; and he experienced a sort of haughty enjoyment in throwing scorn upon the rough, and, in some cases, somewhat brutish soldiers of the court, whom in his energetic way he called "swash bucklers." Unfortunately he had too profound a faith in the prodigies of discipline, though he him-

self had been much more conspirator than soldier. Can an insurgent people get the better of a regiment faithful to its standard? This is what Armand Carrel, even after the revolution of July, always refused to believe. On the other hand, the craving after action was ever at work within him, urging him on and on; he would eagerly have overturned every thing that was an obstacle to the exaltation of the destinies of his country, with which his own were closely interwoven by high and honourable ambition. The written war which he had declared against power, notwithstanding the real dangers which it involved, only served to console without satisfying his daring spirit, to beguile the uneasy yearnings of his heart. Often compelled to extinguish in his friends the fire that was consuming himself, he was by turns exalted and depressed in this internal struggle; checking the impulses of passion by the dictates of prudence, and then indignant at the very wisdom which imposed that restraint. While struggling between bright hopes and bitter fears, it was sometimes his fate, under the influence of the latter, to declare against movements which, perhaps, sanctioned and supported by him, would have succeeded. Yet when the battle against which he had raised his voice had been fought and lost, he embraced the cause of the vanquished, openly without limitation. Heroic inconsistency, the magnanimous weakness of lofty souls!

Endowed with intellectual superiority, not less eminent, but of a different class, Garnier Pagès was more especially distinguished for his subtlety of mind, his penetration, his calm, decorous prudence; for his singular skill in setting the two parties adverse to him together by the ears, and making them ruin one another, while he himself obtained the esteem and approbation of both. Garnier Pagès had not like Armand Carrel become, gradually and insensibly, a convert to republicanism; at his very outset into the career of politics, and even before 1830, he had declared himself a republican. His youth had been a youth of labour; the child of parents whom unmerited misfortunes had borne down, he had suffered much for himself and for a brother, whose destiny was appointed to remain throughout life, united with his own in the bonds of the most tender friendship: At length: "Be it thy care to provide for our worldly fortune," said the eldest of the two brothers to the other; "as for me, my task shall be to render our name honoured among men!" and with this compact they went forth into the great world, strong in their mutual devotion. The rigours of fate are fatal only to feeble natures. Garnier Pagès brought with him into the career of politics all those qualities which adversity bestows upon select minds; the habit of observation, calmness in discussion, a wholesome appreciation of difficulties, a knowledge of the world, a practical method of considering its daily occurrences. Now these are precisely the qualities which, in the constitutional régime, adapt a man for taking part in the exercise of power; their possession would have placed a politician of an inferior order of ambition in the ministry; in Garnier Pagès

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they only served to create for him an important and novel position in the opposition. Affable and insinuating, his quick, ready mind, his simplicity of manners, his familiar grace, his language, wherein a masterly power of attack was tempered by natural good taste, soon obtained for him in parliament an influence of which, at first, the boldness of his solitary opinions appeared to give him no chance. It is certain that he possessed in the very highest degree, the art of bringing over to him the hearts of his adversaries, in the midst of all his extreme views. When he addressed the chamber, on every bench there instantly prevailed an attention full of regard and kindness. And, indeed, no one better merited than he to be listened to. Sometimes in language easy, simple, admirably clear, he would discuss the most obscure and complicated questions of political economy or finance; at other times, armed with aggressive and cutting eloquence, he would disconcert the ministers by unexpected interrogatories, would humiliate the court by disclosures that filled the whole audience with astonishment, would chastise those who ventured to interrupt him by the readiest and most telling repartees, and compel every fraction of a monarchical chamber to desire to see him in the breach, and to honour in him the genius of republicanism. Amid the prejudices perfidiously spread abroad against radicalism in the minds of men who condemned it without knowing any thing about it, Garnier Pagès was a champion whom it would have been very difficult to replace. An elegant and graceful gentleman, he appeared there the representative of a party who were described as rough, uncouth, savage.

The declared enemy of all violence, he furnished in his own person an effectual reply to those men with whom the idea of a republic was inseparable from that of the scaffold; and he constantly put to confusion, by his vast and various knowledge of affairs, those *soi-disant* practical statesmen who affected to regard, as pure Utopianisms, all that rose above the level of their understandings.

Thus, republican opinion had acquired real and effective power. In parliament, it must henceforth be taken into account; in the press, it was represented with distinguished *éclat*, not only in the *Tribune*, the *Revolution*, and the *Mouvement*, but now also in the *National*; and, moreover, it possessed in M. de Cormenin the brilliant rival of Paul Louis Courier, an auxiliary who made the court tremble.

On the other hand, royalty was every day losing the prestige which it had owed to its plebeian origin. When a man is placed too high over his fellowmen, his head is apt to turn: it is this which constitutes the fundamental vice of royalty; and even should it happen to a king not to give way beneath the weight of his fortunes, that which he himself would preserve by his moderation, his courtiers would compromise by the absolute temerity of their crawling servility. At the very moment, when in the streets of Paris was re-echoed from afar off, the cry of agony and despair sent forth by forty

thousand famishing workmen at Lyons, the court was thinking of nothing but gorging royalty with wealth upon wealth.

The king himself, whether herein he yielded to the delusive counsels of a set about him, who were greedy for a share of the plunder, or whether it was that a year's experience had taught him how very expensive a show to exhibit is that of monarchy, the king himself seemed very willing to sacrifice to the exigencies of his new position, all his old bourgeois habits, and the simple tastes which had, under the Restoration, made him the object of almost universal admiration. There were, indeed, friends of his who still wished to see in him, now that he had become a king, the same man whom they had known as a prince; there were men, such as MM. Dupont (de l'Eure) and Bavoux, who kept recalling to themselves, with still undeparted hope, the words they had heard him pronounce in the first days of his accession—"There must no longer be a court kept up: what does a citizen king require? Six millions for the civil list, at the very outside." But it very soon became apparent to those who comprehended the necessities of a monarchy, that such disinterestedness as this was altogether primitive and Utopian. There was accordingly drawn up—M. Laffitte being still minister—a list which mounted up to no less a sum than twenty millions, the necessary expenditure of the king. This estimate for a civil list was communicated by Louis Philippe to M. Laffitte, who did not shrink from expressing his utter surprise at it. In his opinion, he distinctly stated, eighteen millions would be ample, perhaps more than enough; and, besides, how was the inflexible M. Dupont (de l'Eure) to be won over to such a proposition. The king insisted. A commission had been appointed by the Chamber to examine the royal budget: it consisted of MM. Thouvenel, Duvergier de Hauranne, Anisson-Duperron, Etienne, Rémusat, Génin, Jacques Lefèvre, and Cormenin. To this commission, the note of which we have just spoken, and which its framer had not ventured to communicate to the council of ministers, was handed over by M. Thiers, the person entrusted with this delicate mission. The astonishment of the representatives of the chamber was extreme: they refused to believe that demands so exorbitant could have emanated from a monarch, whom they had known as Duke of Orléans. When this extraordinary note was read to the chamber itself, its reception there was equally unfavourable. It became necessary, then, to repair this lamentable blunder, somehow or other.

In this extremity, the king had recourse to the unrelaxing devotion of M. Laffitte, his favourite minister. It was arranged between them, that the king should write a letter, in which he was to complain of the inconsiderate zeal of his courtiers, and to declare himself an utter stranger to the fixing an amount, evidently so unpopular. This letter, addressed to M. Laffitte, was to be strictly private and confidential; but, by a skilful indiscretion, M. Laffitte was to take care and read it to the members of the commission as an ir-

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refragable proof of the disinterestedness of Louis Philippe, a disinterestedness which it was to be supposed that certain injudicious servants had wished to do violence to. This little arrangement was carried out successfully; the popularity of the king was saved from this its first great peril; and for getting the chamber to adopt a list which he disavowed without renouncing, the king awaited the occurrence of more favourable circumstances.

These circumstances were, as we have related, the bloodless conclusion of the trial of the ministers of Charles X., the fall of M. Laffitte, and the succession to his place of M. Casimir Périer. The court now found itself relieved from the necessity of affecting any scruples. The new chamber had appointed a less tenacious commission: nothing now was talked of but a magnificent endowment of the crown. In order not prematurely to alarm such deputies as might wish to economize the public revenue, the ministry, in their finance project, left the amount of the civil list blank; but all their efforts were directed to procuring the adoption by the chamber of a very high amount indeed; and the list which was circulated menaced the kingdom with a burden of 18,533,500 francs, on this estimate alone. This was assigning to Louis Philippe an allowance thirty-seven times greater than was paid by France to Bonaparte, first consul, and a hundred and forty-eight times greater than that which in America is deemed sufficient for the president of the flourishing republic of the United States.

At this very period, a charitable society had just published the following statement: "24,000 persons, inscribed upon the register of the twelfth arrondissement of Paris, are in absolute want of food and clothing. Very many are eagerly soliciting bundles of straw to serve them as beds."*

But a civil list of eighteen millions and more did not satisfy the court people. They must, besides, have assured to the king, as real appendages of his crown, the Louvre, the Tuileries, the Elysée-Bourbon; the castles, houses, buildings, manufactories, lands, pastures, farms, woods, and forests, comprising the domains of Versailles, Marly, Meudon, St. Cloud, St. Germain, Fontainebleau, Compiègne, and Pau; the manufactory at Sèvres, and those of Gobelins and Beauvais; the Bois de Boulogne, the Bois de Vincennes, the Fôret de Sénart, to say nothing of a splendid personal endowment, comprising diamonds, pearls, precious stones, statues, pictures, cameos and other worked stones, museums, libraries, and other collections of art and science.

As to the Orléans appanage, the courtiers were of opinion that the property constituting this appanage should be united with the real dotation of the crown, thus apparently forgetting that appanages had never been any thing other than the source of maintenance for the younger branches of the royal family, and, from their very es-

* Circular of the bureau de Bienfaisance, of the twelfth arrondissement, Jan. 1, 1832.

sence, reverted to the state when the younger branch acceded to the throne.

There remained one very delicate question to be settled. Independently of the vast riches he was about to possess as king, was Louis Philippe to hold private property as a simple citizen? According to the edict of Henry IV., in 1566, the constitution of 1791, and the law of the 8th of November, 1814, every prince called to the throne, was at the same time called upon to unite his private property with that of the state. This was at once a dignified proceeding, and a custom of profound import, for it seemed to elevate the king to the dignity of father of the people. But Louis Philippe by no means regarded the matter in this light; and immediately before his accession, on the 6th August, 1830, he took care to dispose of his personal property in favour of his family.

The summary of the claims of the court, then, stood thus: a civil list of eighteen millions, four millions revenue from lands and forests; eleven magnificent palaces, vast and sumptuous personal property, 2,594,912fr., the Orleans appanage, and the king's own private property.

Such was the basis of the royal propositions. The commission adopted them, with the single exception of reducing the civil list to twelve or fourteen millions, and M. de Schonen presented the report to the Chamber.

The public was perfectly stupified. The theory of the constitutional liberals as to cheap governments, had received the lie direct, in the most unexpected and outrageous manner. Polemics became inflamed to the highest pitch. A detailed estimate of the royal expenses, having been laid before the public, immediately became the subject of a thousand commentaries, wherein the opinion of France on the subject made itself unequivocally known, in the form both of the most cutting ridicule and of grave and virulent attack. In one journal, it was pointed out that the maintenance of the royal chapel was about to cost ten times more than under Charles X., though Louis Philippe used it ten times less. In another quarter, astonishment was expressed that 80,000fr. a year should be considered necessary for medical attendance upon a monarch who, thank Heaven, enjoyed the most robust health. Why, Louis XVIII., poor, gouty, broken up man as he was, doctored himself for less. Then 4,268,000fr. surely seemed a rather large sum to allow as pocket-money for a sovereign, who rather piqued himself on the idea of possessing a philosophic turn of mind. Again, people could not make out the meaning of the three hundred horses, at a thousand crowns a head a year, which figured in the estimates; why was each of these horses to be treated as well as a counsellor of the Cour Royale, and twice as well as a member of the Institute? Then, 200,000fr. for liveries! this was a tolerable allowance for plush and gold lace, considering that 200,000fr. a year would pay a hundred

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procureurs du roi their full salaries, or augment in one-fifth the grant for primary instruction; or support, at the rate of eight sous a day each, thirteen hundred and eighty poor prisoners. "What," exclaimed the *Globe St. Simonien*, in an article at once witty and wise, "what is all this? Here are 3,775,300fr. per annum to be appropriated to the personal services of the citizen king! Here is a king, the chief of a mercantile and manufacturing nation, for such it has now become, the head of a peaceful bourgeoisie, surrounded altogether by men trailing sabres and clanking spurs."

But it was M. de Cormenin who assailed the project with the hardest blows. In a series of letters full of logic, sound sense, eloquence, refined irony, he recalled to the minds of the people, that when the hero of Italy, the reputed conqueror of Egypt, the pacificator of La Vendée, came to take his seat on the consular throne, he and his two colleagues only cost France, table and household expenses included, 1,050,000fr.; that at that period, the French people, the terror of Pitt, and the admiration of the world, were *not* called upon to pay 1,200,000fr. per annum, for the one single item of heating the *subterranean furnaces* of the king's kitchen. He proved that the civil list of Charles X. himself, did not extend beyond 11,210,865fr. deducting debts and advances to be repaid, the expenses of the military household, and all the offices which the revolution of July had abolished, such as those of the master of the horse, the master of the buck-hounds, a certain number of pages, the grand master of the ceremonies, &c. He showed that the most effectual method by which royalty could make itself respected, was by rendering itself useful; that to endeavour to recommend the civil list to public favour, on the ground of its being a sort of provident bank, always open to the appeal of the unfortunate and distressed, was a miserable, sophistical deception, seeing that it is the people, and the humbler classes of the people, moreover, who pay the great bulk of the civil list, and that it is a mere mockery to take their money from the poor under the pretence of doing them good; that the prince, being an irresponsible person, cannot possibly be a better or more competent distributor of the public money, than ministers whose responsibility affords a tolerable guarantee for the honesty of their management of such a trust; that a heavy civil list can serve no other purpose than to support in idleness the pack of bedizened mendicants, who swarm around thrones; that a nation is enriched, not by that which is taken from it, but by that which it is allowed to retain; that it was an absurd fallacy to represent the exaggerated opulence of the king as good for trade, as if wealth were created by displacing it, and as if the shopkeepers of the Rue St. Denis were the whole nation, instead of the nation being the whole body of tax-payers, the peasants of Britanny, the shepherds of the Alps, the graziers of Normandy, the labourers of Languedoc, the operatives of Lyons, Bourdeaux, and Marseilles; that, lastly, the arts benefit less by the ostentatious patronage of

a prince, whose very protection tends to degrade their high mission, than by the lofty inspirations of religion, glory, and liberty.

The sensation produced by the pamphlets of M. de Cormenin was universal and lasting. In the Chamber, too, the debate on the question occupied several sittings; a hot and obstinate debate, wherein the majesty of royalty was irrevocably compromised, and wherein it was thoroughly evidenced that, in the opinion of the liberal portion of the bourgeoisie, royalty itself was an instrument and not a principle. "If luxury is banished from the palaces of the king," said M. de Montalivet, "it will soon disappear from the houses of the *subjects*." At this word subjects, the assembly quivered with indignation. "The men who make kings," impetuously exclaimed M. Marschal, "are not subjects." The minister was called to order, by cries which resounded from every part of the Chamber. MM. Cabet, de Ludre, Clerc Lasalle, and Laboissiere, energetically demanded from M. de Montalivet an explanation of what he had said. "Do your duty," exclaimed a series of voices, addressing the president: "the minister must be called to order. The nation has been outraged by him." "Go on, gentlemen! go on!" said the keeper of the seals, half choked with agitation and fury, and well nigh shaking his fists at the *centre*. The confusion was complete. The minister, leaning against the marble column of the tribune, affected a haughty and disdainful air. The president for some time stood up, incessantly ringing his bell, but finding himself altogether powerless to appease the tumult, he at length put on his hat. The sitting was declared suspended, and the deputies retired in disorder. Next morning, almost the whole of the dynastic press thundered forth against the insult offered by M. de Montalivet to the nation, and the majority of the Chamber having voted the order of the day upon this incident, M. Odilon Barrot, followed by a hundred and four members, proceeded to the conference hall, and drew up a formal protest against a word, irreconcileable, he said, with the principle of the sovereignty of the nation. Nothing, it would seem, could more completely than this exhibit the disposition of a large portion of the dominant party with reference to royalty; yet, in the end, the Chamber granted to the crown all that had been demanded on its behalf; real dotation, personal dotation, private property; it even allowed, as part of this civil list, the sums which the king had received up to that time, though they had been paid him, at the rate of eighteen millions a year, instead of at the rate of the modified allowance; a dower was assigned to the queen, in the event of her husband's decease, and the annual dotation of the heir apparent was fixed at a million (40,000*l.*)

Altogether the court seemed to have gained a brilliant triumph. But the discussions which had filled the journals, the redoubtable letters of M. de Cormenin, the long and animated debates with which the Chamber had resounded, the severe animadversion with which a former minister, M. Dupont de l'Eure, had publicly visited pretensions, which he deemed and described as utterly scandalous, the

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dissatisfaction manifested by a large portion of the bourgeoisie, and, 107 black balls found in the ballot urn, all this placed the court in the position, for a time, of having, in reality, suffered a defeat. Those who had chosen to adopt the monarchical principle, had no sort of business to withhold from the monarch the means of a sumptuous and ostentatious existence. He who will have a king, must let him have his way.

Other affronts befel the monarchical principle. While the press and the Chamber were discussing in no measured terms, the pecuniary demands of the court, the name of the monarch, by a melancholy coincidence, was being bandied about in a court of justice in connexion with that of the Baroness de Feuchères. The family of Rohan had attacked the validity of the will, which nominated the Duc d'Aumale universal legatee of the last Condé, and the whole public was anxiously watching the progress of this judicial contest. Never had a trial excited more anxious curiosity, aroused more passions, or given the multitude, ever greedy for scandal, a closer insight into the mysteries and pollution of the private life of princes. The veil which covered hideous details was now partially drawn aside. In a speech, full of accusing facts, M. Hennequin unfolded the disgusting picture of the acts of violence and fraud which had embittered the last days of the Duke of Bourbon, and triumphed over his weakness. From a contrast between the sentiments of the unhappy prince, and the tenour of the will, the advocate derived what he deemed a proof of the disposition of the property as it stood, having been obtained by dishonourable, by unlawful means; in the impossibility of suicide, he saw the proof of assassination. The respect conventionally due to high names did not deter him from following up the affair into all its recesses: he invoked the close investigation of all men into questions of tremendous purport; he was eloquent, and, while temperate, inexorable. Ere long the people, with its usual impetuosity, made up its mind to see nothing but a great crime in the end of this last Condé, whose bleeding spoils were thus disputed in its presence. M. Hennequin received at this period, from men who were perfectly unknown to him, an innumerable quantity of letters, some of them suggesting a new argument, others complaining of the omission or weakening of some important circumstances, but all of them congratulating and encouraging him. M. Lavaux, counsel for the Baroness de Feuchères, and M. Dupin, jun., counsel for the Duc d'Aumale, both displayed very high talent in the defence. But, unfortunately it was remarked that, to precise and clearly stated facts, they replied sometimes by tortuous explanations which did not meet the case, sometimes by vague recriminations, in which they did not always contrive to keep clear even of personal abuse; nor was the public in any degree lead away by the skilfully managed attempt on the part of M. Dupin, jun., to represent the process as a mere plot got up by the legitimatists against the Duke of Orléans, as a stratagem suggested by the envenomed hate of party,

in a word, as an effort of vengeance which all the friends of the revolution of 1830 ought to view with indignation and contempt. That the legitimatists had an interest in the trial was manifest; but to combat facts confirmed by an imposing mass of evidence, something else was wanted than a brawling appeal to popular recollections of the month of July. The Rohans lost their cause before the judges; but, right or wrong, they gained it before the tribunal of public opinion.

An unexpected circumstance arose to add fresh fuel to the excitement of men's minds. In the course of his speech, M. Dupin, jun., had made a highly eulogistic reference to the youth of Louis Philippe. The *Tribune* replied to this by a bitter article, in which it gave a by no means eulogistic sketch of the career of Louis Philippe of Orleans, dwelling upon his proclamation at Tarragona, and upon the command-in-chief of the army of Catalonia, which was given him by the governing junta of Cadiz, and withdrawn from him at the instance of the Duke of Wellington.

M Germain Sarrut, who had boldly affixed his signature to this article, was forthwith summoned before a magistrate, M. Thomas. He had scarcely entered that functionary's room, when the municipal guards were ordered to take him into custody. "I change your summons to appear into a writ of commitment," said the magistrate to M. Sarrut.

The arrested writer immediately appealed to public opinion. But the government, now seeing in the press a hostile power, which it was necessary, at whatever cost, to get the better of, at once commenced a series of fierce and reiterated attacks upon it. Seizures, nearly simultaneous, were made upon most of the public prints. The *Tribune* panted beneath the weight of the prosecutions which, one after another, were directed against it: having lost all hope of quelling it, the minister had sworn utterly to destroy it. The witty editor of the *Caricature*, M. Philippon, and the author of the poetical *Nemesis*, M. Barthélemy, were in like manner vigorously proceeded against, but without the effect of crushing the pencil of the one or the pen of the other. Dragged before a court of justice, the Society of the Friends of the People was condemned to fine and imprisonment, in the persons of MM. Raspail, Bonnias, Gervais, Thouret, and Blanqui, after a trial, in which the accused loudly reasserted their principles, and their determination never to flinch from them; and threw in the very teeth of the judges, the utter contempt which they felt for them and their master. Strong hate thus everywhere manifested itself, active, persevering, indefatigable.

Casimir Périer was alike amazed and furious at the resistance he encountered. For those whom he had selected or accepted as instruments, were men whose passions were altogether his own, the implicit satellites of a despotic master, the unscrupulous agents of an unscrupulous policy. M. Persil, a bilious, sour, ferocious man, was attorney-general. MM. Vivien and Saulnier, successively removed from the prefectship of police, were now replaced by M. Gisquet, a

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man who trembled before Casimir Périer, and whom the minister treated as one who belonged to him, body and soul. In a word, authority, regularly besieged, had fortified itself accordingly within its place of strength; and the administration might very well be regarded as an army sent into the field to wage fierce war with the country.

The fault, to say the truth, was not always on the side of power. The opposition often unfairly assailed acts of the government, which were of great utility, nay, sometimes of essential necessity; often the magistracy was insulted without provocation by men who mistook turbulence for courage, vulgar assurance for dignity. There was war in the state, and hatred availed itself of all sorts of weapons.

Notwithstanding all this there is no doubt that Casimir Périer, firm and resolute as he was, would in the end have secured for the bourgeoisie domination a tranquil existence, if the expansion of his ideas had corresponded with the energy of his will. But deficient in grandeur and conception and in the capacity for dazzling men's minds by great results, in his hands power assumed extreme violence without acquiring strength; he kept the public in a state of breathless excitement, but he inspired no respect; he sought to reduce every thing to a condition of unquestioning silence; what he did was to throw every thing into commotion. His policy could not be sanguinary by reason of the state of manners; it could not be absolute by reason of the laws; the greater arrogance it displayed, therefore, the more paltry and contemptible did it appear. That is unskilful power which sets up loftier pretensions than it has resources to maintain. This, under Casimir Périer, was the government blunder. The result was, that the audacity of the various parties in opposition grew more and more daring; and authority, finding the law inadequate for the suppression of its assailants, was fain to have recourse both to arbitrary proceedings and to expedients of a by no means honourable character. Already, at the last anniversary of the taking of the Bastile, the public had seen a party of young people, who were about to plant the tree of liberty, felled to the earth by a gang of labourers, part of a body whom an obscure agent of police had formed into a sort of bludgeon-men regiment, with the pay of three francs a day. This outrage, about which there was so much of premeditation, was denounced in the chamber by MM. Mauguin and Odilon Barrot; Casimir Périer repelled with infinite haughtiness the imputation of having directed such excesses. But admitting, as is probable, that the government had had no hand in this odious machination, the work of political fanatics, of a lower, a subaltern class, yet, at any rate, government was open to the reproach of having taken no steps to discover the perpetrators of the outrage, of not having ordered a strict inquiry into the matter, and moreover of having permitted the *Moniteur* officially to eulogise the zeal which the bludgeon-men had displayed in suppressing the *émeute*.

In other respects the encroachments of arbitrary power were

becoming more inordinate day by day; arrests of writers were becoming multiplied; men who had to maintain a family by their professional labours were torn from their homes by night on the most frivolous informations; incarcerated preventively, strictly secluded from all intercourse with those beyond their prison walls, these unhappy men appeared at last before the tribunal, which sometimes declared them innocent, sometimes condemned them, not for the imaginary offence which had been made the pretext for their arrest, but for offensive words wrung from them by their indignation at their long, unjust imprisonment.

The press almost unanimously lifted up its voice against such flagrant abuses; its remonstrances were disdained. Armand Carrel thereupon adopted a determination that will for ever reflect honour on his memory. In an article, signed with his name, he proved that, as regarded the printing and publication of writings, the case of *flagrant délit* existed only when a call to revolt, to a speedy, an immediate levying of war on the government, was printed in a place known beforehand to the agents of the authorities; that the *flagrant délit* was not possible on the part of the periodical press except in case of revolution; that there was not one of the writers committed to prison during the past month, of whom there were grounds for saying that he had been surprised *in flagrante delicto;* and that the executive, therefore, had rendered itself guilty towards them of a tyranny which each of them ought to combat with all his personal energy. The article concluded with this intrepid declaration :

" It shall not be said that a system that engaged in the absurd, the countless prosecutions that fill our tribunals with their brawling din; that permitted the confiscation in detail exercised upon our property by the post and the crown lawyers; a system, under which writers are disgraced, while awaiting judgment, by being coupled with rogues, or are killed off quietly by the pestilential miasmata of St. Pélagie, shall be permitted further to enrich itself with an unlimited arbitrary right, bearing the name of *jurisprudence du flagrant délit.* Such a system shall not with our consent be designated liberty of the press. A usurpation so monstrous shall not stand. We should be criminal were we to suffer it, and this ministry must be made to know that a single man of stout heart, having the law on his side, may stake his life on equal chances not only against that of seven or eight ministers, but against all the interests great or small that should imprudently attach themselves to the destiny of such a ministry. It is a little thing, the life of one man, slain furtively at the corner of a street in the confusion of a riot; but the life of a man of honour, who should be slain in his own house by the myrmidons of M. Périer, whilst resisting in the name of the law—this would not be a little thing. His blood would cry for vengeance. Let the ministry venture this stake, and perhaps it will not win the game. The writ of committal, under pretext of *flagrant délit,* cannot be

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legally decreed against the writers of the periodical press; and every writer possessed with a sense of his dignity as a citizen will oppose law to lawlessness, and force to force. It is a duty: come what may.—ARMAND CARREL."

This language, so firm and so noble, excited the most lively enthusiasm in the press. M. Cauchois Lemaire (who, on the eve of the revolution of 1830 had so boldly invited the Duc d'Orléans to lay hold on the crown) condemned in eloquent terms the system on which it was sought to rest the new dynasty. Almost all the journals applauded; the *Journal des Débats* itself pronounced, though timidly, against a jurisprudence so generally reprobated. The mortification of Casimir Périer was excessive: he caused the *National* to be seized, and prosecutions were likewise ordered against two journals which had energetically seconded its declaration, the *Mouvement*, edited by M. Achille Roche, and the *Revolution de* 1830, edited by MM. Charles Reybaud and Antony Thouret. This was doing too little: but the ministers knew well that Armand Carrel was the man to receive with his pistols on the table any agent of a system that defied the laws: they did not take up the gauntlet flung to them by the most spirited representative of the republican opinions.

With these conflicts, which occupied the first months of 1832, were mingled strange attempts and plots. On the 4th of January, about four in the afternoon, the bell of Notre Dame was heard to ring on a sudden. The keeper of the towers had only admitted a very small number of persons who had entered two and two. He rushed up the staircase to see what was the matter, but had scarcely ascended twenty steps above the first gallery, when he heard loud voices, immediately followed by the report of a pistol. The keeper ran down again with the speed of terror to inform the authorities. Soldiers soon arrived, and *sergents de ville* took the way to the cathedral in all haste by order of the prefect of police, who had been forewarned of the affair. The towers were entered and examined, and after three other discharges, which wounded no one, six individuals were arrested, almost all of them mere youths, and of the humblest condition. One of them named Migne, was but a child. He cried, protested his innocence, and promised to confess every thing. Whilst his captors were questioning him, a fire broke out in the northern tower. It was extinguished, although the flames had already risen to a great height. Migne declared that seven persons had entered the towers: the search was therefore continued, and for a long time fruitlessly. At nine o'clock several municipal guards having gathered at a window looking upon the *gallerie de la Vierge*, they thought they saw a man's head at an upper window lighted by a flambeau. They rushed into the belfrey, and found the beams on fire. The night was cold, and the wind was high, and had the fire remained long undiscovered, it would probably not have been got under without difficulty. The men pursued their search with increased activity. They were very much incensed,

and some cried out *he must be killed*. Suddenly a man stood before them on the platform, presented his breast, and called out that he surrendered. On being asked what he was, he answered *émeutier*.* His name was Considère.

The object of these singular conspirators was by sounding the tocsin to give the signal of revolt to divers groups of malecontents scattered over the capital and in readiness to march.

The persons arrested were imprisoned and brought to trial two months afterwards. Their enterprise had had no serious consequences; but their trial was of great importance from the light it cast on the manœuvres of the police. It resulted in fact from the examination of the prisoners, and from the depositions of witnesses, that the police had been informed of the plot several days beforehand, both by a letter from General Darriule, who had received the denunciations made by an obscure agent named Mathis, and by the disclosures made by a *galérien* named Pernot. Now no precaution had been taken to prevent the execution of the plot, though all that was requisite to this end was to lock the doors of the towers. It even appeared incontestable that M. Carlier, chief of the municipal police, had told Gilbert the keeper of the towers, he need not entertain any uneasiness. Other strange circumstances were prominently displayed by this trial. Thus the news of the conspiracy had been announced in the English newspaper the *Times*, by a letter from Paris dated January 3. Even before the agents of the public force had entered the towers, they talked among themselves of a barricade really erected by the accused. At the moment of Considère's arrest, a sergeant smelled his hands to ascertain whether they had not an odour of essence, whence the conclusion might be drawn, that this special fact of a bottle of essence having been carried into the towers, was not unknown to the police. Lastly, on the 4th of January, as if to facilitate the execution of the plot, the ringer had quitted the towers without permission at ten o'clock in the morning, and his wife on that day did not take his place, contrary to her previous invariable custom.

The advocates for the accused fastened on these last circumstances to shift upon the authorities the accusation that hung over their clients. They reproached the police for its shameful practice of preferring the system of cure to that of prevention. They inveighed against that tricky policy, the object of which is, by itself stirring up disturbances by secret arts and skulking agents, to render all opposition odious, and to rally round the government, through the influence of fear, all the interests friendly to peace and quiet.

These attacks were justified in the special instance to which they applied; for it is certain that in this case the police could, without inconvenience, without difficulty or noise, have frustrated projects, the scope of which, moreover, was null. But it is just to own, that in a corrupt

* A newly coined word, equivalent to *riot maker*.

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mercy, and called the army of Lisle battalion a crown of rue, as the Scots had been so much defeated and destroyed by it. Many of the Scots, in their agonies and terror, threw their arms down, and begged for mercy; but the English, who were highly exasperated, gave no quarter, but slew them without mercy, and with the most inhuman cruelty, and putting many to the sword, and others to the rack, to extort ransoms from them. Many of the Scots, who were taken prisoners, were put to the rack by the English, and others were hanged, drawn, and quartered, and their heads and limbs fixed on the gates of the towns, and on the walls of the castles, to strike terror into the Scots. The English, in the course of the battle, had taken the Scots' standard, which was a red lion rampant, within a double tressure flowered and counterflowered with gold, and carried it to Berwick, where it was hung up in the castle, as a trophy of victory. The Scots, who had escaped from the battle, fled to the mountains and forests, and the English pursued them as far as Soltra-hill, within five miles of Edinburgh, and then returned to Berwick, where they remained for some time, to refresh themselves and their horses.

Soon after the battle of Homildon-hill, Henry sent the archbishop of York to Pontefract, where he was confined in the castle of that town, and executed, without any trial, by the command of the king, for his concern in the late rebellion. The archbishop was a man of great learning, and had been much esteemed by the people, on account of his piety and virtues. He was one of the greatest ornaments and supports of the church of England, and was universally lamented after his death. He was the first of the prelates who ventured into the field to assist the earl of Northumberland in his rebellion against Henry IV. He was followed in this step by the bishop of Durham, who, however, was not executed, but was only confined for a short time in the castle of Windsor, and then restored to his bishopric. Archbishop Scrope was buried in the church of the Austin friars in York, and was afterwards esteemed a martyr by the people.

Henry, after the battle of Homildon-hill, sent the earl of Northumberland with the executed archbishop. We have mentioned the earl's rebellion against Henry IV. in the year 1403. He was the father of Hotspur, who was killed in the battle of Shrewsbury, and was the uncle of the earl of March, who was the heir to the crown. By the law of the kingdom it is ascertained that Henry IV. should not have been king, but the earl of March. The earl of Northumberland, therefore, was the uncle of the true heir to the crown, and was, consequently, the most powerful subject in the kingdom, and the most dangerous to the king. He had, therefore, been obliged to submit to Henry IV. on account of his power, and had been pardoned for his rebellion, and restored to his estates and honours.

July had ruined or deceived: he made trial on them of the influence acquired by acts of kindness, and when he had explored all the possible disorders, all the germs of revolt latent in a suffering society unsupported by faith, he opened his mind to some friends. A plan was laid down. Twelve leaders were appointed for the twelve arrondissements of Paris. Each of these was to convey the orders issued by the central body to four lieutenants, each of whom commanded a brigade of ten men, and every member of a brigade was to be employed in enrolling secondary conspirators, who were to be made subservient to the success of schemes unknown to most among them. As the strength of the legitimatist party consisted in its wealth, money became the moving power of this conspiracy. A fund was formed from the proceeds of sundry subscriptions, aided by rather considerable sums brought from Italy by an agent of the Duchess de Berri, who was attached to the household of Marshal Bourmont. A system of tampering with men's allegiance was, thereupon, begun on a vast scale. Money, however, was not so much employed in the regular payment of recruits as in giving the recruiters the means of coming in contact with people of the lower class in parties of pleasure, where half hints could be thrown out, and the commonplace arts of seduction could be practised. It is to be remarked, that many poor workmen entered into the conspiracy without having received any more pecuniary advances than their extreme destitution rendered strictly indispensable, or than merely compensated them for their loss of time. Still it is a fact, that distributions of money were made among the distressed, and in a manner that placed, in a glaring light, the shameful neglect in which the poor were allowed to pine. But whilst alleviating hopeless distress, the chief conspirators did not forget to hold out the bait of alluring promises to greedy ambition; and in a short while they had a little army ready to bring into the field. The fall of Charles X. had caused the discharge of the *garde royale*, and the change of a numerous body of domestics: the conspiracy enrolled as recruits many officers and non-commissioned officers of the *garde royale*, and almost all those who had formerly held subaltern posts in the royal household, from which they had been suddenly dismissed; and to these were added servants still in employment, who were prompted purely by attachment to the fallen dynasty. Many of the *gendarmes des chasses* and *gardes forestiers* were also gained over. The conspirators contrived even to gain confederates in the fourth company of veteran non-commissioned officers, in a regiment of the line in garrison at Courbevoie, and in a dragoon regiment quartered in Paris, in the Rue du Petit Musc. A marshal of France, well known for his attachment to the principle of legitimacy, and four quartermasters, composed the central staff, as it were, of the conspiracy, which was even entered into by a Bonapartist general. "Let us overturn the government," said the latter; "we will then leave it to the nation to decide between the successor of Charles X. and that of the Emperor."

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Thus supported, the conspiracy spread with extreme rapidity. An active propaganda was at work, not only in Paris, but in the surrounding communes, in St. Germain, Meudon, Clamart, Versailles, and Vincennes. It was scarcely to be expected that indiscretions should not be committed, and that the police should not come at last to discover through its agents, a plot that had such numerous ramifications. In consequence however of the multiplied divisions and subdivisions, which the plan of organization adopted allowed of, the authorities could only obtain very vague and incomplete informations, which left them without the means of fastening on those persons whom it was, above all, important for them to know and lay their hands on. Several agents of the police, moreover, were sincerely devoted to the success of the plot, so that the conspirators had thereby the means of counteracting the manœuvres employed against them. Add to this, that in order to prevent disclosures, it had been industriously spread abroad that any informer, known as such, might expect the dagger.

Be this as it may, among a motley herd of conspirators, some of whom were of very high standing in society, the men of most obscure station were distinguished for their fidelity, resolution, disinterestedness, and zeal. Among the latter was a bootmaker named Louis Poncelet. Incensed at the results of a revolution by which the people had profited so little, he was ready to fight for legitimacy, after having gallantly fought against it in 1830. In every trying emergency the inequality of rank disappears, and gives place to the inequality of courage: Poncelet was not long in acquiring that importance among the conspirators which peril assigns to audacity. He was admitted to the presence of the Marshal of France, whose co-operation was reckoned on for the day after a successful blow, and the marshal said to him: "When you go up into the Hôtel de Ville, I shall be in the saddle, you may rely on it, and I shall not hesitate to place myself at the head of the provisional government."

Meanwhile the report had gone abroad, that a grand ball was to take place at the court on the night of the 1st of February. The opportunity was a good one for the conspirators, for they had accomplices even among the domestics of the palace, they were in possession of five keys to the gates of the garden of the Tuileries, and they had been promised admission into the Louvre. It was settled, then, that on the night in question, some should assemble by detachments in various parts of the capital, and march to the palace upon the concerted signal; whilst others, stealing along through the dark alleys leading to the Louvre, should make their way into the picture-gallery, burst into the ball-room, and seize the royal family in the midst of the confusion caused by this unexpected attack. Hand-grenades were to be thrown among the carriages standing at the palace gates, and caltrops were to be scattered over the ground under the horses' feet. It was thought probable that preparations for fireworks would be made in the *Salle de Spectacle*,

so that by setting the whole apparatus on fire at once, the confusion could be greatly augmented. This plan was definitively agreed on by the principal leaders in the Rue Taranne, and Poncelet was specially appointed to head the attack on the Louvre.

But an intrigue was on foot in the heart of the conspiracy, and the fruits of the expected victory were already the objects of jealous anticipations. The agent who had represented himself as the *locum tenens* of the Duchess de Berri, wanted to put aside the Marshal of France, of whom we have spoken, and have the conspirators proclaim the name of another marshal to whom he was particularly attached. Overtures to this effect were made to Poncelet, backed by the most brilliant offers, for himself if he survived, and for his children if he fell. But he steadily rejected them all, not choosing to withdraw his confidence from a person he had judged worthy of it. From that moment all unity of purpose vanished, and where the conspiracy should have found support, it met only with hindrances. Before the day fixed on for the explosion of the plot, Poncelet applied for some muskets to a certain Dermenon. Preliminaries were settled, and an appointment was made for the next day. But on the 1st of February, those of the conspirators who had resolved to frustrate or postpone the plot, drew Poncelet into a secret council, where they contrived to detain him under various pretences. Dermenon, who had had some intimation of a carlist conspiracy, became very uneasy at not seeing Poncelet make his appearance. He feared he had been made the dupe of a spy; he spoke of the suspicious negotiation he had been led into to the gun-maker who was to furnish him with the muskets required; and the latter immediately hurried him away to the prefect of police. M. Gisquet, who had been several times duped with false informations, which the conspirators had caused him to receive through agents who played him false, at first manifested great incredulity, and chose to wait for more ample information.

Such was the state of things when the critical hour arrived for the conspirators. The various brigades assembled as agreed on in their respective quarters. They comprised from two thousand five hundred to three thousand men. There were groups at the Observatory, at the Barrières de l'Etoile and du Roule, in the Champs Elysées, at the Bastile, in the Faubourg St. Antoine, along the Canal St. Martin, and in the neighbourhood of several stores of arms, plans of which had been taken, and means of entering them without difficulty procured. A considerable number of woodrangers (*garde forestiers*) were at the barriers, armed each with a double-barrelled gun. Poncelet on his part, had gone to a *restaurateur's* in the Rue des Prouvaires, and had ordered supper for a large party, depositing at the same time a bank-note for a thousand francs. The principal conspirators alone were to assemble at this *restaurateur's:* Poncelet's surprise was therefore extreme, when numbers of the conpira-

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tors whose place was elsewhere, came thither to him one after another. "All is lost," said one. "The orders given us have been countermanded." "The money I expected," said another, "has not reached me; my men cannot with safety stand in the street waiting for the signal." "The leader I had told my men to expect," said a third, "has not yet made his appearance. They are losing patience, and take me for a traitor. What is to be done?" Poncelet guessed who it was that had marred the plot, but how could he retreat? At eleven at night a hundred of the conspirators were assembled in the Rue des Prouvaires. There were men of determination among them, and sentinels were posted at the door of the house. But the police had received the most accurate details as to the bargain concluded with Dermenon; it knew that 6000 francs had been paid him, and M. Gisquet directed him to deliver a certain number of arms. Accordingly about midnight a hackney coach containing seventeen muskets stopped before the restaurant's in the Rue des Prouvaires. The arms were distributed. Poncelet went out, and returned a moment afterwards with two pistols in his girdle. The minds of the conspirators were wrought up to a high pitch, and the decisive moment was approaching, when all at once the street was filled with municipal guards and *sergents de ville*. The house was surrounded and entered. The leader of the conspirators advanced, and seeing a *sergent de ville* laying his hand on his sword, he blew the man's brains out with a pistol. His accomplices could make no use of their muskets which were not in a serviceable condition. One of the conspirators was stabbed with a bayonet, the others were arrested. Besides the muskets, there were found in the house, balls, cartridges, and three of the keys intended for opening the gates of the Tuileries. Poncelet was searched; he had 140 francs in silver in his pocket, and 7000 francs in bank-notes in the lining of his boots. He had disbursed 1800 francs on the 1st of February, and had had the handling of enormous sums during the five preceding days.

As for the detachments scattered over the capital, most of them had long dispersed, whether in obedience to counter orders, or from impatience, distrust, and weariness. As the conspirators had obtained the password, and had made known to the police that they intended to turn out false patrols into the streets, the authorities were afraid of employing the national guard, and contented themselves with ordering municipal guards and *sergents de ville* to four spots. But the gatherings melted away at their approach without any attempt at a conflict, which indeed had been rendered impossible by counter-orders, mistakes, and defections.

The carriages which traversed Paris that night in great numbers were all opened and searched by order of the police, whose agents not only arrested men whom they found armed with swords or pistols, but even citizens returning home from some innocent party of pleasure, and young men coming from a ball in dancing-shoes. The innocent were indiscriminately hurried away along with the

guilty, and dragged to the depôt of the prefecture, with abusive language and blows, having to run the gauntlet through a host of spies, filled with the base fury of minds undisciplined, and passions uncontrolled by intellect.

Paris was very much astonished, on awaking next morning, to hear of the events that had occurred during the night. They had not been foretold by those low rumours that usually prepare men's minds for the coming of memorable things. All parties therefore agreed in considering the conspiracy of the Rue des Prouvaires as a mad scheme. The republicans took advantage of it to jeer at the illusions of an aristocracy, whose pride so obstinately survived its resources. The partisans of the existing order of things knew no end of insulting the weakness of their adversaries. The legitimatists themselves hastened to heap their scorn upon the rashness of the conspirators, who, not having succeeded, met with contempt at the hands of those who, under the contrary circumstances, would have been their accomplices. As for the police, it did not fail to plume itself on its foresight. Yet it had scarcely known any thing of the plot; it had neither detected its origin nor its secret organization; it did not know its leaders, nor justly appreciate its importance. Subsequent disclosures, it is true, made known to it things of which it was utterly ignorant at the time of the arrest of Poncelet and his comrades; but the most important secrets had been so well kept, that most of the leaders escaped the pursuits of justice; and those who were subsequently convicted were so on totally incomplete proofs, or even, like M. Charbonnier de la Guesnerie, on depositions deserving of little credit, and contradicted by evidence of the greatest weight. Names of importance figured in this trial, such as those of the Duc de Bellune, General Montholon, the Duc de Rivière, the Baron de Mestre, the Comtes de Fourmont, de Brulard, and de Floirac, and the Comtesse de Sérionne. The demeanour of the accused was in general spirited. Poncelet was particularly noticed for the honourable manner in which he shaped his replies, so as not to compromise his accomplices, though he paid little heed to his own danger.

A foreign event, as serious as unexpected, in some degree drew off attention from these intestine quarrels. We have seen, in the preceding book, how Austria had invaded Italy, in contempt of the declarations of France, and how Romagna had again fallen under the yoke of the court of Rome. The grief of the Italians had at first been digested in sullen silence. But revolt was in their hearts, and the first war cry uttered in Bologna might once more plunge diplomacy into the embarrassments from which it had escaped with so much difficulty. The great powers felt that, in order to secure tranquillity in the pope's dominions, it was indispensable to yield, to a certain extent, to the just desires of the inhabitants.

Nothing, in fact, could be sadder than the condition of central Italy at this period; a theocracy unsustained by faith, and reduced to rely on mere force; authority in the hands of ignorant, corrupt pre-

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lates who did not even think themselves bound to practise that hypocrisy which is the modesty of vice; no stability in the laws; the public treasury in some sort given up to pillage; taxes changed or augmented at the caprice of the sovereign; honours refused to science; the genius of industry deprived of encouragement and sustenance; no respect for intellectual freedom, for the dignity of man; in a word, no public life.

In this state of things the five great powers, at the request of France and Austria, had thought fit to interfere pacifically between the pope and his subjects. They made known to the holy see, by a note dated May 21, 1831, that the best means of re-establishing tranquillity in Italy, and sparing Europe the danger of fresh commotions, was to introduce into the Roman states some of the reforms so impatiently longed for. That the principle of popular election should be admitted as the foundation of the communal and provincial assemblies, that a central junta should be entrusted with the revision of all branches of the administration, that laymen should be admitted to all offices of state, that a council of state should be instituted, and that care should be taken to compose it of the most notable citizens; such were the measures recommended to the pope in the note presented by the ambassadors of France, England, Austria, Prussia, and Russia.

Gregory XVI. replied to this advice by an edict, in which he merely declared that thenceforth the nomination of the councils should belong to the chief of each province; that no proposition should be discussed in the council without having been previously laid before the superior authorities; and that it should always be optional with the legate of the province to confirm or not the minutes of the council's proceedings. The same edict stated that laymen should be excluded from the government of the legations, and that each province might be declared a legation. Thus Gregory XVI. rejected the principle of popular election, the institution of a council of state, and the participation of laymen in the management of public affairs. This was acting at variance on every point with the suggestions in the memorandum of the powers.

The dissatisfaction of the pope's subjects was the keener from the hopes they had indulged. So alarming was the indignation in Romagna, that the prolegates durst not publish the edict in their provinces. But what carried public exasperation to the highest pitch was, on the one hand, the increase of taxation, on the other the publication of five regulations, which, under pretext of ameliorating the civil and criminal procedure, ratified among other abuses the encroachments of the ecclesiastical on the civil tribunals, sanctified all the privileges of the ecclesiastical tribunals, laid it down by a special provision that for the same offence priests should be subjected to a less severe penalty than laymen, and, lastly, retained and continued that antiquated and savage tyranny, the tribunal of the inquisition.

Order, however, had hitherto been rigidly preserved by the civic guard and no attempt had been made to disturb it, when it became

known that paid troops were putting themselves in motion to occupy the provinces. They consisted in great part of brigands assembled in the environs of Rome. The news of their entry into Rimini and of the excesses they committed there was soon spread. At the same time a conspiracy was talked of as having been entered into by priests, having for its purpose the assassination of the leaders of the liberal party. Seized at once with rage and terror, the people flew to arms, whilst delegates set out in all haste from Bologna to request the pope to recall the soldiers.

The delegates were at first favourably received, and their return revived the hopes of the unfortunate Italians. Petitions were got up and signed by the most respectable men, pointing out the abuses of the new regulations, the execution of which was suspended in consequence by the authorities of each legation. Again, Cardinal Bernetti had written that deputies would be allowed to set forth the wishes of the several populations, and the prolegates of Bologna, Ravenna, and Forli, had themselves pointed out in what manner the election was to take place. But all at once the scene changes. The court of Rome gives notice that it highly disapproves of all these proceedings; that no deputation will be received; that the institutions granted by the pope are excellent; and that people must submit to them. A loan, realised with the aid of Austria, explained this imperious language, which was about to be backed by a force of five thousand bandits.

On the 10th of January, 1832, Cardinal Bernetti notified to the representatives of Austria, France, Prussia, and Russia, his holiness's determination to send his troops into the legations, and to dissolve the civic guards. England strongly reprobated this conduct on the pope's part. The other powers, on the contrary, agreed in their replies in extolling the wisdom of the sovereign pontiff, and in blaming the inhabitants of Romagna, whom they abandoned to his vengeance as ingrates and rebels. "Should it happen," said the ambassador of France, M. de St. Aulaire, "that a criminal resistance should be offered to the troops in the fulfilment of their wholly pacific task, and in the execution of their sovereign's orders; and should some factious men dare to commence a civil war, as inconsiderate in its aim as pernicious in its results, the undersigned does not hesitate to declare that these men would be considered by the French government as the most dangerous enemies of the general peace." The language of the ambassadors of Austria, Prussia, and Russia, was not less significant: they all promised the pope the aid of their respective courts, in case his orders should not meet with "immediate and unconditional submission."

On reading these replies, published in the official journal of Rome, the people of Romagna were amazed and desperate, and they encouraged each other to resistance. Some still talked of yielding to force; but the majority would listen to nothing but the promptings of their indignation. They pointed out how, not content with seeking to

oppress them, their enemies calumniated them likewise. Had they not been called frantic, factious men, even in the note of the representative of France, of the France of July? And why? Surely it was not because they had refused to wear the pontifical cockade: no order to that effect had reached them from Rome; and then why should a guard, neither enrolled nor paid by the pope, be under the obligation of wearing his livery? Had they not even dared to say of the civic guard, that so zealous a guardian of public order and of property, that it had set itself up as a deliberating body, that it had preached disobedience sword in hand, and that it had plundered the public money? What was to be expected of a government which dealt thus in falsehood, as though it were not enough for it to recruit its armies out of the prisons of Civita Castellana, St. Angelo, and St. Leo? If Italian liberty was destined to perish, at least it ought not to die without having found defenders. Was it possible, moreover, that France should subscribe to the compact entered into in her name, an odious compact to which the representative of England had refused to be a party? Such words as these were followed by deeds: the civic guard seized their weapons.

Cardinal Albani had been named commissioner extraordinary, and had committed the direction of military operations to Baron Marchal, an Austrian officer. The papal troops, which had moved to Rimini, put themselves in motion; the civic guards were likewise on the march. The encounter took place in the plain of Cesena. The Romagnols, inferior in numbers by one half, deprived of cavalry, and having but three field-pieces, vigorously sustained the fight; but the odds were too great; after an obstinate resistance, they were obliged to abandon the field; and in the hopes of inducing the enemy to disperse his forces, they successively evacuated Cesena and Forli. And now there ensued in the cradle of Christendom, and in the name of the compassionate head of the faithful, scenes worthy of the barbarity of ancient times. The papal forces threw themselves like brigands into Cesena, sacked the suburb, and broke into a convent, where they committed horrible atrocities. Having made their way into the church of St. Stephen of the Mountain, they profaned the sacred vases, trampled the consecrated wafers under foot, and pursued an unfortunate man into the very cellars of the church, and butchered him whilst he still clasped the crucifix in his hands. Then scattering over the town, they made a sport of pillage and assassination, and but too well justified the language of those who had cried out on the approach of such an invasion, "The court of Rome is delivering us up to brigands!"

The next day the magistrates of Forli waited on Cardinal Albani, to offer him admission into the town. The papal forces, in fact, occupied Forli without encountering the smallest resistance. The inhabitants even strove to make them welcome, in the hopes of softening their ferocity. But a chance quarrel having occurred between a soldier and one of the people, the latter was killed. A terrific shout

was immediately raised in the square where the papal forces were drawn up in order of battle, "Kill! kill! pillage! pillage!" A hideous butchery ensued. Cardinal Albani, who was expected in the evening, arrived whilst the town was still reeking from the carnage. He made his way into Forli through streets strewed with corpses, and filled with the groans of the dying. The next day he put forth a proclamation, in which this execrable massacre was designated a *sad accident;* and the cardinal was not ashamed to offer a sum of 1500 francs, to be taken from the town treasury, as an indemnification to so many poor families plunged in mourning.*

Who could depict the fury that possessed the inhabitants of Romagna on hearing this dismal news? The groans of the victims of Cesena and Forli awoke formidable echoes throughout Italy, and unfortunately the name of the French government was mingled with every cry of execration or of anguish.

Cardinal Albani durst not march on Bologna with no other army than that which had just distinguished itself by such exploits. The aid of the Austrians was sought a second time. Their intervention had long been a thing agreed on between the court of Vienna and that of Rome. They threw themselves therefore into Bologna, to the number of six thousand, carrying with them the papal troops which had become the objects of such universal and deserved hatred. The most rigorous discipline had been inculcated upon the Austrian troops, and it was strictly observed: so that the Austrians appeared almost as friends to those they had come to force back into servitude. Metternich's dexterity received all the honour of this result; the intention was attributed to him of accustoming the Italians to the Austrian sway; but his policy was suddenly baffled by a measure which the world was far from expecting from the French government.

Casimir Périer had for some time had his eye on the affairs of Italy. Not that he was touched by the oppression under which the pope's subjects groaned, but the ambition of the court of Vienna caused him uneasiness. He was disposed to let Prince Metternich see that the French had no need to traverse Piedmont in order to set foot in Italy, particularly when the English alliance allowed them to keep the sea. M. Ditmer had already been secretly sent in the beginning of February, into the states of the Church, to ascertain the feeling of the inhabitants, and to study the true character of events. He had not yet returned to Paris, when the news arrived there that the Austrians had entered Bologna.

Casimir Périer immediately took his course at the risk of displeasing the king and throwing all diplomacy into alarm. The man-of-war *Suffren*, and the two frigates *l'Artémise* and *la Victoire*, were ordered to sail for Ancona, with eleven hundred men, under the

* Abominations like these would not be credible in the 19th century, if the facts did not rest on unquestionable evidence. See on this subject an excellent pamphlet by Count Mamiani, entitled *Précis politique sur les derniers évènements des Etats Romains.*

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command of the *capitaine de vaisseau* Gallois and Colonel Combe. General Cubières, commander-in-chief of the expedition, was to set out at the same time for Rome, by way of Leghorn, in order to come to an understanding with the pope regarding the occupation of Ancona by the French. As the squadron would have to circumnavigate all Italy, it was calculated that General Cubières would have time to see the holy father, lay his instructions before him, receive his consent, and arrive in Ancona before Captain Gallois and Colonel Combe should have appeared there. It happened, however, that General Cubières was delayed by contrary winds, whilst the squadron completed its course with quite unforeseen rapidity. The general therefore on arriving in Rome found M. de St. Aulaire in the utmost perplexity. The pope had just burst into a violent fit of passion, and Cardinal Bernetti had exclaimed, "No, never since the days of the Saracens was any thing like this attempted against the holy father." The news of the occupation of Ancona had been known for some hours.

That occupation had taken place on the night of the 22d of February, thanks to the resolution of Captain Gallois and Colonel Combe, who, not meeting at Ancona the general who was furnished with instructions from their government, had not hesitated to act on their own responsibility, and take the course most conformable to the honour of the flag. The squadron having arrived within three miles of Ancona, a part of the troops landed and advanced to the city at double quick step. The gates were closed; on the refusal of the papal troops to open them, the sapeurs of the 66th broke one of them down with their axes, and soon the French, spreading in every direction through the town, disarmed the posts, arrested Colonel Lazzarini, who was fast asleep in his bed, and made themselves masters of the place. All the troops were disembarked at noon next day, and Colonel Combe advanced to the citadel at the head of a battalion. The French anticipated the pleasure of a fight with their usual ardour, and longed to mount to the assault. But the papal troops gave way, and after some parleying the French were admitted into the fortress, above which immediately waved the tricolour flag so dear to the Italians.

It was a day of delight and triumph for the inhabitants of Ancona. In a few minutes the three colours glittered in all the streets and squares. *Vive la liberté!* shouted the French, and the cry was repeated fondly and proudly by the Italians. The governor of the province and the commandant of the place, who had been made prisoners at first, were afterwards released and quitted Ancona. The state prisons were thrown open, and Marco Zaoli of Faenza and Angelo Angelotti of Acquaviva were set at liberty. At night the theatre resounded with patriotic songs, and the town was illuminated. The inhabitants mingled like brothers with the soldiers in all the places of public resort. In one of the principal cafés of Ancona a staff officer stood upon a bench with his naked sword in his hand,

and said that the 66th was but an advanced guard sent by France to announce the emancipation of the country. Unanimous cheers burst forth at these words, and citizens were seen shedding tears of enthusiasm, as at the period of the revolution of July.

All Europe was aroused by this event. The pope vented his displeasure in an angry proclamation. M. d'Appony, Austrian ambassador in France, demanded explanations; General Grabowski, who commanded the Austrian troops in Bologna, published a proclamation, in which he stated that the French had certainly come to Ancona, actuated by the same intentions as the Austrians. In England ministers were severely taken to task for the tolerance of their policy by the leaders of the tories, the unwearied interpreters of all the sore feelings of a jealous and malevolent party.

It seems that this universal anxiety ought to have become a cause of popularity for Casimir Périer in France. But it was not so. His enemies imputed all the honour of the *coup de main* to Captain Gallois and Colonel Combe, who only by outstepping their instructions had seized an opportunity of displaying French daring and gallantry in all its lustre; and they reproached the ministry with having sent their countrymen into Italy, only to make them serve there as the myrmidons of papal despotism, as was proved by the well-known language of M. de St. Aulaire, and his reply to Cardinal Bernetti's circular, and by the journey of General Cubières to Rome, when his proper place was at the head of the squadron, and, more recently, by the proclamation of the commandant of the Austrians encamped at Bologna. The most moderate among the opponents of the ministry considered its conduct as thoughtless to the degree of extravagance, or rather as inexplicable. They saw in it matter of humiliation and strong displeasure for the pope, of dissatisfaction for Austria, of alarm for England, and they asked what possible advantages could be expected from an expedition of the kind. The forcing of the Austrians to quit Italy? But this would have required more than twelve or fifteen hundred men. Protection of popular liberty against the enterprises of the holy see? But the French government had manifestly taken part with the pope, in concert with Austria, Prussia, and Russia. In all these points of view the expedition appeared aimless, and so there remained of it nothing but the irregularity and the danger.

The hostile attitude assumed by the court gave weight to these reproaches of the opposition. It was to no purpose General Cubières announced to the inhabitants of that city, on his arrival, that his mission was of a nature to corroborate the ties subsisting between France and the states of the Church; the pope ordered his troops to evacuate the town, and directed that the government of the province should be removed to Osimo. We will mention further on upon what deplorable conditions the cabinet of the Tuileries obtained authority from the pope for the longer stay of the French in Ancona,

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and what was the part imposed there on our soldiers. The truth is, that the occupation had in the first instance had a useful result, that of frustrating the ambitious schemes of the court of Vienna, by showing that it was not to be suffered to change its solicitude for the sovereign pontiff into a right of conquest.

Be this as it may, the redoubled attacks he had brought on himself even by the measures from which he had expected the best results, threw Casimir Périer into a state of exasperation that made him an object of compassion or terror to all about him. Sometimes languid, and scarce able to drag his limbs along, sometimes excited to frenzy, he seemed to have no life but for hatred. Nothing had been able to appease the thirst for despotism that devoured him; neither the humility of his colleagues who waited on his beck, nor his dominion over the Chamber, whose passions his voice aroused and stilled by turns; nor the insolence of the courtiers subdued by him, and by him alone; nor the courteous demeanour of the king, who was forced to endure in silence the contumely of his zealous services. Thus a martyr to his pride, often did he present strange and terrible spectacles to those who approached him. One night, in compliance with a secret summons, Dr. De Laberge hastened to the ministry of the interior. Casimir Périer was in bed. Candles were burning in the room, and showed the minister's countenance, appallingly changed. "Read," he said, holding out a paper to M. De Laberge. "Here is my reply to the attacks made on me yesterday by M. Laffitte. Read it, and give me your opinion." M. De Laberge found the speech marked with an acrimony he could not approve; he expressed his opinion frankly, and the minister requested him to mitigate any over harsh expressions that might have escaped him under the influence of angry feelings. Suddenly the door opened, and an officer of dragoons entered, bringing a letter from the king. Casimir Périer seized the letter, read it rapidly, crushed it between his hands, and throwing it from him violently, called out, "There is no answer," to the astonished officer, who immediately withdrew. "They believe the president of the council is mad," said M. De Laberge; "there goes the man who can certify it." Casimir Périer was not offended at this bluntness, and turning to the doctor, whose patriotism and frankness he respected, "If you knew what that letter contains! Take it up and read it." "God forbid!" replied the doctor, who knew the minister's suspicious temper. "In your present excited condition you might communicate this secret to others, and then charge me with having violated it." Casimir Périer then talked of the bitter and mysterious vexations that filled his political life. "The Chamber little knows," he said, "with whom I have to do." Then, after some minutes' silence, "Oh, that I had epaulettes!" he said. "Why, what do you want with epaulettes?" exclaimed De Laberge. At these words, Casimir Périer sat up, his lips pale, his eyes flashing, dashed aside the bed-

clothes, and showing his emaciated limbs, from which the skin parted under his fingers, he cried, "Do you not see that I am but a corpse?"

It was impossible that Casimir Périer's policy should not show evidence of this strange state of excitement. And as subalterns always delight in outdoing the defects of their superiors, the executive had assumed in all its degrees a deplorable character of rancour and brutality. Troubles broke out successively in Alais, Nîmes, Clermont, and Carcassonne. But the greater the discontent of the people, the more pitiless did the authorities show themselves.

On the 11th of March, 1832, a masquerade representing the budget and the two *supplementary credits*, issued from Grenoble by the Porte de France, and proceeded to the Esplanade, where General St. Clair was at that moment reviewing the garrison. The masquerade was prohibited by the regulations of the authorities, but was founded on ancient usage; it consisted of but ten or twelve young people, most of whom were merely disguised. After roaming gaily along the St. Martin-road, they were returning to the town, followed by a numerous crowd, when they perceived grenadiers drawn up before the gate, and barring their way.

The prefect of Grenoble was M. Maurice Duval, a functionary of a very arbitrary turn of mind, a man brought up in the school of the empire, and who made a boast of his unpopularity. The circumstance of a few hare-brained lads parading the town with political emblems, had no doubt struck him as offering a brilliant opportunity for making a display of force; for, without convoking the national guards, without giving any intimation to the mayor, he applied to the commissaries of police, and required Lieutenant-general St. Clair to hold himself in readiness to have the military under arms at a moment's notice. Accordingly, upon receiving his orders, as transmitted to the commissary of police Vidal, the grenadiers put themselves in motion to prevent the re-entrance of the maskers. The latter insisted, the soldiers charged bayonets. Closely pressed between the military, the horses, and the carriages, the crowd began to get angry; threatening cries were uttered; some stones were thrown, and to avoid a collision, the adjutant ordered the gate to be closed. But outside the concourse thickened, and became more and more clamorous. Colonel Bosonier de Lespinasse rushed to the spot, and ordered the gate to be opened; the multitude rushed into the town, and the maskers disappeared.

The prefect was excessively nettled at this denouement. However, another opportunity offered itself to his zeal. A masked ball was announced for the evening: it was prohibited. The mayor in vain protested against a measure which, by depriving the public of an entertainment they had been joyously looking forward to, might create a dangerous tumult. M. Duval persisted; and a rumour ran through the town that he had been heard to say to the mayor: "If

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the people throw stones at the soldiers, the soldiers will throw balls at them." Whether the words were genuine or imaginary, the ordinary demeanour of Maurice Duval rendered them very likely to have proceeded from him, and, at all events, they were everywhere believed in. However, nothing as yet foretold the approaching calamities. In the evening, indeed, at the theatre, a few voices were heard, exclaiming against the prohibition of the masked ball; but beyond this, there was no interruption of public tranquillity.

Next day, the same tranquillity still prevailed. It was announced, however, that in the evening, a *charivari** would take place, of which M. Duval was to be the object. He received this information in the morning, and wrote to the mayor, desiring him to call out a battalion of the national guard. The battalion was to assemble under arms at six o'clock. Now, by some singular circumstance or other, which has never been explained, the prefect's letter did not reach the *mairie* till between half-past four and five o'clock; and consequently too late to convoke the national guard.

The commandant of the town, M. Bosonier de Lespinasse, had, in the earlier part of the day, waited upon General St. Clair, to ask for instructions. "I have none to give you," said the general. Subsequently, at about four o'clock, the commandant received a written order to keep the military within barracks. Anxious, uncertain what to do, he again called upon General St. Clair, and requested to know what orders were to be given to the soldiers. The general gave no answer.

At about eight o'clock in the evening, an assemblage, among whom were women and children, collected in front of the prefecture, and began crying out, "*Down with the prefect*, and directing against that personage insulting laughter and hooting. This was, no doubt, a disturbance, which the authorities had perfect right, nay, which it was their duty to put an end to; but for this purpose a simple summons to disperse, that which the law prescribes in such cases, would have been quite sufficient. For not one single weapon of any sort appeared amongst the crowd, and the dispositions of the people were so far removed from hostility or violence, that no more than five soldiers were required to make them evacuate the court-yard, into which they had made their way. Turned back into the street, where their numbers were every moment augmented by the accession of casual passengers, and persons who came to look on, the various groups continued to cry, "*Down with the prefect*," but made no attempt to force their way in, nor exhibited any tendency to convert their merriment into menace, or actual violence. They were, in fact, beginning to disperse, when the brutal seizure of a young man by an agent of police, supplied the subsiding tumult with fresh aliment.

In the meantime, the commissaries of police, Vidal and Jourdan, had announced to the prefect that the battalion of the national

* Lewbelling, or rough music, as it is called in England.

guard which he had ordered to be called out, had not assembled. M. Duval hereupon directed them immediately to proceed to the barracks, call out, each of them, a company, and *hem in* the perturbators. Fatal orders, which were but too readily understood and acted upon, in the meaning which they were meant to convey. At the very moment when, closely packed together in the street which confined them on two sides, the crowd were with loud cries demanding the prisoner, who being intoxicated, had fallen asleep in the guard-house, but whom the mayor's deputy was about to release, two companies were marching towards the prefecture by opposite routes, in such a manner as to leave the multitude, thus suddenly attacked, no means of dispersing, no outlet by which to fly. The soldiers advanced in files, and in silence, the drummers carrying their drums on their backs. On the one side, across the Place St. André, came the grenadiers, led by the commissary of police, Vidal; on the other, along the Rue du Quai, the voltigeurs, under the conduct of the commissary of police, Jourdan. All at once, sounding from the Place St. André, were heard these terrible words: "Soldiers, forward!' The commissary of police disappeared; and, without any summons to disperse, without any intimation whatever to the unhappy populace, the grenadiers charged into the street with fixed bayonets. Seized with astonishment and dismay, the crowd threw itself in the opposite direction; but at that very instant there appeared before them, at no more than ten paces off, the voltigeurs, who were advancing at double quick time, paying no attention whatever to the commissary of police, Jourdan, who called upon them to halt. "Close them up, and stick them," was the ferocious order which fell from the lips of an officer. The soldiers dashed on, deployed, so as to occupy the whole width of the street, and pierced with their bayonets such unhappy wretches as they could reach. The spectacle, ere long, was most abominable and heart-rending. Women were thrown down and trampled under foot, children who sought to fly were cruelly wounded. The cries, "*Mercy! help! murder!*" resounded from all sides. Some sought to edge themselves along the houses, but they came upon the muskets of the third rank, which were planted against the walls on each side, to prevent the escape of the people; others pressed towards a reading-room, where an asylum was offered them, but all could not escape the danger. A counsellor of the Cour Royale of Grenoble, M. Marion, had but just time to make his way into the entrance to M. Bailly's warehouse, where he found a young man, whose shirt was covered with the blood flowing from a wound he had received. One young man, in an endeavour to shield a woman, had his arm pierced through and through. A cabinet-maker, of the name of Guibert, seeing himself environed, said to the grenadier who was advancing upon him: "I have been making no disturbance; do not hurt me;" but as he was speaking he received a stab in the groin,

and then, pursued by two other grenadiers, fell senseless at the foot of the statue of Bayard!

A night of deep and mournful silence followed this sanguinary aggression. All the streets, all the open places, were occupied by the military, and the public indignation, for a few hours, was confined within the bosoms of the people.

But, on the following morning, Grenoble presented a most alarming aspect. At the break of day the population quitted their houses, and soon an immense crowd overspread the town. Upon every face was strongly portrayed anxiety and anger. The name of each person that had been wounded was repeated from mouth to mouth, the number and nature of their wounds, the events of the evening, were recounted with all their frightful details, and one loud cry of malediction against the authors and actors of the atrocious outrage arose throughout Grenoble.

It was quite evident that there was no longer any security for the citizens, if a prefect, the natural protector of the city, were permitted to punish the licence of a party of pleasure by the horrors of civil war. Not indeed that there had been war here; for men, most of them perfectly inoffensive, casual passengers, lookers on, women and children, had found themselves surrounded and attacked without having received the slightest notice or warning, and without being allowed even an opportunity of dispersing. By what fatality had it happened that the order to convoke the national guard was given so late as to be useless? Was it that it had been desired to make an excuse for the intervention of the troops? But at least the commandant of the town ought to have been called upon: why had he been left in utter ignorance of movements, which it was his part, in quality of his office, to be acquainted with and to direct? Why, lastly, had the previous summons to disperse, rigorously prescribed by the law, been altogether omitted? Though, even had this form been complied with, it would unhappily have served to but little purpose, since an order had been given not to disperse the assemblage, but to surround and close in upon it.

With the imprecations which cast upon M. Maurice Duval the whole responsibility of the blood that had been shed, most persons mingled the name of the 35th regiment of the line, the too faithful executors of barbarous orders; but those who judged of things more calmly, regarded the soldiers as unfortunate men, more to be pitied than blamed. They pointed out that the demands of military discipline are absolute, pitiless; that it is easy to mislead men trained to passive obedience; that all these calamities were owing not to these individuals, but to a system which, for its defence, preferred to the national guard specially charged by the law with the maintenance of order, battalions whose bayonets ought never to be directed but against the enemy; and, besides, that it was unjust to make a whole corps responsible for excesses which were, which could have been, only the crime of a few.

The public anger constantly increased, and it was fully participated in by the authorities themselves. The attorney-general did not attempt to conceal his indignation. An inquiry was universally called for; the Cour Royale took notice of the affair. At the same time, on the requisition of the prefect, which their own wishes met much more than half way, the town council convoked the national guard, and the roll-call beat in every quarter of the town. Young men not incorporated in the guard, came forward and applied for arms. A number of these holding republican principles, assembled on the Place St. André, appointed as their chief M. Vasseur, a person of known courage and resolution, and organized themselves into a free company. The municipal authorities had published a conciliatory and noble proclamation; it was received with transport and applause. Another proclamation by the prefect, conceived in violent terms, was insultingly torn down, and some copies of it, passed from hand to hand, only served still more to exasperate men's minds. Every thing seemed to announce a terrible struggle. Some voltigeurs made their appearance on the roof of the town-hall, and were recognised as some of those who took part in the atrocity of the previous evening. The measure of imprudence was filled: throughout the town arose the menacing cry, "Away with the prefect! Away with the 35th of the line!"

The principal members of the town council, MM. Ducruy, Buisson, and Aribert, repaired to the house of the prefect, with whom they found Lieutenant-general St. Clair and the officers of his staff. The object of this visit was to obtain the transfer to the national guard of the posts which the 35th could no longer occupy, but at the risk of a frightful collision. "No concession!" exclaimed the prefect, blinded by the fanaticism of power. But General St. Clair perfectly foresaw that a refusal on his part would be the signal for civil war, and he, therefore, consented to deliver up to the national guard all posts consisting of less than twelve men each, including that which guarded the door of his own house. A few moments after this, a loud noise was heard in the court-yard of the prefecture. The crowd had rushed in, and were knocking furiously at the door. "What does this mean?" asked the general. "It means," replied the prefect, "that in a very short time you and I shall be thrown out of the window." The two gentlemen then passed into the mayor's hall, where they found assembled a large number of national guards. Here the general was informed that the concession which he proposed was not sufficient; that, in order to avoid a collision, it was urgently essential to place all the posts in the occupation of the national guards with the exception of three gates of the town, which might be occupied conjointly by the national guard, the artillery of the line, and the sappers and engineers. The general could not but yield to the solicitations of so many citizens, speaking in the name of humanity; and the court-yard being filled with an impatient multitude, he was invited to descend among them, for the purpose

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of tranquillizing their minds. The tumult was immense. On the appearance of the general, a young man, named Huchet, who had been wounded, and wore his arm in a scarf, advanced and began an animated address. He related in energetic language, the outrage of which he had been one of the victims; and he represented the still more fearful calamities which would infallibly arise from permitting the minds of the people to remain in their present excited state, and which could alone be obviated by the immediate removal of the 35th of the line. The assembled multitude adopted the speaker's statement with deafening acclamations. The free company, as we have said, was stationed within a short distance. It heard the shouts, and its chief came to the spot whence they proceeded to ascertain the cause. He entered the court-yard, and perceiving the wounded Huchet, made his way to him and embraced him, amid the enthusiastic plaudits of the crowd. Other speakers, echoed by the universal voice, insisted upon the removal of the 35th; at length a young man advanced to M. St. Clair, and declared him a prisoner. The general was immediately conducted to his house, under the escort of the free company, and sentinels were placed on guard at every door.

The situation had become a very critical one. Provoked into existence by a sanguinary violation of the law, and seeming to itself nothing more than, perhaps, a tumultuous triumph of the law so outraged, insurrection was about to become mistress of the town. M. Jules Bastide having proceeded straight to the citadel, accompanied only by one artilleryman. "Who goes there?" demanded the sentinel. "The commandant of the place," replied the artilleryman. The sentinel presented arms to M. Bastide, he entered, took possession of the citadel, and ordered out some guns. The population of the surrounding country were beginning to flock into Grenoble, whose cause they warmly espoused. Armed citizens were everywhere seeking the prefect, who, overcome with terror, concealed himself in his apartments, in a cupboard, as it was reported. The tocsin all but sounded, and already the more daring spirits began to talk of constituting a provisional government; a project of sure and easy execution under circumstances like these, when he who has audacity and self-confidence enough to assume command, becomes, by the very fact, invested with its prestige, and is enabled to exercise its rights.

The less ardent minds, however, grew alarmed. The members of the free company, notwithstanding the moderation they had displayed, appeared somewhat dangerous auxiliaries in the eyes of the more timid citizens. Two companies of the national guard accordingly marched to the government-house, and took the place of these young men, after a short conference between the respective commanding officers.

On his part, Lieutenant-general St. Clair had decided upon sending to Lyons to Lieutenant-general Hulot, the officer in command of the military division of that district, a deputation to require the

removal of the 35th. This mission was confided to M. Julien Bertrand and to M. Jules Bastide, the latter of whom, having reached Grenoble only on the morning of the 13th, had played so important and honourable a part in the events which had taken place since his arrival.

Meantime the prefect made his escape from his own apartments, and took refuge in the barracks. The national guard obtained a supply of ammunition from the municipality. The evening and night of the 13th were calm, but solemn. One power alone was on foot, the municipal. The bourgeoisie were in possession of the arsenal and of the powder magazine. Confined to their barracks, the 35th were amazed at the dismal silence by which they were surrounded. The whole population was under arms, waiting.

On the 14th, while the persons sent from the mountains to inquire into matters, were descending towards Grenoble, and horsemen, despatched in all haste from that town, were conveying to the country people, on the part of the municipality, exhortations to peace and order, the 6th regiment of the line, a regiment of dragoons, and a demi-battery of guns, had left Lyons and were on their way to Grenoble.

Their fellow-citizens beginning to conceive some anxiety as to the fate of MM. Jules Bastide and Julien Bertrand, representatives of an insurgent town, MM. Ducry and Repellin, the former mayor's deputy, the other a member of the municipal council, were despatched to Lyons, for the purpose of explaining to General Hulot, the true character of the events that had taken place. On their arrival, they found that MM. Bastide and Bertrand had been courteously received by the general; that the demands of the town of Grenoble had been warmly supported by the prefect of Lyons, M. Gasparin; and that General d'Uzer had orders to enter Grenoble as a pacificator, and to withdraw the 35th, but not until it had been formally reinstated in all the posts. The municipal envoys forcibly pointed out all the dangers that might result from insisting upon the required reinstallation. Was it necessary that a slight should be put upon the national guard? Would it be prudent once more to set the military and the guard, between whom there existed much violent hostility, face to face with each other? General Hulot gave due weight to these considerations, and modifying his original instructions, arranged that one only of the battalions of the 35th should be marched out, and placed at the Porte de France; that the gate being thus occupied by them, the 6th of the line, the regiment destined to replace the 35th at Grenoble, should enter, draw up in array on the Place d'Armes, and proceed to take possession of all the posts; immediately after this, the 35th were to quit Grenoble.

These instructions were punctually carried out. On the 16th of March, 1832, the soldiers of the 35th took their departure from the town, in which they left so painful a memory of their presence; they

marched out, through the midst of a population, gloomy, silent, and scarce able to repress its bitter anger.

On receiving intelligence of the events which had taken place in his native town, Casimir Périer was perfectly furious. A defeat of authority was a humiliation to his pride, which it was impossible to submit to. On the 19th of March, without waiting until the facts were clearly ascertained, the *Moniteur* published an article which declared: that the 35th, whose assistance had been legally called in, had done its duty well and wisely; that colonels, officers, and soldiers, all merited the highest praise; that all sorts of insults had been offered to the soldiers to such a degree, that it became necessary for them to take measures for their own defence; that severe wounds had been received by the military, and that the number and extent of those suffered by the agitators had been grossly exaggerated.

The immediate effect of these strange perversions of truth which, as a matter of course, were destined almost immediately to have the lie given them in the most complete and triumphant manner, was to calumniate victims who were already so severely suffering. Messrs. Felix Real and Duboys-Aimé, members for Grenoble, at once protested against allegations, alike impolitic and false, first in a letter, which the *Moniteur* most unworthily delayed the insertion of; and then in the Chamber where, on the 20th of March, M. Duboys-Aimé rose to question the minister upon the subject. The feelings of a large portion of the house had been greatly excited by what had taken place, and the debate which ensued, was a very violent one. In a speech replete with manly feeling and high resolve, Garnier Pagès visited with indignant scorn the attempt made to throw the blame on a town whose streets had been stained with innocent blood; he demanded to know if the summons to disperse had first been proclaimed; if not, he emphatically said, the fallen citizens having been murdered—— At this word a loud clamour arose; Casimir Périer was so excited that he could hardly keep his seat; the whole assembly was agitated with different emotions. "Yes," continued Garnier Pagès, more emphatically even than before. "Yes, if there was no previous summons, there can be no doubt that the men who used their weapons against the citizens, were murderers." A long pause followed this unequivocal declaration.

M. Dupin aîné then addressed the house. He expressed his surprise that seditious riots should find apologists and defenders in the very bosom of parliament. Insulted, attacked, on the point of being disarmed, could it be expected, he asked, that soldiers would not defend themselves? And who were the men whose cause was so warmly pleaded, to benefit whom gentlemen ventured without proofs, to cast upon the government an atrocious accusation. They were persons who, in a flagitious masquerade had figured forth the assassination of the king; they were factious men, who assembled together in such a manner as to show they acted upon a plan; until indeed,

it was suggested that there was some miracle in the case. There was large talk, M. Dupin observed, about the population of Grenoble, as though the whole population of that town had been assailed by the troops, whereas in point of fact, it was merely a knot of persons who had chosen to throw themselves between the national guard and the military. M. Dupin concluded by expressing his hope that the jury, before whom the matter then was, would not allow itself to be intimidated, that the Cour Royale of Grenoble would avenge insulted society, and that justice would have its due.

Rising in audacity of assertion, above even the pitch attained by M. Dupin, who was replied to by M. Odilon Barrot in a speech replete with sound sense, judgment, and dignity, Casimir Périer affirmed that the populace had raised loud cries under M. Duval's windows of, *Down with the government! Hurrah for the Republic!* and he severely reproached the national guard of Grenoble for not having responded to the call which sought to place the preservation of order under its protection.

On reading in the *Moniteur* the report of the sitting of the 20th of March, the population of Grenoble felt that it had been grossly calumniated, and bitter complaints were made in every direction, throughout the town. An inquiry was set on foot; a declaration utterly falsifying the statement made by the president of the council, was signed, in a very short space of time by 2666 persons; the municipal council drew up a report explaining the whole facts of the case to France; to complete the discomfiture of government, M. Maurice Duval himself was obliged publicly to acknowledge that he had been mistaken, and that there had not been sent forth, in front of the prefecture those seditious cries, upon which Casimir Périer had thought proper to enlarge, in the Chamber of Deputies.

The fury of ministers was rendered doubly furious, on finding themselves thus confounded. An ordonnance pronounced the dissolution of the national guard of Grenoble, and ordered it to be disarmed. Lieutenant-general St. Clair, who, to avoid the effusion of blood, had authorized the transference of the posts to the national guards was insolently dismissed from his command. They put the commandant of the place, M. Lespinasse, on half pay. The colonel of artillery, Chantron, was reprimanded and suspended. Lieutenant-general Hulot, who ordered the 35th to quit Grenoble, was transferred to Metz, where the honour of the command he enjoyed, but ill covered the military disgrace he had sustained. On the other hand M. Maurice Duval rose considerably in his master's favour. And the more clearly to let it be seen that the power of the bayonet was in the ascendant, Marshal Soult, minister at war, published an order of the day, addressed to the army, a haughty manifesto, which expressing the king's entire satisfaction with the conduct of the 35th, concluded with these words, somewhat astounding and startling to a free peo-

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ple, under the circumstances: "Soldiers, the king and France thank you."

It was high time that the voice of truth should be effectively opposed to the suggestions of violence. In a report, remarkable for the precision and distinctness of its statements, and for the moderation of its language, the municipal administration of Grenoble, proved, beyond a question, that the masquerade of the 11th of March in no way figured forth the assassination of the king; that the national guard had been summoned at too late an hour to permit of its assembling;* that no cry whatever, hostile to the government or the king, was uttered beneath the prefect's windows—the prefect himself had admitted it;—that the commandant of the place had received no intimation at all;† that M. Duval really and truly did give the commissaires of police the order to *cerner* the assemblage;‡ that no legal summons to the people was made;§ that only one soldier of the 35th had entered the hospital four days after the events of the 12th, and then in consequence of inflammation arising from a kick;‖ that the place in which they were assembled, afforded the crowd no stones to throw at the soldiers; that among the wounds received by the citizens, fourteen were behind;¶ that the events of the 13th were the inevitable result of popular exasperation, caused by a flagrant violation of the laws; and that the conduct of the municipal

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* "I, the undersigned, clerk in the Mairie of Grenoble, certify that the letter addressed by M. the Prefect of the Seine to M. the Mayor of Grenoble, on the 12th of March instant, containing an order to convoke a battalion of the National Guard. did not reach the Mairie till between half-past four and five o'clock in the evening. In testimony of which I have here signed my name,
—(Extract from the Report of the Municipality.) "LABORNE."

† "It is with the most acute pain I find that a number of my countrymen believe that I was charged with the movement of the troops, on the night of the 12th of the present month; I can state, upon my honour, that no request, no order, no intimation was given me to put the troops in motion, and that, consequently, I could foresee nothing; prevent nothing. Was it that authority had not confidence in me? I cannot say. My countrymen will now judge how far I was in fault. The Commandant of the Place, "LESPINASSE."

‡ "M. the Prefect ordered us to go to the barracks; to take, that is my comrade and myself, each of us a company, to *cerner* and arrest the disturbers."—(Extract from the Report of the Commissary of Police, Jourdan, 12th to 13th March, 1832.)

"M. the Prefect told us to go and get a troop of the line. My colleague and I went to the Bourse barracks, where we applied for and obtained a company each. We then separated; my colleague passed down the Quai d'Orléans, and I down the Grande Rue to *cerner* the crowd."—(Report of the Commissary of Police, Vidal, 12th to 13th March, 1832.)

§ "The voltigeurs, led on by I know not what impulse, dashed on, quick as lightning, charged bayonets, and thrust back the crowd (who were pushing on, no doubt, for the purpose of making their way out), and all this without any orders, entirely of their own motion, without waiting for any summons being addressed to the people, and despite my strong representations, and orders to them to recover their arms."—(Report of the Commissary of Police, Jourdan.)

‖ General Hospital of Grenoble. (Military department.) Report of MM. Fournier and C. Siloy.

¶ Report of MM. Romain Bally and Joseph Breton, *docteurs en médicine.*

authorities and of the national guards of Grenoble had been not only irreproachable, but worthy of the gratitude of the citizens.

With that false stickling for the point of honour, common to all governments that desire to make the law of force predominant in a country, the ministry vowed to put down its adversaries with the strong hand, not being able to confute them, and it had recourse to the harshest measures. Then was glaringly displayed all the natural servility that goes hand in hand with most human ambitions. To be strong it was enough to appear so; the timid hastened to side with those who had bayonets at their command, and who spoke the language of dictators; the judicial inquiry begun against the aggressors was followed up against the assailed population. As it was impossible to bring the whole national guard of Grenoble into court, and the authorities were bent on enjoying the satisfaction of a judicial triumph, they selected for trial the two brothers Vasseur, MM. Bastide, Gauthier, Dubost, and Huchet. One of these, M. Bastide, was a stranger to the town; another, M. Huchet, was one of the victims of the disastrous day of the 12th. Dreading to displease the possessors of might, the dispensers of fortune, some public functionaries who had at first taken part with the city of Grenoble, declared against it when they saw the colours waving, and heard the tramp of the battalions.

Marshal Soult said in his order of the day to the army, " His majesty has not seen with approval the withdrawal of the 35th from Grenoble." Lieutenant-general Delort, commander-in-chief of the seventh division, issued a threatening proclamation preparatory to his entry into Grenoble; and into that city of 24,000 souls, garrisoned by 8000 men of all arms, the 35th again entered with drums beating, the band playing, cannons in the centre, and matches lighted. The inhabitants looked on at this ill-boding triumphal entry, full of stifled indignation, but fearless. Some of them smiled with contemptuous pity at the military parade. A citizen went up to one of the artillery-men who carried a lighted match, and holding out a cigar, said to him, " Some fire, comrade, if you please."

Some days afterwards an event that derived an imposing and solemn character from circumstances, occupied the attention of all Grenoble. It had been arranged that a single combat should take place between a young man of the town, named Gauthier, and an officer of the 35th. The whole population flocked to the rendezvous at the hour appointed. A detachment of cavalry had received orders to keep off the multitude. Other horsemen and trumpeters were posted so as to protect the lists, within which *the judgment of God* was to be pronounced as in the middle ages. The two adversaries appeared on the ground. It would be impossible to depict the emotion, the anxiety of the spectators. For it was not a private quarrel that was about to be decided, and the faces of the beholders told plainly enough that in that duel was involved the cause of the whole city. The weapon employed was the sabre. Though unskilled in

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its use the civilian resolutely attacked his adversary; the sabre hung over his head, but avoiding the stroke, he laid the officer at his feet with a thrust.

For two months there were almost daily duels between the officers and men of the 35th and the citizens; and the latter always had the best of the fight, a circumstance to which the popular creed delighted to attach a strikingly providential import. On the 9th of May after a new duel, and in consequence of a white flag having been displayed by an officer of the 35th, and snatched from him by a civilian, the quarrel became general on the esplanade of the Porte de France. Soldiers and citizens were wounded in spite of the conciliatory efforts of the dragoons and of some officers. So strong was the angry feeling on both sides, that on the 11th and 12th of March General Delort was obliged to confine the 35th to their barracks, as General St. Clair had done before, and soldiers of other regiments had to do duty at the barrack gates. The municipality instantly despatched a letter to the ministry, declaring in strong terms, that if the 35th was not immediately withdrawn they were determined to resign. It was necessary to put an end at last to this cruel state of things. On the 20th of May the 35th quitted Grenoble for the second and last time.

Here then were the results to which Casimir Périer's policy could appeal for the admiration of men: the blood of the citizen shed by the hand of the soldier; a generous city plunged into mourning, then driven to the verge of revolt; constituted authority overcome, and forced to make up for the loss of its moral power by the brutal display of its physical force; a gallant and brave army violently turned aside from its rightful course of service; and hatred sown between civilians and soldiers, who should have loved each other, and who were alike children of the same country.

And to this humiliating anarchy were added the fluctuating fortunes of an obstinate struggle between the two supreme bodies in the state. Seeing that the indissolubility of marriage combined with personal separation was but legalised adultery, the Chamber of Deputies voted, on the motion of M. de Schonen, for the re-establishment of divorce: the Chamber of Peers rejected it. The Chamber of Deputies wished to abolish the expiatory ceremonies of the 21st of January as insulting to the nation: the Chamber of Peers regarded that abolition as hostile to royalty; and, after long and stormy debates, the question was adjourned, leaving it in doubt whether the monarchical principle was of so much worth that a people should be subjected to the outrage of a never ending expiation because a king has been put to death.

This rivalry between the legislative bodies, so distinctly indicative of the vices of the constitutional régime, tended to render all great things impossible. Thus, for some months, the Chamber of Deputies confined itself exclusively to the discussion of the budget, to which public attention was furthermore drawn by a famous robbery. M. Kessner, the cashier-general of the treasury, had disappeared,

leaving a deficit in his department of several millions. Independently of the disorder in the system of keeping the public accounts which was indicated by this deficit, the true amount of which was long unknown to the public, it disclosed besides, one of the most hideous maladies of modern civilization; for M. Kessner, a man endowed with amiable and estimable qualities, and known for his beneficence, had been plunged into infamy solely by the mania for stock-jobbing. The Bourse, it is well known, is not merely a charitable institution opened for the reception of unemployed capitals, it is also the haunt of stock-jobbing. The opportunity was a fit one for inquiring into the nature of the influence exercised by the Bourse upon the movement of capital, and upon the spirit of speculation, and for investigating the question whether it is advisable to tolerate the institution, and whether it is not at least the part of a government worthy of the name to interfere actively, and on its own responsibility, where the frenzy of gambling is so productive of misfortunes, frauds, odious successes and scandals. In the course of this work we will set forth the state of the finances of the kingdom, not failing to investigate the important problems suggested by such topics. These problems the Chamber ought to have solved; but the destruction of abuses was a task beyond the courage of an assembly in which sat so many men who had derived their fortunes and their power from those very abuses. The Chamber, therefore, passed the budget, after a discussion as unproductive as it was laborious. The estimates for ordinary and extraordinary expenses for the year 1832 amounted to 1,106,618,270 francs. The last budget of the Restoration had only amounted to 983,185,597 francs! The passing of the estimates was looked to as the conclusion of the Chamber's labours. On the 21st of April appeared the royal proclamation declaring the session of 1831 closed. That session had but added the irritating debates of the tribune to the troubles out of doors, and the Chamber separated after weathering out a season of plots.

CHAPTER V.

GREATER calamities were impending over France: the cholera morbus was approaching.

From the end of August, 1817, to the beginning of April, 1832, the cholera, commencing in the delta of the Ganges, had been spreading its frightful ravages afar in every direction. It had spread southwards to the isle of Timor, eastwards to Pekin, to the frontiers of Siberia northwards. On the north-west it had laid hold on Moscow and St. Petersburg, and followed the line extending from Dantzig to Olmutz. Clinging to the Russians, it had appeared with them

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in the battle fields of Poland, more destructive than war itself. It had spread among the Poles immediately after the battle of Iganic. It had then overrun Bohemia, Gallicia, Hungary, and Austria, mowing down the inhabitants, sweeping over enormous distances in a few days, leaping irregularly from one kingdom to another, but afterwards retracing its steps as if to dispatch the victims it had forgotten for a time. In the month of February, 1832, it had passed over western Europe and was seated in London.

From that moment Paris lived in a state of mute and fearful expectation. We measured beforehand with bitter dismay the last inevitable step the epidemic had to make towards us. Nevertheless there was something apparently reassuring in the atmospheric phenomena. The sky was clear; a dry wind blew steadily from the north-east; the barometer had not fallen below 28 deg., and nothing indicated a surcharge of electricity. But our suspense was not long. On the 26th of March, 1832, the epidemic had smitten its first victim in the Rue Mazarine. Almost immediately it showed itself in several quarters of Paris, in the Faubourg St. Antoine, the Faubourg St. Honoré, and the Faubourg St. Jacques. On the 29th, people invariably accosted each other in the streets with the words, "The cholera morbus is in Paris."

Terror at first did not seem to keep pace with the danger. The plague had surprised the Parisians in the midst of the festivities of mid lent; and the intrepid gaiety of the French character seemed, at first, to brave the destructive malady. The streets and boulevards were thronged with masks as usual: the promenaders mustered in great numbers. People amused themselves with looking at caricatures in the shopwindows, the subject of which was the cholera morbus. The theatres were filled in the evening. There were young men who, in the extravagance of their fool-hardiness, plunged into unusual excesses. "Since we are to die to-morrow," they said, "let us exhaust all the joys of life to-day." Most of these rash youths passed from the masked ball to the Hôtel Dieu, and died before sunset the next day.

But soon the courage of the most reckless gave way before the horrors of the disease, and all the frightful tales that were told of it. For the sick man was already a corpse, even before life had departed. The rapid emaciation of his face was extraordinary. His skin suddenly became dark blue, and you might count the muscles beneath it. His eyes were hollow, dry, shrunk to half their natural dimensions, and sunk in their sockets as if drawn with a thread towards the back of the skull. His breath was cold, his mouth white and humid, his pulse feeble to the last degree. His voice was a whisper.

Giddiness, buzzing in the ears, repeated vomitings, a strange feeling of prostration and of general emptiness as it were, cold spreading from the extremities over the whole body, excessive derangement of the bowels, violent cramps in the limbs, laboured breathing,

an indescribable anxiety in the precordial region, the skin covered with an icy dampness, such were the principal symptoms of the disease. If left to run its course it rarely required three days to despatch the unhappy victim it had seized; two or three hours were often enough.

Five forms or periods were generally recognised in the cholera, that of mild cholera or *cholerine*, that of the first attack, that of the *cholera algida* or *blue cholera*, the period of reaction, and the typhoid period. In the third of these periods, the most terrible of all, the patients writhed with horrid contortions on their beds, and sometimes they lay on their faces groaning piteously, or flung out their limbs right and left, complaining of the most acute pains along the spinal column. The sensation of cold experienced on touching a patient in the blue stage was like that felt on touching a frog. The cadaverous aspect of the face; cramps in the back, the forearm, and calves of the legs; deep wrinkles; the shrinking of the skin from the roots of the nails; the absence of a pulse at the wrist, and the coldness of the breath, were so many signs indicative of the *blue period*. In the next period, when it was strongly marked, the pulse returned, fever set in, the patient's eyes became injected, his face animated and flushed, and he was in danger of being carried off by cerebral affections. In the *typhoid* period the nostrils and the tongue were dry, the eyes watery; there was prostration, wandering of mind, delirium.

The administration took the measures urgently requisite under the visitation of this dreadful calamity. It applied itself to improving the wholesomeness of the city; it thought at last of letting in a little air and light upon those filthy quarters, in which it had, without remorse, left the poor man to live and die, whilst as yet all were not threatened. The number of public fountains was increased; the narrowest and foulest lanes were paved and stopped up; the *Isle Louviers* underwent a rapid cleansing; in compliance with the decision of the central committee of health, there was established in every quarter an office of aid, to which were attached physicians, apothecaries, hospital men, and nurses, and where care was taken to have sundry utensils in readiness, besides drugs and litters. The prisons were not forgotten, and M. Gisquet had more abundant food and warmer clothing distributed to the prisoners.

At the same time directions were published as to the means to be taken for escaping the cholera. The citizens were recommended in that document to preserve great tranquillity of mind, to avoid fatigue and strong emotions, to abstain from all excesses, to favour and increase in their houses the beneficial action of light, to make use of tepid baths and flannel belts, to eat none but easily digestible food, to guard against all sudden chills, and not to sleep too many in one room. All these were doubtless very sage prescriptions, but they were a farce when addressed to that portion of the people to whom an unjust civilization so grudgingly doles out bread, lodging, clothes, and rest.

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Add to this that the measures adopted were not of a nature to acquit the authorities of all charge of improvidence. MM. Londe, Allibert, Dalmaz, Sandras, Dubled, Boudard, members of the medical commission sent to Poland to study the cholera, were not consulted by the administration until remonstrances were put forth on the subject by some of the public journals. The offices of aid which ought to have been established beforehand, were only formed one by one, and in the height of the confusion occasioned by the invasion of the epidemic. It was remarked that the eleventh and twelfth arrondissements had not received the benefit of sanitary labours. The charnel-house of the Innocents, a permanent focus of infection, had never ceased to remain open all day and part of the night. The corners of the Rues St. Denis and la Ferronerie were obstructed with fishmongers' stalls. In many mayoralties there were neither clerks nor registers enough to enrol the number of deaths. Lastly, the temporary ambulance of the Grenier d'abondance was not prepared to receive patients till long after the appearance of the malady.

It made its first attacks on the poorer classes, and the court journals made haste to publish the predilections of the epidemic, by giving lists of the names and callings of the victims, whether to dissipate the fears of the wealthy, or to flatter their pride. The fact at any rate is that it was men in jackets and in rags who led off this horrible march of Paris to the grave.

Two wards had been set apart in every hospital exclusively for cholera cases, one for males, the other for females; and it had been settled that instead of entrusting the management of the ward to one physician, the cases in it should be equally divided between all the physicians and surgeons of the establishment. This was productive of immense confusion and spectacles of the most terrific kind. There was no end to the contradictions in the modes of treatment practised in the same ward. The physicians not being agreed either on the nature or the causes of the malady, the attendants had to execute directly opposite orders for cases perfectly identical: the patient who was treated with punch, saw ice given to the man in the next bed; and thinking himself used only as a subject for experiments, he died with rage in his heart. He died too, deprived of the services and consolations of friendship; for with the view to prevent the hospitals being overcrowded, the public had been forbidden access to the wards; and soldiers posted at the doors kept off the wailing crowd of friends and mothers.

Many days had not elapsed ere the disease had made its way to the rich. Terror then became universal, and even exceeded the danger. Every one was ill or believed himself so. The slightest indisposition was magnified by an affrighted imagination into cholera. The physicians of large practice had no longer a moment's rest: their houses were beset at every hour, and there were many of them whose doors were broken open on their being slow to admit their nocturnal

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visiters. Thus the sad condition of the poor choleric patients was aggravated by all the time and all the aid snatched from their real sufferings, by the imaginary symptoms and the hallucinations of panic-stricken opulence.

And what rendered the epidemic still more terrific was the capricious character of its operation and its mysterious nature. Was it contagious? It was thought so at first; but the contrary opinion soon prevailed when it was found that but a small proportion of physicians, hospital attendants, and nurses succumbed under the malady. Some distinguished practitioners persisted nevertheless in declaring that they had seen cases of contagion; and these contradictory assertions perhaps admitted of reconciliation on these grounds: maladies that are contagious are not so in one invariable manner, nor all in the same degree, and the cholera probably possessed a very weak contagious action, and one to which only a very small number of persons, peculiarly predisposed, became subject. But where was the actual seat of the cholera? What was its mode of propagation? What laws had regulated its passage over the globe? What probable limits might be assigned to its duration? By what means was it to be combated? On all these points there was nothing but darkness and uncertainty among the ablest men. There was a moment when the idea was entertained of firing cannon in the streets to agitate the atmosphere, doubt and perplexity suggesting the employment of the oddest means. But was cholera a result of the vitiation of the atmosphere? M. Julia de Fontenelle, a member of the central commission of health, collected and analyzed the air of different parts of the capital, and proved its purity. General observations tended to prove, and every body was convinced, that extreme poverty, unwholesome abodes, dirt, irregularity of life, drunkenness, weakness of temperament, and terror, were so many predisposing causes of cholera. Yet one would have supposed that this plague took pleasure in disappointing human science, and baffling experience. Hale strong men, women in the bloom of youth and health, perished wretchedly, whilst feeble old men, debilitated and worn out creatures, and hypocondriacs escaped. The heedless or the resolute often incurred a fate that spared persons tormented with all the agonies of fear. The deaths at Passy, where the air is pure, were at the rate of twenty-six for every thousand inhabitants, whilst there were scarcely sixteen deaths per thousand in the pestilent atmosphere of Montfaucon. In the rural communes, some villages, remarkable for their salubrity, such as Châtenay, Vitry, Le Plessis Piquet, Rosny, Sceaux, and Châtillon had few or no cases of cholera, others similarly circumstanced in outward appearance, such as St. Ouen, Fontenay sous Bois, Asnières, Puteaux, and Suresnes counted from thirty-five to fifty deaths, by cholera, in every thousand inhabitants. In like manner not one of the workmen employed in cutting up putrescent animal carcases was dangerously attacked. Sometimes the disease ravaged the upper and lower floors of a house, and left the interme-

diate floor untouched: sometimes it swept the whole length of a street on one side, filling it with the dead or the dying, whilst the other side remained unaffected. Capricious, intractable, inscrutable scourge of humanity! It had overleaped all sanitary cordons and quarantines, quelled the most opposite temperaments, resisted the most various atmospheric influences, and it threw a deeper shade over the horror of its ravages by the mystery in which it stalked enveloped.

One great general fact nevertheless emerged out of all these painful singularities. When the statistics of the epidemic were drawn up, it was found that in the quarters of the Place Vendôme, the Tuileries, and the Chaussée d'Antin, the mortality had been from eight to nine in a thousand, whilst it had amounted to from fifty-two to fifty-three in the thousand, in the quarters of the Hôtel de Ville, and the Cité, the abodes of penury.

Be this as it may, the image of desolation was soon visible in every direction. Here, you saw choleric patients carried to the hospital on mattresses or litters; there you beheld persons engrossed with the thoughts of yesterday's or to-morrow's calamities, passing along in silence, pale as ghosts, and almost all clad in black. As there were not hearses enough new ones were ordered, and seven hundred workmen were employed on them; but the work did not speed fast enough; the dead were waiting. The men were then asked to work during the night, but they answered, "Our lives are more to us than your high pay." Recourse was then had to artillery waggons for conveying the dead to burial; but the rattling of the chains by night painfully disturbed the sleep of the city. These waggons, too, having no springs, the violent jolting burst the coffins, the bodies were thrown out, and the pavement was stained with putrid entrails. It was necessary to employ huge spring carts, which were painted black, for collecting the dead. They rolled from door to door, calling at each house for corpses, and then set out again, showing, when the wind lifted their funeral drapery, bier upon bier, so heavy and ill-secured that the passer-by dreaded to see them break and discharge their dismal freight upon the public road. But night was, above all, the most disastrous season; for the most numerous ravages of the disease took place commonly between midnight and two o'clock. The remains of fires, lighted in the faint hope of purifying the atmosphere, the lanterns burning at the doors of the offices of aid, the anxious haste of men hurrying in the darkness on errands too well known, the stifled cries in the interior of the houses which the silence of night made audible in the lonely streets, all this produced an awful and an appalling effect.

The prefecture of police had to expend 19,915 francs in one month in providing vehicles for the physicians and medical students who were called to attend the sick. Political prosecutions went on as usual all this time, and it more than once happened that the whole audience in court were carried off before the next day: it was an-

nounced that such a juryman, such an advocate for the defence, such a traverser, had died during the night. Confusion having fallen upon the municipalities, M. Tabouret, *maître des requêtes*, was directed to renew the neglected tables; and in some hospitals such was the influx of patients, that the practice of registering their names was laid aside; the number of arrivals was merely scored on the wall.

But whilst the miseries of the time were thus great, they failed not to find some alleviation from public charity. Substantial food having been pointed out as a preservative against the disease, the Duke of Orleans for three months caused four or five rations of rice to be daily distributed to the poor, so that for many needy persons, the arrival of the cholera was almost a piece of good fortune. The cholera having fairly established itself in Paris, acts of generosity became multiplied, a phenomenon rather new in the annals of epidemics. Thus in that city, where so much luxury is accustomed to insult so much misery, where there are so many ready to calumniate suffering in order to be excused from relieving it, in heartless Paris itself there was all at once an impetuous burst of philanthropy, such as was never known before. The *bureaux de bienfaisance* redoubled their exertions. Subscription lists were opened everywhere, and were filled up with alacrity. The plate-glass manufactory of St. Gobain presented 12,000 kilogrammes of chloride to the city of Paris. Affecting instances of self-denial and zeal were related. The curé of St. Germain l'Auxerrois for instance, had been living in retirement in the country since the devastation of his church; on hearing of the cholera he returned in all haste to Paris, notwithstanding his great age, to remain there and minister the consolations of religion to the dying. The pupils of the school of medicine offered their services on all sides. Many women of the lower orders volunteered to act gratuitously as nurses of the sick. Linen, hosiery, blankets, and flannel belts, were carried to the mayoralties. Perhaps this liberality was prompted in many instances by superstitious dread, by a secret hope of propitiating destiny. Perhaps, too, such times of trial, when they do not harden the heart, teach men to feel their brotherhood by reminding them of their equality before the hand of death.

The epidemic likewise gave rise to vile and odious actions, as well as to others of a laudable character. The love of lucre unblushingly sought its gratification in this vast field of desolation. Chlorurated preparations rose to an exorbitant price. Some heartless speculators, counting on the usual credulity of fear, began to cry up and dispose of pretended remedies, that were either insignificant or injurious; and to such a pitch was this sort of robbery carried, that the government was obliged, for a time, to take upon itself the inspection and licensing of all advertisements. As honourable actions gladly seek the light, these alone were made public; but the interior of families showed plainly enough what filth and slime the passage of an epi-

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demic can stir up in a society like ours. Some congratulated themselves in secret, on seeing the crowd of their competitors for place diminishing. Others, with that greedy desire with which the law of inheritance poisons the peace of families, already stretched out their eager hands to clutch a long-coveted fortune. The symptoms of poisoning bearing a most unfortunate resemblance to those of cholera, we are assured that many a crime was committed, the atrocity of which was lost to view in the immensity of such wide-spread calamity.

To the honour of the king and his family be it said, that they did not fly the danger. But most of the wealthy classes fled, the deputies fled, the peers of France fled. The *messageries royales* alone carried away seven hundred persons daily from Paris. When the diligences were crammed full of pale travellers, others departed in job carriages, and at last, when these could not be had, in common carts. It was in vain to repeat to so many high functionaries, that their place was on the spot where there were so many wretches looking up to them for comfort and succour.

The people seeing itself thus abandoned, fell into the most violent despair. Furious proclamations were circulated. The agonized feelings, with difficulty suppressed before, now broke out into the loud language of revolt. So, then, the rich were absconding, taking away with them the employment, the bread, the life of the working man! Between cholera and hunger, what was to become of the people? What! whilst the hospitals were crammed with the dying; whilst the confined and unwholesome dwelling of the poor man was filled with sick; whilst a part of the people was brought down so low as to have no other asylum than the foul streets, spacious and salubrious mansions were left unoccupied! There were thousands of paupers in Paris without a place wherein to shelter their heads, and thousands of hôtels without inhabitants!

A measure, most ill-judged under the circumstances, converted these indignant feelings into acts of open insurrection. A new system of cleaning the streets had been adopted, and the contractor had been authorized to collect the dirt in the evening, that is, before the *chiffoniers* had time to rake it in search of those objects from which indigence contrives to extract some wretchedly small profit. This was striking at the means of existence of more than eighteen hundred persons, not including the scavengers whose profit was destroyed by superseding the employment of the old tumbrils. Crowds gathered in the streets and squares. The new tumbrils were seized, thrown into the river, or burnt. The police forces came up, and fights took place. All at once a horrid rumour ran through the excited people. An infernal plot, it was said, had been formed; there was no cholera in Paris; but miscreants went about, poisoning food, wine, and the water of the fountains. The people lent a greedy ear to these tales, delighted, in the excess of its sufferings, to find before it enemies it could see and lay hands on, instead of an impalpable

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foe that defied its vengeance. Then stole from group to group, thus blinded with passion, those whose practice it is to instigate to disorder because they take pleasure in it, and those who excite it for their own advantage. The horrid story passed from man to man, and ere long nothing was talked of in all Paris but poisoning and poisoners.

This fable would perhaps have died away spontaneously, or at least it would not have become the cause of so many murders, had not M. Gisquet, the prefect of police, in his desire to gratify his political animosities, or to give proof of vigilance, published a circular containing these monstrously imprudent words: "I am informed that, in order to give credit to atrocious fictions, some wretches have conceived the design of visiting the *cabarets* (public houses,) and the butchers' stalls, with phials and packets of poison, whether to empty them into the fountains and the wine cans, and on the meat, or even to pretend to do so, and cause themselves to be arrested in the very act by accomplices, who, after affecting to identify them as attached to the police, should favour their escape, and employ every art to demonstrate the reality of the odious charge brought against the authorities."

No more was wanted to confirm the people in its suspicions. Then was withdrawn for an instant, the veil that conceals from the rich the hideous depths of that social state of which it chooses to reap the advantage; then might you behold all the horrid secrets of modern civilization displayed in the seething billows of a whole population. From those darksome quarters where misery hides its forgotten head, the capital was suddenly inundated by multitudes of bare-armed men, whose gloomy faces glared with hate. What sought they? What did they demand? They never told this; only they explored the city with prying eyes and ran about with ferocious mutterings. Murders soon occurred. Did a man happen to pass along with a phial or a packet in his hand? He was suspected. A young man was massacred in the Rue Ponceau, because he had bent forward at a wine-seller's door, for the purpose of seeing what o'clock it was; another met with the same fate near the Passage du Caire for almost a similar reason; a third was torn to pieces in the Faubourg St. Germain for having looked into a well; a Jew perished because in cheapening fish in the market he had laughed in a strange manner, and on his being searched there had been found on him a small bag of white powder which was nothing but camphor; in the Place de Grève, an unfortunate wretch was dragged from the guardhouse of the Hôtel de Ville, where he had taken refuge, he was butchered, and a coal-porter made his dog tear the gory remains. Horrible are such scenes; but let it not be forgotten that their guilt reverts upon society itself, wherever there prevails an unjust allotment of physical and moral advantages.

A thousand deplorable circumstances combined to strengthen the people in its delusion. Long tracks of wine and vinegar were

seen in several streets; coloured sugar-plums were strewed in various directions; unknown hands slipped pieces of meat by night under the *portes cochères;* there was a talk of poisoned cakes having been given in different places to little girls. How could all this have failed to effect the imagination of the people, especially after a proclamation in which a conspiracy of poisoners had been officially denounced by the police?

A sort of delirium seemed in fact to have seized all minds. Twelve thousand francs offered to the sufferers from cholera by M. de Châteaubriand in the name of the Duchess de Berri, were rudely refused by the prefect of the Seine. In this there was as much injustice as meanness; it was a sort of *coup d'état* against charity. Never had more gall been infused into the reciprocal recriminations of parties; never had political passions appeared more eager for the fray. Here were young men mercilessly set upon in the Place Vendôme for having crowned the imperial eagles with wreaths of *immortelles;* there a mob ran to attack St. Pélagie, and the prisoners revolted, whilst the police force entered the prison, fired, and killed an unfortunate prisoner named Jacobéus. Both parties, with equal animosity, and often with equal injustice, threw on each other the responsibility of every mischief. After having accused the "everlasting enemies of order" (a standing official form of insult), of poisoning the people, in order to have a pretext for calumniating the government, the police was itself accused of having excited the St. Pélagie riot, that it might have an opportunity of extinguishing it in blood; and of these accusations, put forth by the two camps, it was impossible to say which was the more absurd or the more iniquitous.

But the disorders did not stop there. The people, believing in the poisonings, began to fall foul of the physicians, and gathered tumultuously round the gates of the hospitals, pouring forth threats and lamentations. One day they were carrying a cholera patient to the Hôtel Dieu, when a turbulent mob gathered round the sick man. Upon this the physician, who was accompanying him, lifted up the blanket that concealed him, and pointing to the livid face, the sunken eyes, and the gaping mouth, he cried out to the shrinking and terrified people, "You don't believe in the cholera, don't you? Well, look now, there's a cholera patient for you." It needed no ordinary force of mind to pass through such trials, but courage was not wanted to the medical men, whose conduct was in general worthy of praise and sometimes of admiration. Exposed to the violence of blind rage, they braved it with the same coolness as they did the disease itself; and there were some of them, who to avoid the chance of being interrupted and delayed on their way to their patients, went through the streets dressed in jackets and caps like common working-men.

Unfortunately opinions were strangely divided as to the nature of the treatment that should be employed. M. Magendie prescribed

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punch in an infusion of chamomile. The basis of M. Récamier's treatment consisted in affusions of cold water. M. Rostan, head physician of the temporary hospital of the Grenier d'Abondance put the patient into a bath at the temperature of 32° Réaumur; after the bath he bled him in the arm, and applied leeches on the epigastric region; M. Rostan at the same time prescribed an aromatic infusion of balm, mint, or chamomile. M. Londe, president of the commission sent to Poland, was governed by the circumstances of each individual case, and practised the symtomatic method of treatment. M. Gerdy employed, in the cold stage, three blisters along the vertebral column, upon the neck, the back, and the loins, sinapisms to the epigastrium and the limbs, and seltzer-water. In the *period of reaction* he had recourse, but not often, to blood-letting. MM. Touzet and Coster proposed oxygenizing the blood. M. Andral prescribed a potion consisting of acetate of ammonia, sulphate of quinine, sulphuric ether, and camphor, and embrocations of the limbs with tincture of cantharides. The antiphlogistic treatment was adopted by M. Bouillaud, who employed excitants of the skin, and opiates, as auxiliary means. M. Gèndrin gave large doses of opium. M. Dupuytren's practice consisted in cupping over the epigastrium, drawing two or three ounces of blood, more or less, according to the age and strength of the patient and the state of the pulse; frictions with flannel, and decoction of poppyheads, and fumigations. In a memoir published on the cholera morbus by Baron Larrey, he recommended as the best topical applications cupping, rubefacients composed of cartharides and camphor, dry frictions with wool, and unction with aromatic oils. M. Wolowski had maturely studied the disease in his capacity of head of the medical staff of the Polish army; he distinguished it into two species, as thenic and inflammatory; the first of these he treated with very hot peppermint water, large doses of opium, flannel frictions, sinapisms and dry cupping applied to the extremities, the abdomen, and the region of the stomach: against the second he had recourse to blood-letting, to a potion composed of salep, common water, and laurel-water in certain proportions, and to cupping over the belly, the breast, and the spine. This enumeration which it would be useless and wearisome to extend further, is enough to show how far medical men were from agreeing on the best curative means to employ.

There was at that time among them a man of great ability and boldness, who, following in the steps of Bichat, had aimed at nothing less than introducing a complete revolution into medical science. Convinced that it could have no real foundation elsewhere than in a knowledge of the human frame and of the play of its organs, that is to say in physiology, he wished that instead of judging of maladies only by their effects, they should be studied in their cause; and that cause he thought he had discovered in the intestine canal and the stomach. His principle was this: whenever there is disorder in the functions of life, there is some material lesion in an organ. Setting out from that postulate, he referred every thing to

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intestinal inflammation; he rejected the internal use of stimulants, as in the last degree dangerous and pernicious, allowed of their employment externally only in certain cases, and made the art of healing consist chiefly in the antiphogistic method, that is to say, in the judicious employment of debilitants and blood-letting.

This system had already made a great noise in the medical world, where it had become the subject of passionate contests between M. Broussais and M. Chomel, when the cholera entered France. Broussais studied that terrible epidemic, under the prepossession of ideas which he was impatient to make triumphant; and observing that in most cases the stomach, the small intestines, and the great, showed manifest traces of inflammation, from the simplest to the most complex degree, he did not hesitate to condemn the use of warm drinks and irritating substances, thinking them calculating only to add fuel to the internal fire that consumed the patients. Leeches and ice appeared to him the only weapons with which science could contend effectively against the disease; and this doctrine he endeavoured to prove in lectures, which, being delivered in the very presence of the pestilence, produced a great sensation in Paris.

During the first fifteen days after its appearance, the epidemic went on rapidly increasing; on reaching its highest pitch, it seemed to remain stationary for five or six days, after which it began to decline. But on the 17th of June it suddenly revived in strength, and this exasperation was marked by 226 deaths daily, a maximum much inferior, however, to that of the first period, which by the most moderate calculations had been 800 per diem, or, according to the majority of statements, from 1300 to 1400. More than 12,700 persons were carried off in the month of April alone. It appears from an able report by MM. Benoiston de Chateauneuf, Chevallier, Deveaux, Millot, Parent-Duchatelet, Petit, Pontonnier, Trébuchet, Villermé, and Villot, that during the hundred and eighty-nine days the epidemic lasted, the deaths by cholera had been 18,402; but this includes only those deaths that could be officially ascertained; now, it may well be supposed that all the usual formalities were not complied with in a period of such confusion, and that in many cases the proper declarations were unintentionally omitted. Accordingly the official return of deaths was generally considered to be much below the real amount.

The cholera had not confined its ravages to Paris: it had reached several departments, l'Aisne, la Côte d'Or, l'Eure, l'Indre, l'Indre et Loire, le Loiret, la Marne, le Nord, l'Oise, le Pas de Calais, le Rhône, la Seine et Marne, la Seine Inférieure, and la Somme; but the returns from all these departments together showed only 904 cases up to the 20th of April, 405 of which were fatal. This was a very inconsiderable mortality compared with that which had laid waste the capital. Some communes, however, situated on the banks of the Seine were cruelly ravaged. The little village of Courteron, in the department de l'Aube, lost ninety-six inhabitants out of a population of 500 souls; and several examples of this kind served to

confirm the observation previously made, that running waters were potent conductors of cholera.

At last the cholera subsided, but not till it had made its invincible influence felt in the political world.

It had been decided at court that the Duc d'Orleans should visit the hospitals. Casimir Périer accompanied the prince; and this was an incontestable proof of courage on the part of a man who had long carried the seeds of death within him, whose nerves were irritable to excess; and who shuddered at the mere idea of a corpse. The fact is that Casimir Périer's visit to the cholera wards left an ineffaceable impression on his mind, and from that day he never ceased to bend more and more towards the tomb. This became known, and in consequence of the exaggerated importance attributed in every monarchy to individual agents, Casimir Périer's illness became an engrossing subject of all men's thoughts. The several parties gave each other the meeting as it were round his deathbed; his dying struggles became the subject of discussion; his enemies computed openly and aloud how many hours he had to live; some even seemed to regret that such a man should die quietly in his bed, and leave to history the task of meting out his chastisement.

And he, all this while, was adding the torments of the mind to his physical sufferings, aware as he was of the decline of his ascendancy. For the king's patient steadfastness of purpose had at last wearied out the minister's impetuosity. Casimir Périer had often been forced in his latter days to bend beneath a power superior to his own; and to him the wounds inflicted on his pride were the most poignant of all. Thereupon he laboured more than ever to cloak his secret humiliation by his arrogant and ostentatious parade of devotedness; then more than ever he took delight in throwing odium on his master. But this was not a vengeance ample enough for a nature so haughty as his. Besides, Casimir Périer well knew that if anarchy continued it would not fail to swallow him up; whilst on the other hand if authority succeeded in firmly establishing itself, the court would break him as a tool no longer needed.

It could not be said that the discord between the monarch and him had reference to questions of principle or system. Substantially their policy was the same: but each of them sought to appropriate to himself all the honour of that policy in the eyes of the bourgeoisie. The king would govern: Casimir Périer would have the king content himself with reigning. Again, the king was prone to judge of human things from the result, whilst his minister was not indifferent to the pomp of the means, and attributed much importance to forms. Casimir Périer would not have suffered for instance, that the honour of France should be wounded in words, that honour which nevertheless he had not deemed compromised either by the diplomatic defeats sustained in London, or by the blow struck in Warsaw at the dearest sympathies of Frenchmen.

A scene which took place a few days before the death of Casimir Périer will give an idea of his susceptibility, in which a certain

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grandeur was mingled with inconsistency and irascibility. It was in one of the crises of his malady. M. Milleret, a friend of his, formerly a deputy under the Restoration, paid him a visit. He found the president of the council engaged in conference with the ambassador of Russia, and sat down to wait in the anti-chamber. Presently he heard loud voices; the door opened, and Pozzo di Borgo came out of the president's chamber, betraying every appearance of strong excitement. The minister was still more agitated; he foamed at the mouth, and M. Milleret was informed by him on the spot, that, the Russian minister having presumed to use this haughty expression, "The emperor, my master, does not choose .... (*ne veut pas*);" he replied to him, "Tell your master that France does not submit to receive orders, and that while Casimir Périer lives, she will ask advice as to how she shall act, of none but herself and her honour." Casimir Périer spoke these words with a face of intense excitement. He then fell back exhausted in his arm-chair, and when M. Milleret tried to calm him, he was seized with a sudden passion of feeling, and exclaimed, the impress of death visibly manifesting itself on his person: "Ah! I am lost! They have killed me!"

The illness of the president of the council growing worse and worse every day, it became necessary to appoint a temporary successor: M. de Montalivet was nominated Minister of the Interior *ad interim*. The ordonnance, declaring this appointment was dated the 17th of April; on the 16th of May Casimir Périer had ceased to exist. The King wrote to the family in suitable terms; to one of his intimates he said: "Casimir Périer is dead: is this an advantage or a misfortune? Time will show."

On the same day on which Casimir Périer died, was buried George Cuvier, the victim of a malady which was not the cholera morbus. George Cuvier was an honour to his country, an honour to his age. At the end of this work place will be found for a review of his immortal labours. Yet his funeral was unattended by that pomp and ceremony, which political favour threw around the obsequies of the president of the council. Several eminent personages, among others MM. Royer Collard, delivered orations, replete with expressions of the most heartfelt respect, over the tomb of Casimir Périer. A subscription was opened for the purpose of raising a monument to his memory. The grief in many quarters, at his loss, was profound; especially among the mercantile and trading classes, many of whom closed their warehouses and shops on the day of the burial, in sign of mourning. The exchange, even the impassible exchange, was for this once moved.

Such was the end of Casimir Périer. He had viewed in society, not men to direct, but enemies to destroy; for he was a minister of strong hatreds and narrow views; of a vigorous and yet morbid soul. A man in business, a banker, he desired peace; but the powers desired it also, and the more eagerly, that they saw the genius of revolutions all ready to follow the march of armies. This, however, Casimir Périer did not understand: his own fears prevented

him from profiting by the fears of others; and he compelled France to submit to the conditions imposed by European repose, at a time when he might have dictated instead of receiving conditions, as was thoroughly proved by the affair of Ancona, which went off with such impunity, an affair in which he engaged with an energy of will, that was not to be subdued by the decided opinion of MM. Sébastiani and de Rigny, nor even by that of the king himself. Unfortunately, the expedition of Ancona infringed upon the principles of policy, which had been hitherto acted upon, in an abrupt way, and upon an inadequate occasion. The results of this policy had been the occupation of Warsaw by the Russians, the first entry of the Austrians into Bologna, the annihilation of our influence in Belgium, the abasement of France, weakness throughout the civilized world. The living strength that had been awakened by the revolution of 1830, began audibly to murmur at all this, to manifest impatience for a change. It would have been easy to appease and satisfy them by at once setting about the vast social reforms required by a state, the prey to all the disorders of irregular competition; but Casimir Périer was powerful, was rich, and the necessity for change did not present itself to him. Besides, even had he possessed the disinterestedness of a true reformer, he had not the peculiar knowledge and boldness which the task demands; his was not the genius of reform; it was his destiny to crush under foot the power which he was incapable of disciplining, and directing onwards to a great aim. This, at least, was what he essayed to do, amidst the applausive shouts of the bourgeoisie; and certainly, no man was better fitted than he for this work of hate. Strife suited his temperament, and superseded the necessity of his having ideas. For the rest, his policy, which in the first instance was entirely a matter of egoism, became in the end sincere, in becoming fanatical, and he applied to its defence an ardour which sometimes really assumed the appearance of heroism. But the civilization of manners refused his violent spirit its weapons; the scaffold was wanting. Casimir Périer rendered himself the object of much hatred and very little fear; instead of governing the country he merely agitated and disturbed it; he created far more obstacles than he was able to surmount; and his fierce energy, when its very excess had disarmed and rendered it powerless, only served to irritate his enemies to a pitch of fury. After having in this way brought evil into the world about him, Casimir Périer had no notion of opposing to it other than the most empirical remedies, which threw society into a state of superexcitation, and when this rapidly subsided into a frightful condition of exhaustion and lethargy. Thus Casimir Périer died filled with despair at the worse than nothingness of all his miserable triumphs, his soul tormented with fearful disquiet, his mind occupied with the recollection of two towns filled by him with blood, and his reason convinced that his administration was about to be succeeded by chaos, and that he was leaving as a legacy to his country two civil wars.

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APPENDIX.

PROTEST OF THE JOURNALISTS.

(JULY 27, 1830.)

IT has been frequently announced, during the last six months, that the laws were to be violated, that a *coup d'état* was to be struck; the good sense of the public refused to believe the fact. The ministry repudiated this supposition as a calumny. The *Moniteur*, however, has at last published those famous ordinances, which are the most glaring violation of the laws. The legal *régime* is, therefore, interrupted; that of force is begun. In the situation in which we are placed, obedience ceases to be a duty. The citizens, who are before all others called on to obey, and the writers in the public journals, they ought to be the first to set the example of resistance to that authority which has divested itself of the character of law. The reasons on which they rely are such, that it is enough merely to enunciate them.

The matters which regulate the ordinances published this day, are of those on which the royal authority cannot, according to the charter, pronounce of itself alone. The charter, article eight, says that, in matters of the press, Frenchmen are bound to conform *to the laws;* it does not say to the ordinances. The charter, article thirty-five, says that the organization of the electoral colleges shall be regulated *by the laws;* it does not say by the ordinances.

The crown itself had hitherto recognised these articles: it had not thought of availing itself against them, either of a pretended constituent power, or of a power falsely attributed to the fourteenth article.

On all occasions, in fact, when circumstances of alleged gravity seemed to it to demand a modification, whether in the *régime* of the press, or in the electoral *régime*, it has had recourse to the two Chambers. When it was found necessary to modify the charter, in order to establish septennality and integral renovation, it had recourse, not to itself as author of the Chamber, but to the Chambers. Royalty has, therefore, recognised, and itself acted upon those eighth and thirty-fifth articles, and has not arrogated to itself, as regards them, either a constituent authority or a dictatorial authority, which nowhere exists.

The tribunals, to which belongs the right of interpretation, have solemnly recognised these same principles. The royal court of Paris, and several others, have condemned the publishers of the *Association Brétonne*, as authors of outrages against the government. It has regarded as an outrage the supposition that the government could employ the authority of ordinances where the authority of the law can alone be admitted. Thus the formal text of the charter, the practice hitherto followed by the crown, and the decision of the tribunals, establish the principle that, in matters of the press and of electoral organization, the laws—that is to say, the king and the Chambers—can alone pronounce decisively.

To-day, therefore, the government has violated legality. We are dispensed from obeying; we will endeavour to publish our prints, without asking for the authorization imposed on us; we will do our utmost to the end, that this day, at least, they may reach all France.

This is what our duty as citizens prescribes to us, and we will fulfil it.

It is not for us to point out its duties to the illegally-dissolved Chamber; but we may beseech it to rely on its evident right, and to resist to its utmost the violation of the laws. That right is as certain as that on which we rely. The charter says, article fifty, that the king may dissolve the Chamber of Deputies; but it is necessary thereto that it shall have met and been constituted a chamber; that it shall have upheld a system capable of provoking its dissolution. But before the meeting and the constitution of the Chamber, there is nothing but elections made. Now the charter nowhere says that the king may quash elections. The ordinances published this day only quash elections; they are, therefore, illegal, for they do a thing which the charter does not authorize. The deputies elected and convoked for the 3d of August are, therefore, well and duly elected and convoked. Their right is the same to-day as yesterday. France beseeches them not to forget it. Whatever they may and can do to enforce that right, they are bound to do. The government has this day lost the character of legality which commands obedience. We resist it as regards ourselves; it is for France to judge how far its own resistance should extend.

Signed by the gérants and rédacteurs (editors and contributors) of journals actually present in Paris. (Here follow forty-three names.)

END OF VOL. I.

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